LVCANS PHARSALIA:

CONTAINING

The Ciuill Warres betweene CÆSAR and POMPEY.

WRITTEN

In Latine Heroicall Verse by M. ANNÆVS LVCANVS.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGliſh verſe by Sir Arthur Gorges Knight.

Whereunto is annexed the life of the Authour, collected out of diuers Authors.

Fides fortibus fraus formidoloſis.

London printed for Walter Burre. 1614.

Ad Attalum.

Historias belles carmina bella facis,
mil bene cū facias, facis tamen omnia bellè
vis dicam quid sis? magnus es ardelio.

Mart

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VERTVOVS LADY, LVCY, COVNTESSE OF BEDFORD, MY MOST HONOVred Lady and Miſtreſſe.

MADAME

THE leaſt good documents, which we learne in our youth, may in ſome part of our life ſerue vs to vſe. I remember this ſentence in my Pueriles, Voluntas, vbi deſunt vires, eſt laudanda: Where power is wanting the good will is to be accepted. Which I preſume will be my warrant in preſenting your La^ship with this Poeme, which by chance I did ſee in my fathers ſtudy, amongſt many other of his Manuſcripts. And becauſe it lay idly there, I deſired him to giue it me. Who then asking what I would do with it, I told him that I would preſent it to my Lady my Miſtreſſe. Which humor of mine he ſeemed very well to like:

but he answered, that it was not faire enough written for her reading. Whereunto I replied, that if I might haue it, I would amend that fault, and get it printed by the helpe of my Schoole-maister, and in that sort offer it. Whereto my father said, that he liked so well of my deuotion to so noble a Mistresse, as that hee would freely giue it mee. The which now (as mine owne) I do humbly recommend to your honourable acceptance, as some testimony of my deuoted zeale, vntill yeares, and ability shall second my indeuours with parts more answerable to my desire. And in the meane season I will perswade my selfe that this poore present is the more aptly offered, knowing that the reading of Heroicall actions do as properly belong to noble and vertuous Ladies, as the acting of them to worthy and valorous Knights. Besides that, your Ladiship is an honourable louer and Patroneſſe of learning and the Muses, an instinct naturally ingrafted in your excellent spirit, by that worthy blood of the Sydneyes, *wherewith you do so neerely participate, and whose perfections did so eminently shine in that hopefull yong Lord your late brother,*

one

one of the mirrours of our Age. Now if this may but receiue your honourable applauſe, as ſome pledge of my Deuotion, I will neuer thinke that I need to be aſhamed to flutter with my Fathers feathers. And ſo am euer ready to approue my ſelfe,

Your Ladiſhips moſt humble
and faithfull ſeruant,

Carew Gorges.

To the Tranſlator.

HAD *Lucan* hid the truth to pleaſe the time,
He had beene too vnworthy of thy Penne:
Who neuer ſought, nor euer car'd to clime
By flattery, or ſeeking worthleſſe men.
For this thou haſt been bruiſ'd: but yet thoſe ſcarres
Do beautifie no leſſe, then thoſe wounds do
Receiu'd in iuſt, and in religious warres;
Though thou haſt bled by both, and bearſt them too.
Change not, to change thy fortune tis too late.
Who with a manly faith reſolues to dye,
May promiſe to himſelfe a laſting ſtate,
Though not ſo great, yet free from infamy.
Such was thy *Lucan*, whom ſo to tranſlate
Nature thy Muſe (like LVCANS) did create

W. R.

To

To the Tranſlator.

HOMER and MARO, that did Poetize,
As much in matter, as in kinde of ſtile,
Did thereby dimme the glorious deeds the while
Of them, whoſe acts they meant to memorize.
So did not LVCAN, who (in other guize)
The geſts of two great Worthies did compile;
S'deining their high atchieuements to defile,
Or inter-lace with idle vanities.
Therefore how farre from Fable Truth is ſet,
So farre aboue all feigners LVCAN ſhines;
While in his Muſe both faculties are met,
That with ſweet Number beauteous Truth combines.
And we to thee in endleſſe debt muſt dwell
For making *Lucan* ſpeake our tongue ſo well.

S. S.

To

To the Tranſlator.

AS *Thetis* famous ſonne concealed lay
From that braue Troope of *Greekiſh* martiall Knights,
Vntill *Vlyſſes* (quicker ey'd then thay)
Preſented him vnmask't to *Trojan* fights.
So *Lucans Spaine*-borne, *Rome*-bred, *Muſe*-nurc't wit,
Lay hid in lines obſcure to moſt of vs,
Till thou (*Vlyſſes*-like) with numbers fit
Didſt happily vnclowd his *Genius*.
And though for it that *Ithac* boſtingly
Claim'd to himſelfe *Achilles* acts of fame;
Thou (worthy Knight) doſt vſe more modeſty:
Although thy worke alike deſerues the ſame.
For who with iudgement reades thy well-tun'd Layes,
Will iudge thee worthy *Lucans* Crowne of Bayes.

A. I.

To the Tranſlator.

LVCAN, that firſt in the Imperiall tongue
(In naked truth of acted hiſtory)
The ciuill wounds made for an Empire ſong;
Hath checkt precedent, taught ſucceeding *Poeſy*,
That flatteries and fictions may delight,
May pleaſe a Tyrant, wrong a rightfull King,
May pleaſe an Orphan Iudgment, wrong the right,
Enuelop Truth, proclaime an vntrue thing.
Lucan, that firſt hath ſhowne the force of verſe,
Relating onely what was ſeene, felt, donne,
Of Conqu'rors triumphs, of the Conqu'reds herſe,
All as it left, all as it firſt begunne.
Not like the *Trojan* Theamers, fit for ſchooles,
Fabling of this and that in Heauen, Earth, Hell,
Sober to mad-men, turning wiſe to fooles,
Gods to be Neat-heards, men in ſtarres to dwell,
Hath match't the faith, that Hiſtory requires:
Hath match't beſt Hiſtory in choyce of phraſe:
Hath taught, that Hiſtory in nought aſpires
Aboue the truth of deeds, it ſelfe to raiſe.
This *Lucan* for his truth a *Truth-man* gaines
As true to him, as he to Truth remaines.

T. W.

The Printer to the Reader.

THat which no Impreſſions haue euer been free from, were now needleſſe for me to excuſe, I meane the faults eſcaped in the printing; which may appeare the more harſh, becauſe the lines be ſhort. In regard wherof, (to doe right as well to the Tranſlator, as alſo the better to ſatisfie the Reader) I haue here ſet downe the Errata, *with the page and lines ſpecified where the defects are, to be amended with the more eaſe.*

PAge 3. line 22. for armes read harmes. pag.4.lin.7.for time read twine. pa.9. li.9.for brangling read brandling. p.11.l.35 for fettred read feltred. p.16.l.31 for ſtrong reade ſtung. p.33.l.5. for with reade which. p.33.l.19. for interpoſing read interpoſed.p.34.l.9. for *Thebans* read *Theban*. p.34.l.39. for fettred read feltred.p.36.l.6.for that read for.p.37.l.39 for then r. the. p. 37.l.40. for clothed, r. choked. p.45.l.14.for captiue read caitiffe. p.46.l.39.for they read thy. p.52.l.40. for ſtreame read ſtreames. p.56.l.8.for thy read they. p.64.l.19.for lawes reade ſawes. p.66.l.37. *deeſt* a. p.82.l 39. for it read is. p.86.l.12.for this read theſe.p.90 l 40.for eaſe read theſe. p.91.l.12.for euent read y bent.p.92.22.for *Hernius* read *Hermus*. p.105.l.35.for coſt read caſt. p.106.l.39.for flames read frames. p.110.l. 3.for fierce read firme. p.116.l.7.for foyle read ſoyle. p.124.l.11. for either, read neither. *Ibid.* for a read or. p.126.l.23. *dele* of. p.126.l.34.for To read The. p.130 l.13.for fight read flight. p.155.l.40.for the read theſe. p.181.l.17.*deeſt* our.p.186 l.9. for *Moores* read moares.p-192.l.24.for timeleſſe read time loſt. p.196.l.6.for takes delight, read takes ſo great delight. p.212.l.1.for parties read party.p.215 l.1.for a read read as. p.225.l.32.for place read peace. p.226.l.34. for ſlang read ſlaugh.p.236.l.28.for ſuſpected read reſpected. p.240.l.6.for is read tis.p.258.l. 2. for hi read his. *Ibid.*l.8, *deeſt* are. p.260.l.16.for ſhe read he.p.262.l.20.for no read now.p.268.l.14.for velley read valley.p.280.l.32. for affected read effected p.292.l.25.for world read worlds. p.300.l.5. for *Pentheius* read *Pentheus*. p.305.l. 3.for were read where. p.306.l.14.for *Achilles* r. *Achillis*. p.309.l.16.*dele* if.p.313 l.18.for deſir'd r. deſeru'd. p.319.l 6.for None read Nor. p.319.l.38.for *Palean* r. *Pelean*. p.329.l.39.for ſucſt r. ſuch.p.330.l.2.for ſtitcht read ſtickt.p.333.l.21. for we read no. p.333.l.25.*deeſt* do. p.335.l.16.for fathers read brothers.p.335. l.20. for ſpirits read ſprights. p.337.l.15. for Thy read Fly. p.342.l.37. for theſe read thoſe. p.343.l.3.for meant read went. p.344.l.10.for he read had. p.344.l.17.for reſolues read reuolues. p.344.l.25.for ſip read ſhip.p.347.l.31.for The read That p.348.l.28.for yet read earſt. p.360.in marg.for Comely read Country. p.362.l. 23.for (O griefe) read of griefe. p.367.l.36.for dandling read dangling.p.373.l 3.for for no read to. p.378.l.26.for bitter read better. p.383.l.9. for ſtreaming read ſtrange. p.385.l.11.for wretched read wreathed.p.390.l.5. for when reade whom.p.399.l.39.for fury read fyry. p.409.l.14.for he read they. p.418.l.40. for *Pollean* reade *Pelean*. p.419.in marg. for enuies reade inueighes. p.424.l.24. for a beare, read beare a. p.425.l.35.for riſing reade riſing. p. 427.l.9. for *Falermums*, read *Falernums*. p.430.l.18.for vnto read to. p.431.l.19.for *Neroe* read *Meroe*. p. 431.l.33. for *Zoylan* reade *Nylan*. p.434.l. 39. for *Neroe* read *Meroe*. p.435.l.6. for bands read bends.

The

THE LIFE OF M. ANNÆVS LUCAN.

ANnæus Seneca *comming from Corduba, (a Citty in the inner Prouince of Betique Spaine) to Rome, was presently aduanced to the honour of Knight-hood; whose Orations (al-be-it of great fame and note) were by the iniury of Time denied to posterity. He had by his wife* Elbia *three sons, whose names were,* L. Annæus Seneca, Iulius Annæus Gallio, *and* Annæus Mela: *who (because he was yongest) was left behinde at Corduba. The other two (to wit)* Seneca *and* Gallio, *he committed to the tuition of* Marullus Grammaticus, Cestius Smyrneus, *and* Asinius Pollio. Mela *when he came to yeares of discretion, was by his father made gouernour of his houshold affaires; and being graced as well as his other brethren (by the fauour of the* Cæsars *) with the order of Knight-hood, he married* C. Acilia, *the daughter of* Acilius Lucanus, *a famous Orator in the Proconsuls Court, and much esteemed for his wit among the better sort. By her (about the fourth of the Nones of Nouember, in the second Consulship of* Caius Cæsar Germanicus *with* Lucius Cecianus) *he begat* Marcus Annæus Lucan; *taking his surname from his grand-father (by his mothers side)* Acilius Lucan. *At length growing weary of the care of house-keeping, and desirous to liue with his brethren in more ease and quiet; he went with his sonne* Lucan *(being then but eight moneths old) to Rome, hoping that by the well managing of his wealth which he had gathered, it would in short space come so to passe, that he*

ſhould be choſen Conſull. Now as he was iourneying, it chanced that a ſwarme of Bees flying about the cradle wherein the childe was carried (as it is reported happened to Heſiodus) *lighted and hung at his mouth; ſignifying (no doubt) the ſweet and admirable eloquence that ſhould bee in that childe, whereof his workes giue good teſtimony. His Maiſters and Tutors were* Rhemnius Palemon, *and* Flavius Virginius, *the one a famous Grammarian, the other a ſingular Rhetorician: Vnder whom he profited ſo well (the dexterity of his wit being furthered with his diligence) that within a very ſhort ſpace, he declaimed both in Greeke and Latine, to the great admiration of the Auditors. His Schoole-fellowes were* Saleius Baſſus, *and* Au. Perſius: *he held a long time in the grace and fauour of* Nero *(who in his yong yeares was brought vp vnder* Seneca, *this* Lucans *Vnkle) He was aduanced to the Office of Queſtor before due age; at what time he ſet out ſuch excellent ſword-playes, that by the peoples fauour, he was the next yeare called to the Office of Prieſt among the Augures, as* Papinius Statius *records.*

Romam colitur chori Sacerdos.
Lucan *was held in ſuch admire,*
That he became Prieſt of the Quire.

He tooke to wife Polla Argentaria *(the daughter of* Pollus Argentarius) *of whom* Papinius *in* Calliope *ſings thus:*

Nec ſolum dabo carminum nitorem,
Sed tædis genialibus dicabo
Doctam, atq; ingenio tuo decorum,
Qualem blanda Venus, daretq; Iuno,
Forma, ſimplicitate, comitate,
Cenſu, ſanguine, gratia, decore.

The purer numbers that I write,
Shall not with empty words be dight:
But to thy geniall bed Il'e bring
A Bride, that learnedly can ſing:
A wench, that Nature fram'd to fit
The ſwelling torrent of thy wit.
And ſuch a milke-white Turtle-doue,
As that the Empereſſe of loue,

Or

Or elſe the Queene of Maieſty,
Might as a boone beſtow on thee.
She is ſo faire, ſo ſweet, ſo kinde,
So rich, and of ſo noble minde,
So matchleſſe in her gracefull port,
So mouing to Ambroſian ſport.

But on a certaine time there being a Poeticall Comedy to bee acted in Pompey's *Theater; and* Nero *hauing promiſed by* Cluius Rufus, *that he himſelfe in perſon would act the Fable of* Niobe: Lucan *(ſtepping out vpon the ſtage) recited certaine verſes* extempore *in the praiſe of* Orpheus; *for which he had a crowne of Laurell beſtowed on him. Whereupon* Nero *conceiuing a ſpleene againſt him, forbid him euer after to frequent the Market-place, and Theater, or to make any verſes. Of which* Papinius *ſaith thus:*

Ingratus Nero dulcibus Theatris,
Et noſter tibi præferatur Orpheus.

Nero *thou ſhewd'ſt thy ſelfe ingrate*
To dulcet Theaters, for hate
Thou bar'ſt to him that did rehearſe
More pleaſing numbers then thy verſe.

who hoping to be reuenged on Nero, *he ioyned himſelfe to the* Piſonian *treaſon: But the plot being diſcouered, hee perſiſted not in the deniall of his fault: but crauing mercy for himſelfe, he accuſed his innocent mother to be alſo one of this conſpiracie: hoping that this impiety might bee a meanes to procure pardon at the hands of an impious Prince. But hauing receiued the ſentence of condemnation, and liberty giuen to him to chuſe what death he would, he writ certaine verſes vnto his father; and (after a large banquet) cauſing the veines of his armes to be opened, hè dyed bleeding. But when his feet and hands began to waxe cold, and that he was now at the point to reſigne his lateſt breath, hee recited certaine verſes of his, which hee had made on a Souldier in the ſame caſe.* Lib. 3.

Scinditur avulſus, nec ſicut vulnere ſanguis
Emicuit lentus, ruptis, cadit vndique venis:

Diſcurſuſque animæ diuerſa in membra meantis,
Interceptus aquis, nullius vita perempti
Eſt tanta dimiſſa via.

His body made of fennie mud,
Was torne aſunder as he ſtood,
So that his bloud dropt not ſo ſlow
As that which from a wound doth flow.
But from each broken hollow vaine,
A ſtreame of crimſon guſht amaine.
And that which wont was to impart
Lif to the limbes from out the heart,
With that ſame element was mixt
That earth and aire tyes betwixt.
Neuer did any dying wight
So many wayes breath out his ſpright.

He ended his life the day before the Calends of May (Atticus Veſtinius, *and* Nerua Silius *being Conſuls*) *in the 27 yeare of his age. He was intombed in his owne garden, on whom might be ingraued this inſcription.*

Bethis habet natale ſolum, eſt Annæa propago,
De genitore Mela, dat mater Acilia terris,
Vix Luna octouos cœlo confecerat orbes,
Cum me Roma ſui, &c.

My natiue Countrey Betique Spaine,
Th'Annæan bloud I did retaine,
My noble father Mela *hight,*
Acilia *brought me to the light.*
Eight times had ſcarſe the nightly Queene,
This maſſie round with full-face ſeene.
When Rome did waſh my infant ſides
With moiſture that in Tyber glides.
Then was I from the Forum *tane,*
And conſecrate to Phœbus *Fane.*
Then I compoſed Syluaes *ten,*
And flames of Rome and Troy did pen.
I did declaime gainſt Sagita,
That fouly murdred Pontia.

Then

Then (that which moued Nero's *hate)*
Orpheus *praise I did relate.*
Next, hauing tane the warre in hand
That raz'd throughout Pharsalia *land,*
The tyrant (that could not away
My fame should grow, and his decay)
Did quell my Muse with Enuies blade,
Before the worke was perfect made.
My veines in sunder being shred,
He all besmear'd my sacred head,
With bloud which did my soule set free,
When from my body it did flee.

Papinius *saith, that being but a Boy, he writ the combate of* Hector *and* Achilles: *he wrot also the feasts of* Saturne, *ten Bookes of* Sylues, *the Tragedie of* Medea *(not perfected) the iourney of* Orpheus *to Hell, the burning of Rome, the sacking of Troy, with the misery of King* Priamus. *Hee wrote an inuective Oration against* Octauius Sagitta, *that murthered* Pontia, *with many other Fables and Epistles. He vndertooke the ciuill warres of* Cæsar *and* Pompey, *but being preuented by death, he wrot but onely ten Bookes, and of them ten perfected but three, with the helpe of his wife, the other seuen were diligently corrected, and published after his death.* Fabius Quintilian *saith, that hee was rather to bee accounted an Orator then a Poet, as being loftie and vehement in his stile, full of excellent sentences: so admirable and wittie in his Orations, as that hee seemes to expresse that singular Elegancie and Maiesty that is obserued in* Virgil. *His Epitaph may yet bee seene in Rome, graued on a marble Monument in old Characters, thus:*

Corduba me genuit, rapuit *Nero*, prælia dixi,
Quæ gessere pares, hinc gener, inde socer.
Continuo nunquam direxi carmina ductu,
Quæ tractum serpant, plus mihi comma placet.
Fluminis in morem, quæ sunt miranda, citentur,
Hæc vero sapiet dictio, quæ feriet.

In Corduba I first drew breath:
By Nero *I was doom'd to death,*

Before I made an end to write
Two Riuall Romans ciuill fight:
Where Enſignes oppoſite did runne,
The Father-in-law againſt the Sonne.
I haue not kept a ſteady courſe
In powring out my Muſes ſource:
But where the matter large did fall,
A Comma pleas'd me beſt of all.
When wonders come, I make them ſlide
Like to a full-brim'd ſwelling tide.
But that which beares the ſtampe of wit,
Are well-couch't numbers ſhortly knit.

LVCANS PHARSALIA.

The first Booke.

THE ARGVMENT

VVHat motiues did this warre incenſe,
Cæſars *and* Pompeys *inſolence.*
Forbidden Rubicon *is paſt,*
Aryminum *ſurpris'd in haſte.*
Tribunes *diſgrac'd from* Rome *retire:*
They Cæſars *heart doe ſet on fire.*
To warres his Legions *he exhorts,*
And calles from farre his old Cohorts.
The wofull Cities *mazed plight,*
With Pompeys *baſe vntimely flight.*
A ſtowt Decree the Senate *make,*
And then for feare doe Rome *forſake.*
Laſtly, prodigious ſignes are ſeene,
And what the Augures *anſwers beene.*

AMore then ciuill warre I ſing,
That through th'*Emathian* fields did ring,
Where reins let looſe to head-ſtrong pride,
A potent people did miſguide:
Whoſe conquering hand enrag'd rebounds
On his owne bowels with deepe wounds.

Whoſe

Where Hoſts confronting neare alies,
All faith and Empires Lawes defies.
A world of force in faction meetes,
And common guilt like torrents fleets.
Where like infeſtuous enſignes waue,
The *Ægle* doth the *Ægle* braue,
And *Pyle* againſt the *Pyle* doth raue.

A ſharpe reprehenſion of Ciuill warre.

¶ Deare Cittizens, what brainſick charmes?
What outrage of diſordered armes?
Leades you to feaſt your enuious foes,
To ſee you goar'd with your owne blowes?
Proud *Babylon* your force doth ſcorne,
Whoſe ſpoyles your trophies might adorne,
And *Craſſus* vnreuenged ghoſt,
Roames wayling through the *Parthian* coaſt.
Doth now your hearts ſuch warre deſire,
As yeelds no triumphs for your hyre?
O what a world by Lands and Seas,
Mought you haue won with much more eaſe.
Then halfe the bloud your weapons draines,
In ciuill ſtrife from out your vaines!
As farre as *Phœbus* firſt doth riſe,
Vntill in *Thetis* lap he lies:
Or where his parching golde-beam'd ray,
Doth dart downe flames at mid of day:
Or froſtie *Hyems* ſhiueringſtands,
Glazing the Sea with ycie hands;
Whoſe ayre benum'd with *Scythian* ſlawes,
No Summers ſunne-ſhine euer thawes:
The *Seres*, and *Araxes* rude,
Not to our Empire yet ſubdued;
Or what *Barbarians* elſe are bred,
About old *Nylus* vnknowne head;
All theſe might you haue vanquiſhed.

¶ And then, O *Rome*, when thou hadſt hent
The whole worlds homage to thy bent,
And plaid at full this maſtering priſe,
If *Enuies* ſpleene thee then agrize,
Againſt thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe oppoſe,
For yet thou want'ſt no forraine foes:

But *Italy* lies now aspoile,
Her Citties leuelld with the soile.
Their lostie walles with breaches torne,
The vacant houses all forlorne.
The Markets vnfrequented beene,
The vntrod streets ore-growne with greene:
The fruitfull faire *Hesperian* fields,
That nothing now but thistles yeilds,
Cries out for hands to plow and plant,
Her labourers are growne so scant.
¶ This dismall state wherein she stands,
Proceedes not from fierce *Pyrrhus* hands;
Nor yet could *Hannibals* despight
Inflict on vs this wretched plight.
No forraine foes could so preuaile,
Our setled state to rent and quaile:
Th'audacious sword worne by thy side,
Hath hewen in thee these gashes wide.
¶ And yet if Fates haue so decreed,
That thou (O *Nero*) shouldst succeed
By these meanes to the Empires throne,
Our fore-past armes the lesse we moane.
For *Iupiter* was not possest
Of heauens sole rule in setled rest,
Before the Gyants were suppresst.
Let then *Pharsalia* fields be spread
With yron legions scorning dread.
So to appease the whining mood
Of *Punique* Ghosts with *Latium* blood.
Let *Munda* be the fatall place
Where *Cæsar* quailes great *Pompeys* race:
And let as hard a siege betide
As earst *Mutina* did abide.
Yea let as great a famine flow
As euer did *Perusia* know:
And two such Fleetes confronting rage,
As did the *Axium* battell wage:
With as much broyle and hammering dinne,
As when that *Vulcan* did beginne
To set his *Cyclops* to their taskes;

The miserable estate of Italy.

The Romans themselues worke their owne ruine.

Whose

Whoſe ſparkling forges *Ætna* maskes.
¶ And yet thou *Rome* ſhalt be in debt
Vnto theſe wrackes, that did beget
This happy peace, wherein we liue,
And to our toyles an end did giue.
But when (O *Nero*) *Atrops* knife
Shall ſhred in twaine thy time of life:
And thou (vnto the ſtarres bequeau'd)
With Heauens ioy ſhalt be receiu'd.
There ſhalt thou freely take thy choyce,
Whether thy humor more reioyce
To ſit in the Empiring Throne,
As ruling ouer all alone:
Or whether thou doe more deſire
To ſway the Carre of *Phœbus* fire,
And thence (with wandring flames) ſuruay
The earth in all her rich array:
Whom thy milde beames will not diſmay.
The *Deities* bend to thy heſt,
And *Nature* yeelds thee thy rèqueſt,
To be what *God-head* likes thee beſt,
And where thy *Empires* ſeate ſhall reſt.
But I beſeech thee of high grace,
Doe not thy *Soueraigne Manſion* place
About the *North* or *Southerne* ſtarre,
Which is from vs remote ſo farre:
For then ſhould *Rome* fall to miſchance,
If thou on her looke but a ſcance.
But if a part of heauens huge ſphere,
Thou chooſe thy ponderous heft to beare;
O let the *Axle-tree* ſuſtaine
The paiſe of thy Maieſticke traine.
Amidſt the firmament be plac'd,
For that with brighteſt beames is grac'd.
So *Neroes* ſhine ſhall ſtill ſubſiſt,
Neuer obſcur'd with cloudy miſt.
Then ſhall men lay aſide their Armes,
And rue the ſhame of ciuill harmes.
All Nations then ſhall be at peace
With mutuall leagues, and Trades increaſe.

It ſhould ſeem that this was written in the beginning of *Neroes* reigne, wch was moſt excellétly gouerned for the firſt 5 yeares, with ſingular Iuſtice & temperance.

This is meere Ironicall flattery.

In this he teacheth NERO how he ſhould gouerne, by an Imagination of what is.

So

So when all iarres doe end their dates,
Ianus may ſparre his Iron gates.
But whilſt that I ſome power Diuine
Inuoke, to ſtrength this Muſe of mine:
If I thy fauour can obtaine
(O *Nero*) to aſſiſt my vaine;
I will not then deſire or craue,
Apollo's furtherance to haue;
Nor yet intreat the *God* of wine,
To aid this Tragicke worke of mine:
For thou alone canſt life infuſe
And ſpirit to my *Latine* muſe.
¶ My minde giues me the cauſe to write,
That did this humorous rage incite:
A taske that will much labour coſt,
To ſhew what franticke feuers toſt
This peoples moode, to raue in ſpoyle,
And baniſh peace from *Latium* ſoyle.
It was conſpiring *Deſtiny*, The cauſes of the ciuill war.
The bane of all felicity:
And that which is by heauenly reed,
As doome to greatneſſe ſtill decreed,
Not long to ſtand in ſetled ſtate:
But, being too much eleuate,
The owne paize muſt it ruinate:
And *Rome* her ſelfe, too powrfull growne,
With inſolence was ouer-throwne.
So when by great reſiſtleſſe *Fate*,
The world diſſolues to her laſt date,
Returning to that formleſſe maſſe,
Which was before ought formed was:
Starres ſhall with ſtarres confuſedly,
In cluſters meet within the skye:
The fiery Element diſplac't,
Shall downe into the deepe be caſt:
The maſſy globe in this diſeaſe,
Denie due bounds vnto the ſeas:
Belphœbe will runne counter quite
To *Titan*, that doth lend her light:
And (ſcorning her owne oblique way)

Would

Would guide the Lanthorne of the day.
So that the courſe of this vaſte *All*,
Into confuſions lappe will fall.
For *Ioue* to great things this doome left,
They ſhould be cruſht with their owne heft.
Fortune moſt triumphes ouer great eſtates.
Fortune doth ſcorne to caſt a frowne
On thoſe, that meane eſtate keepes downe:
But enuies thoſe that lofty ſtand,
Empiring ouer ſea and land.
O *Rome!* then bondage preſſed thee,
When thou wert firſt made ſlaue to three.
Diuided kingdomes ſtaggring ſtand,
One Scepter fits one ſoueraigne hand.
¶ O yee contentious *Roman* knights,
Whom blinde *Ambition* ſo incites!
What ſolace yeelds that Soueraignty
That's gain'd with ſuch hoſtility
As doth your hands and hearts diuide,
And turmoiles all the world beſide?
But otherwiſe it neuer ſorts:
For whilſt the land the ſeas ſupports;
Or that the *Aire* (in heats and colds)
The *Earth* in her ſoft mantle folds:
And *Phœbus* ſhall maintaine his race,
Or *Cinthia* ſupply his place,
So long Competitors of States
No faith amongſt Competitors of kingdomes.
(In iealouſie) ſhall cloke debates.
Faith holds not firme twixt crowned Mates.
We need not farre examples ſeeke,
What other clymate breedes the like:
Romulus and *Rhemus.*
For when *Rome* firſt her walles ordain'd,
With brothers blood they were diſtain'd.
Yet all the whole worlds worth, that time,
Could not requite ſo foule a crime.
A petty ſtructure (ſcarce begun)
Hath this fraternall outrage ſpun.
Our two great Chiefetaines (for a ſpace)
A iarring concord did embrace.
And ſo an outward peace maintain'd,
Which their ambitious hopes diſdain'd.

But *Craſſus* power doth interpoſe,
And hold them off from fatall blowes.
Like *Iſtmos*, that diuided keepes
The raging concurſe of the deepes,
And doth ſo ſtrongly part the waues,
That each with other neuer raues.
But if this *Iſtmos* breake aſunder,
How would th'*Ægean* billowes thunder,
Incountering the *Ionian* ſeas,
And ſtruggle with their counterpaiſe?
So *Craſſus* whilſt he was a life,
Held theſe two worthies off from ſtrife;
And (with perſwaſiue powerfull words)
Within their ſheathes confin'd their ſwords.
Bnt when the hapleſſe *Carran* fight,
Brought *Craſſus* to his lateſt night,
This *Parthian* blow diſſolu'd the Chaine
That did theſe head-ſtrong *Peeres* reſtraine;
And bred more ſcath vnto our ſtate
Then it was ware (by home-debate:)
For now the *Roman* Lordly guides
Diuide themſelues in factious ſides:
And our great fortune, that had long
Subſiſted by a people ſtrong,
That conquered worlds on ſeas and maine,
Could not two haughty mindes containe:
For *Iulia* (with like cruell fate
Vntimely brought vnto her date,
By *Atrops* life-deſtroying hands)
Diſſolu'd the neere-allianc'd bands
Betwixt her father, and her ſpouſe,
Forgetting their contracted vowes.
Whereas if *Iulias* line of life
Had longer ſcap't the fatall knife;
Euen ſhe had beene of power alone,
Betwixt them two to make attone,
And from inſulting force to ceaſe,
With ioyning armed hands in peace;
As did the *Sabines* daughters earſt,
Who ſweetly all diſlikes diſpearſt

Craſſus the meanes that kept *Cæſar* and *Pompey* within their bounds.

By *Craſſus* death this ciuill rage brake out.

What miſchiefe two ambitious mindes can breed in a quiet ſtate.

IVLIA the means to hold *Cæſar* & *Pompey* in good correſpondency.

Betwixt their Fathers and their Pheeres:
But by thy death theſe pride-ſwolne *Peeres*,
Shake off all leagues, and ſtraine to warres,
Where vertue emulates it iarres.

Pompeyes iealouſie.

¶ For thou great *Pompey* doſt ſuſpect,
That new-raiſd triumphes thine deiect,
And that thy Pyrate-Laurell falles
Short of the conqueſt of the *Gaules*.
Thus the remembrance of thy deeds,
In thee ſo great impatience breeds,
As that thou holdſt it fowle diſgrace
Except thou runne a matchleſſe race,
None now endures a ſecond place.

Pompeys humor.

For Pompey will no equall haue,

Cæſars humor.

Nor ſupreme Lord muſt Cæſar braue.

Heynous it was, but to be ſcand,
Which of them in the right did ſtand:
And tooke vp Armes with iuſt pretence,
Great *Iudges* doe with both diſpence.
The conquering part the *Gods* avowes,
Cato the vanquiſhed allowes:
Th'ambition of theſe captaines tends
Not to the like and ſelfe-ſame ends.

Pompeyes diſpoſition deſcribed.

Pompey (ſurpris'd with elder yeares)
His courſe in quiet glory ſteeres.
And (keeping ſtate in peacefull gowne)
Followes not *Mart* for more renowne.
He dotes vpon domeſticke fame,
And ſo (to glorifie his name)
To State-affaires doth frame his bent.
And then (to giue the world content)
With largeſſe plyes the common Rowt,
And, on the Theaters, ſets out
His great exployts, and ſeruice done
Till through the peoples eares it runne,
Suffis'd when their applauſe is wonne.

Popular affectation.

No new imployments he requeſts;
But on his fore-paſt fortunes reſts.
So *Pompeyes* name is like a ſhade,
That by a ſtately Oke is made,

Towring

Towring amidſt a flowring field,
Adorn'd with many a battred ſhield,
With Trophies hanging on his twiſts,
(The gifts of famous *Martialiſts*)
And though not rooted deepe in land,
With his owne weight vpright doth ſtand:
With leaueleſſe armes ſpreading his ſpraies
From naked trunkes doth ſhadowes raiſe.
Yet (brangling with tempeſtuous blaſt)
Is danger'd to be ouer-caſt:
When other trees, growne round about,
Againſt the windes ſtanding more ſtout,
To this old Oke doe lowly lowt.
But *Cæſars* name (in mens conceit)
Was not yet growne vnto that height,
Nor for the warres in like requeſt:
And yet his vertue cannot reſt,
But prickes him forth to thinke it ſhame,
By valour not to winne the game.
His dreadleſſe courage, and his hope
Vnto his plots, gaue ample ſcope
Neuer to ſpare his daring ſword,
Where glory might him worke affoord,
And his ſucceſſ-full fate purſue,
Which in heauens fauour daily grew.
Affecting all, daunts as him liſts,
What force ſoeuer him reſiſts,
Contented beſt when that he may
Leuell out paths for *Ruines* way.
Like lightning, gendred in the Clouds,
By force of winde it ſelfe vnſhroudes,
Teares through the aire with claps of thunder,
(Mazing the world twixt feare and wonder.)
The Temples filles with oblique flaſhes,
And of their lampes the lights out daſhes,
The ſtrongeſt walles aſunder rents,
If they reſiſt, or ſtop his vents,
And ſpoyling all, makes Reuell-rout
In going in, and comming out;
Collects his parted flames againe,

Cæſars diſpoſition deſcribed

And with freſh force doth ſtriue and ſtraine,
Gainſt which reſiſtance all is vaine.
¶ Theſe former motiues led the way
Vnto theſe Captaines lawleſſe ſway.
But publique ſeeds were after ſowne,
From whence this banefull ſtrife is growne
Which hath great *Kingdoms* ouerthrowne.
O this was it when conquering *Fates*
Had made vs Lords of mighty ſtates,
And cloyd vs with aboundant treaſure,
We ſteept our thoughts in pride & pleaſure.
Then *Luxurie* the State ſurpriz'd,
And vertuous manners grew diſguis'd:
For *Auarice* (that rauening gull,
Who more ſhe hath, the leſſe is full)
To ſtately manſions drawes their mindes,
And *Gluttony* new dainties findes;
The moderate dyet not regarded,
Our appetite muſt now bee larded.
So men from manly humors fall,
And grew effeminate withall:
Decking themſelues with queint attires,
Scarce fit for womens nice deſires.
Then *Pouerty* (that had of yore
Of worthy *Champions* bred ſuch ſtore)
Did ſcorned creepe from doore to doore.
And *Riches* (michiefes pleaſing gueſt)
Then onely grew into requeſt
Pamperd *Delight* ſpares for no charge.
Their Territories they inlarge.
Camyllus Plow eares not their lands,
Nor *Curios* ſpades will fit their hands.
Their bounds no meaſure can endure,
And ſtrangers muſt their farmes manure:
And yet this opulent increaſe,
Could not containe their mindes in peace:
But as their plenty more did flow,
Ambition with it more did grow.
And many vices more to boote,
Which in them tooke ſo deepe a roote,

The Roman Vices.

Wealth the cauſe of all exceſſe.

The great alteration of the Roman humors.

That

That *Couetyſe* no crime was thought,
What force could win, was held as bought.
Oppreſsion all doth ouer-awe,
And wrong to right preſcribeth law.
Then *Faction* vſhers on this warre,
The *Senate* with the people iarre.
Force doth authorize their decrees,
The lawes their ſacred freedome leeſe,
Conſuls with *Tribunes* now conteſt,
Priuate reſpects their cenſures wreſt,
All ſuffrages are bought and priz'd,
The *Conſulſhips* are Merchandiz'd,
And *Bribery* (the Cities bane)
Did *Campus Martius* ſo prophane,
That her braue *Palmes* (the Victors hire)
The purſes vertue did acquire.
Then *Vſuryes* moth-eating trade
So riſe was growne, and lawleſſe made,
That Debters, at the payment day,
To Creditors became a pray.
So *Banque-rupts* (wanting meanes to liue)
Their hopes to warre and ſpoyle did giue.
¶ Now *Cæſars* Army marcheth faſt,
And ore the froſty *Alpes* was paſt:
But ere he ſaid, *The dyce are caſt*,
Within his troubled thoughts he ſcand
The boyſterous ſtormes of warres at hand:
And (hauing led his legions on
Vnto the Riuer *Rubicon*)
In gloomy night there did appeare
(In dreames to him with trembling cheere)
Of *Italy* the Image vaſte,
With naked Armes abroad out caſt.
And (as a woman in diſtreſſe)
Shaking her head, and fettred treſſe,
That was ingrain'd with aged hoare,
In ſobbing ſpeech doth thus deplore.
Whither (quoth ſhe) doth your march tend?
Whither (deere ſonnes) and to what end
My famous *Standard* do you ſpread?

Diuiſion between the Senate and the people.

Honors bought and ſold, and not conferred by merit.

Cæſar marching toward *Rubicon*, is forbidden by an apparition.

Can lawfully theſe Troopes be led
Vnto this place prohibited?
Therewith did *Horrors* heauineſſe
This *Captaines* ſpirits ſo oppreſſe,
As that his haire ſtood vp an end,
And faintneſſe doth his pace ſuſpend.
Then at the Riuers brinke he ſtayes,
And with a manly voyce he ſayes:

Cæſars anſwere to the Apparition.

Great Thunderer, that doſt protect
(From thy *Tarpeyan* high proſpect)
The *Romane* State with grace diuine,
The *Iulian* and the *Latine* Line,
The myſteries of rap't *Quirine*;
O *Iupiter* the *Latium* guide,
That in high *Alba* doſt reſide,
Preſeruer of our *Veſtall* flame;
And *Rome* (thou type of ſupreame name)
From your applauſe doe not exempt
This enterpriſe, that I attempt.
I doe not I, with furious armes,

Cæſars Proteſtation to *Rome*.

(Deare Citty) ſeeke thy wrackes or harmes.
Behold thy *Cæſar* here doth ſtand,
That hath (with his ſucceſſ-full hand)
Conquer'd for thee by ſea and land.
Let me thy Champion now be hight,
And deeme him heynous in thy ſight,
That me prouokes to ſuch debate,
As muſt diſturbe thy ſetled ſtate.
This ſaid, he ſhakes off all delay
That might his ſpeedy paſſage ſtay:

Cæſar wil paſſe the *Rubicon* with his legions.

His armed legions he will guide
Vnto the Riuers further ſide:
And as a *Lybian* Lyon dread,
(In ſun-burnt Deſarts bloody bred)
When Hunters neere at hand he ſpyes,
Vpon the ſandy ſoyle downe lies,
And doth a while amaz'd remaine,
Till his fierce courage comes againe;
Then rouzing vp his curled creſt,
His beeſom'd tayle, and boyſterous breaſt,

From

From yawning iawes (beſmear'd with gore)
Doth bellow out a hideous rore.
If then the *Mauritanian* launce
Vpon his rugged hide doe glaunce,
Or in his wounded bleeding ſide,
The Hunters Iauelin doe abide;
He careleſſe then for loſſe of blood,
Aſſailes (with ramping fiery mood)
The Huntſman; and (with out ſtretcht pawes)
By force at laſt himſelfe withdrawes.

¶ Cleare *Rubicon* (that firſt is fed
But from a bubling fountaines head)
During the time of *Summers* ſunne,
With a low ſhallow ſtreame doth runne:
His current through the valleys glides,
And *Italy* from *Gaule* diuides.
But at this time his ſource was more,
The Winters raine increaſt his ſtore.
The *Moone* likewiſe (but yong in dayes)
His feeding ſprings doth higher raiſe.
And that which made him moſt to ſwell,
Were molten heapes of ſnow that fell
From downe the *Alpes* in torrents great,
Diſſolued by ſome gentle heate.
The *Horſe-men* firſt the worke doe wage,
And of the ſtreame the ſhallowes gage.
And with thicke Troopes in cloſe arrayes,
The ſwiftneſſe of the torrent ſtayes.
The paſſage thus more eaſie made,
The Foote doth through the riuer wade.
Cæſar his Army thus at laſt
Forbidden *Rubicon* hath paſt;
And ſtanding on th' *Heſperian* bankes,
Thus ſpake he to his filed Rankes.
Heere doe I now all peace abiure,
And lawes vniuſtly put in vre.
O *Fortune!* I will follow thee,
From other bonds my ſelfe I free.
In *Fate* my truſt I doe affye,
Warre (as a Iudge) my cauſe ſhall trye.

The deſcription of *Rubicon.*

Cæſar paſſeth *Rubicon.*

Cæſars ſpeech when he had paſt the *Rubicon.*

No more he ſaid, but (with diſpach)
At the approach of nights firſt watch,
His well-train'd Troopes he doth prepare,
Who in their march as ſpeedy are
As motions of *Balarian* ſlings,
That circling through the thin aire ſings.
Or ſhowres of ſhafts at *Parths* let flye,
When they retire, that dimme the ſky:
His *March* with ſuch great ſpeede hee plies,
Cæſar ſurpriſeth *Ariminum*
As doth *Ariminum* ſurpriſe.
Phœbus by this, with dawning light,
Obſcured had the lampes of night;
And now the diſmall day begunne,
Wherein his firſt attempt was done
Vpon this Cittie, that doth ſtand
A frontier of *Italian* land.
And whether *Fates* did ſo fore-caſt,
Or foggy-faced *Auſters* blaſt
Did ſcoule vpon this wretched fact,
The aire with miſty clouds was pact.
The Towne thus ſuddenly poſſeſt,
The Market-place they doe inueſt.
Where their braue Enſignes proudly ſtands,
Guarded with many armed bands.
The Trumpets (with their dreadfull notes
Drawn through their hoarſe *Meandry throats*
Mixt with tempeſtuous noyſe of warres)
The *Burgers* with Alarums skarres.
Their ſtate, which was ſecure at night,
By dawne of day was in this fright.
The youth amaz'd, their beds forſake,
The amazement of the *Ariminenſes*.
And to the *Temples* them betake.
Where they doe arme them in a ſtownd,
With ſuch munitions as they found,
Which in long peace hang'd on the walles
Idle, vn-vſd to *Martiall* brawles.
The Shields, that were of ancient dates,
VVorme-eaten to the very plates.
Their *Piles* with heads blunted and bowd,
Their glaiues the cankered ruſt did cloud.

¶ But

¶ But when the *Egle* was diſplaid,
And *Cæſar* (in bright Armes arrayd)
Mounted vpon a *Throne* of *State*,
In midſt of his ſterne *Legions* ſate;
The *Cittizens* then ſilent were,
Their ſenſes rap't with numming feare,
A patient ſilence them poſſeſt,
Whilſt theſe ſad mones boyle in their breſt.
What diſmall Planets wrathfull frowne,
So neere the *Gaules*, confin'd our Towne?
What *Deſtiny* (with endleſſe toyle)
Firſt drew vs to this fatall ſoyle?
In peace all people liue ſecure:
But we in peace muſt warres endure,
To *Out-rage* we are ſtill a pray,
Our ſeate ſtands ſo in *Harmes* high-way.
O *Fortune!* more had we beene bleſt,
In dwelling fartheſt *Eaſt* or *Weſt:*
Or neere the *Pole* to haue our homes:
Or elſe in *Tents*, that wandring roames;
Then thus to keepe a Frontier gate
Of *Italies* enuied ſtate.
We firſt did ſee that great deluge
Of the fierce *Senons* Army huge.
VVe firſt endur'd the *Cymbrian* brunt,
Er'e *Marius* force did them confrunt.
And frightfull bruted *Hannibal*,
Did at his entrance on vs fall.
Then ſauage Troopes of *Teuton* ſwarmes,
Infeſted vs with hoſtile armes.
And thus as oft as lowring *Fate*
Did pleaſe to ſcourge the *Roman* ſtate,
(By raiſing vp ſome powerfull foe)
This was the way that *Warre* did goe.
Theſe ſower accounts that them attaint,
They ſwallow vp without complaint.
And ſo their diſcontentment hide,
Heart-breaking ſorrow is tongue-ty'd.
But looke what ſilence doth poſſeſſe
The aire, when *Winter* doth diſtreſſe

The cõplaint of the *Ariminenſes.*

The many wracks that *Ariminum* had endured.

The

The ſinging birds, and them reſtraines
From vtt'ring their melodious vaines:
Or elſe as calmes the billowes bindes,
Not being mou'd with guſts of windes,
Such ſtiffnes ceas'd their grief-bound minds.
This dayes worke done, and ouer-paſt,
And following night growne to his laſt,
The *Sunne* his Chariot Eaſtward hies,
And with his beames doth cleare the skies.
Cæſar (that doubtfull yet remain'd
Before this entrance he had gain'd)
Is now, in hot bloud, fully bent
To follow on his bold attempt.
The *Fates* likewiſe his humour drawes
Dreadleſſe to breake all leagues and lawes.
Cæſar the child of *Fortune*. And *Fortune* (whoſe he was avowd)
His enterpriſe, as iuſt, allowd;
And motiue reaſons doth prouide
To truſt to Armes, leſt worſe betide.
The Iealouſie of the Senate. The iealous *Senate* now fore-caſt
What danger former times had paſt
By the ſeditious *Gracchian* fact,
That with the people were compact.
And thereupon (againſt all right)
The Court, with ouer-bearing might,
Thoſe *Tribunes* preſently expell,
Whoſe power did in the Citty ſwell,
And with the *Senate* ſo conteſt,
For *Cæſars* right, againſt their heſt:
The Tribunes diſgraced by the Senate. The fiered *Tribunes* (thus diſgrac't)
Forthwith to *Cæſars* campe did haſt.
But he, that felt himſelfe moſt ſtrong
Was *Curio*, that, (with bribed tongue)
The *Senate* ſo much had vpbrayd,
And peoples voyce for *Cæſar* ſwayd.
And he no ſooner was arriu'd
At *Cæſars* Campe (of feare depriu'd)
To *Cæſar* he himſelfe preſents,
Whom many carefull thoughts torments,
In plotting of theſe warres euents.

¶ *Cæſar*

¶ *Cæſar*, quoth he, whilſt Iuſtice, lawes
Gaue vpright hearing to thy cauſe;
And that a truthfull tongue might ſpeake,
So long my words the yce did breake:
And durſt confront thy proudeſt foes,
Yea though the Senate did oppoſe.
For whilſt I might (as *Tribune*) pleade
The peoples voyce ſo did I lead,
That thou hadſt their applauſes all,
A longer time to gouerne *Gaule*.
But after this the Senates might
(Againſt all law with ſcornfull ſpight)
Vs as a factious party held,
And from our natiue *Rome* expeld:
Which out-rage and oppreſſiue ſcorne,
With greater patience wee haue borne;
In hope that thy victorious arme
Their Dung-hill crowing ſo will charme,
As ſhall our liberties reſtore
Free *Roman Tribunes*, as before.
Now therefore whilſt ſurpriſing frights
Poſſeſſe thy foes, and daunts their ſprights:
Whilſt they confuſd (twixt hope and feare)
Know not on ſuddaine how to reare
Such valiant Troopes, and trained Bands,
As now are vnder *Cæſars* hands;
Slacke thou no time: *Fate* guides thy game,
To men prepar'd, delay is ſhame.
And doe but to remembrance call
The dangers paſt in conquering *Gaule*,
Thy toyles that thou didſt vnder-goe,
Before thou couldſt ſubdue that foe;
And then compare it with this taske,
Which doth but reſolution aske;
And thou ſhalt finde this ofleſſe paine,
But greater much in glorious gaine.
Couldſt thou ten yeares on *Gallia* ſpare,
So poore to *Rome* in all compare;
And canſt thou thinke leſſe time worſe ſpent,
To win the whole world to thy bent?

Curios oration.

Curio accuſeth the Senate.

Curio ſtirres *Cæſar* to attempt *Rome*.

Fortune

Fortune (that ſtill with thee abounds)
When thou doſt march, her Trumpet ſounds:
A ſtrong perſwaſion. Then to this worke with courage fall,
In conquering *Rome* thou conquerſt all.
But as the caſe now ſtands with thee,
No Triumphes will allowed be
At thy returne, for ſeruice done,
Nor Laurels worne for *Gallia* wonne.
Enuy (that doth at vertue ſpurne)
Will at thy triumph rather mourne:
And (which is more to thy diſgrace)
The honour of thy name to baſe.
Curio perſwades *Cæſar* that the Senate conſpire to wrong him. Thy enuious foes haue plotted prankes
To cut thy conqueſts ſhort of thankes,
And will in lew thereof, at laſt,
Some fowle aſperſion on thee caſt.
Pompey, that matcht thy daughter deere,
Admits thee not his equall Peere,
The Empire muſt be ſhar'd twixt none,
But thou mayſt haue it all alone.
¶ This ſpeech of *Curio* ſets on fire
The minde of *Cæſar*, whoſe deſire
Before to warre was fully ſet,
But with theſe words more ſharply whet.
Like a proud Courſer bred in *Thrace*,
Cæſar incenſed. Accuſtom'd to the running race,
Who when he heares the Trumpets noyſe,
The ſhouts and cryes of men and boyes,
(Though in the ſtable cloſe vp-pent)
Yet, with his hoofes, doth beat and rent
The planched floore, the barres and chaines,
Vntill he haue got looſe the raines.
¶ *Cæſar* forthwith his troopes doth call,
T'attend him at his Tribunall:
And euery Enſigne to be man'd,
And followed with his armed band.
So in the midſt his place he takes:
Cæſars oration to his Souldiers. Then head and hand he beckning ſhakes,
And therewithall deepe ſilence makes.
¶ Fellowes in Armes and friends (quoth he)

That

That haue this ten yeares ſpace, with me,
In warres endur'd a thouſand brunts,
With many hazards, and affronts;
And yet haue brought our foes at length
Vnder our feet, by conquering ſtrength.
Is this that *Curio* now relates,
All the eſteeme the *Roman* States
Doth make of vs, and our loſt blood,
Expended for the Empires good,
By conqueſt of this *Northerne* ſoyle?
Is this the hire of all our toyle
About the frоſty *Alpes* endur'd,
That many a *Worthies* bane procur'd?
Though *Rome* ſo ſcorne her *Martiall* breed,
Yet is ſhe now as hard beſteed,
As when the *Carthaginian* ſway
Ouer the *Alpes* did force a way.
Her waſted *Cohorts* are ſupplyd
With men, that warre hath neuer try'd:
But meere *Beſognios* preſt in haſt.
And now the woods are feld as faſt
To build a *Nauy* out of hand:
And *Cæſar* (as I vnderſtand)
Muſt be purſu'd by ſea and land.
But now ſuppoſe ſome man will ſay,
What if (in one vnlucky day)
When we doe hope to giue a blow,
Our ſelues receiue the ouer-throw?
And that the *Gaules* (to venge their wrackes)
With furious ſwarmes come on our backes?
Alas poore ſprights! what doubts are theſe?
Since *Fortune* ſwayes which way I pleaſe,
And alwayes proſpers my deſignes?
And that the Gods their grace inclines
Our glory higher to aduance?
When Fortune pipes, ſhall we not dance?
Let *Pompey* (whom diſ-vſe hath made
A ſtranger to *Bellona's* trade)
Come on, with his new ſwaggering hoſt,
Which cannot of one Skirmiſh boaſt.

Cæſars ſcorneſull ſpeech of *Pompey*, and ſome other *Romanes*.

Let *Senators* (in their graue gownes)
Brow-beat vs with their haughty frownes.
And *Marcell*, that ſame pratling *Iay*,
With *Stoicke Cato*, that giues way
To nought but what himſelfe doth ſay:
Let all this rabble ſhew their ſpight,
We ſcorne their malice, and their might.
Shall theſe conſorts (for money bought)
Pompey to pleaſe, ſet vs at nought?
Shall they ſo proudly vndertake
In him a *Monarchy* to make?
Pompey taxed in diuers kinds
Muſt our great *Empires* ſupreme ſway,
Him onely ſerue, and ſole obay?
Muſt he (with new inſulting pride)
Againe in *Triumphes Chariot* ride?
When no man knowes for what, or why;
But all due courſe doth it deny?
What, muſt he neuer quit againe
The rule, that once he doth attaine?
Nor ſuffer others haue their turne?
Muſt he at all mens honours ſpurne?
Who liueth now that doth not know
The famine that did ouer-flow
By publicke dearth of corne and bread,
Whereby his auarice was fed?
Who knowes not that (by his affront
Contrary to the *Roman* wont)
The *Iudges*, in the Market-place,
Aſſaulted were with foule diſgrace?
And with what pride he bolſtred out
The out-rage of that raſcall rout?
And how, by maine oppreſſing might,
(Againſt all law and ciuill right)
Milo, that ſo condemned ſtood,
Milo. *Clodius.* For fouly ſhedding *Clodius* blood,
By *Pompeys* rude preſumptious bands,
Was reſcu'd out of Iuſtice hands?
But now, he waxing old and craz'd,
Yet ſtill affecting to bee blaz'd,
And fearing that his date, farre ſpent,

Will grow vnfit for gouernment,
Lothing to lead a priuate life,
Now makes new worke for ciuill ſtrife:
Wherein he trained is ſo well,
As that he doth by farre excell
His Tutor *Sylla*, bloudy ſire,
That miſchiefe-monger ruines fire.
And as a *Tyger* wildly fed,
In the *Hyrcanian* forreſt bred,
Who (following of his rauening damme
With blood of beaſts his panch doth cram)
Can neuer afterwards allay
His ſauage longing after pray;
So *Pompey* (nuz'led in the taſte
Of *Syllas* ſword, that made ſuch waſte
Of his owne countries guiltleſſe blood)
Cannot aſſwage his thirſting mood:
But that his iawes (in-vr'd to gore)
Muſt bathe in bowels, as before.
Shall his vſurped lawleſſe ſtate
Nor limits haue, nor any date?
How long ſhall he (with hands vncleane)
Support his pride, that holds no meane?
His Maiſter *Sylla* might him learne
By (his example) to diſcerne,
That *Tyranny* at length ſhould end,
And aged hopes to quyet bend.
Muſt *Cæſar* needes giue vp his reſt,
Becauſe the *Pyrats* are ſuppreſt,
And *Mithridates*, with long toyle,
At length receiued hath the foyle?
Although it cannot be deny'd
But *Pontus* poyſons firſt he try'd.
Shall *Cæſar* now (I ſay) be made
A prey to *Pompeys* ruſty blade,
Becauſe I ſcorned to forgoe
My conquering Legions to my foe?
And diſobeyd that proud decree,
Made againſt right in wrong of me?
But though I bee denyd my due,

Cæſar chargeth *Pompey* with the cauſe of this ciuill war.

Pompey a follower of *Sylla*.

Cæſar alleageth the wrongs offered him by the Senats decree

And that no Triumphes muſt acrew
Vnto our conqueſt, as our hire,
Yet (whilſt I breath with liuing fire)
And theſe braue Troopes are led by me,
They neuer ſhall defrauded be
Of their reward for ſeruice done,
Nor after ſtranger Captaines runne
To ſeeke new *Fortunes* at their hands,
In forraigne warres, and vnknowne lands.
For if that ſuch a courſe be held,
When they be ouer-growne with eld;
And not of force, as earſt they were,
To broyle in warres, and armes to beare;
Where ſhall they then their limbes repoſe,
Weakned with age, with toyle and blowes?
What comfort ſhould they finde at laſt,
To recompence their trauailes paſt?
What lands to them ſhall be alowd?
What fields to plant, or to be plowd?
Where they in peace may eate their bread,
And reſt their limbes in quiet bed?
Shall *Pyrats* ſo (by *Pompeys* grace)
In fruitfull *Colonies* finde place,
And *Roman Veterans* not haue
That due regard their worth doth craue?
O then reſolue (without delay)
Your conquering Enſignes to diſplay.
Imploy thoſe armes in battailes try'd,
By your owne valour dignify'd.
Vniuſtly to with-hold a right,
Is to giue all to armed might.
We want not higher powers to frend,
Yet do not I this *Mart* intend,
Preſt on for need, or greedy gaine,
Or elſe ambitiouſly to raine;
But to reſiſt that *Pride* that raues
To make both *Rome* and vs his ſlaues.
¶ When he had ſaid, the wauering rout
Did ſoftly murmur many a doubt:
For though their fiery *Martiall* ſprights

Cæſar inſinuates with his Souldiers.

Cæſar aleageth *Pompeys* prouiſion for pyrats whilſt old *Roman Veterans* are neglected.

Cæſars proteſtation againſt tyrannicall ambition.

In

In warre and rapine moſt delights;
Their houſhold *Gods*, and Countries loue,
To ſome remorce their hearts did moue.
But yet of Armes the high eſteeme,
And *Cæſars* wrath they greater deeme.
Then *Lælius*, with vndaunted face, *Lælius.*
(Who for his valour held the place
Amongſt the *Pyles* as Enſigne chiefe,
And (by his hardy hands reliefe)
A *Roman* reſcu'd from his foes:
For which his Oken crowne he ſhowes)
Steps forth, and thus he doth declame.
¶ Conductor chiefe of *Roman* fame; *Lælius* oration to *Cæſar.*
If it be lawfull, and but iuſt
To ſhew our griefes with tongues of truſt,
We may complaine of theſe delayes,
That with ſuch lingring patience ſtayes
Thy powerfull armes; did our faith faile
In ought that might thy courſe auaile?
Will we (thinkſt thou) whilſt life retaines
The boyling blood within ous vaines:
Or whilſt our actiue armes haue might
To weild the *Pile* with *Martiall* ſlight,
Endure thus to ſubiect our State
To *Senate* gownes degenerate?
Is it a fault by ciuill warre,
Their inſolencies to debarre?
Nay, leade vs through *Scyths* yſie fennes,
And through the *Syrts* vnhaunted dennes,
Through *Lybia's* thirſty parched ſands;
Heere are the ſelfe-ſame forward hands
That holpe through deeps to tugge the *Ores*,
When thou inuadedſt *Brittaines* ſhores:
And (with like courage ready were) *Lælius* deuotes his faith to *Cæſar.*
Through ſtickle *Rhene* the boates to ſteare.
Our hearts ſhall be as forward ſtill,
As able to obey thy will.
And whom againſt thy Trumpets ſound,
I wiſh miſchance may them confound.
Yea though they be right *Romans* borne,

As deadly foes I will them ſcorne.
And here I doe proteſt and ſweare
By thoſe braue Enſignes (that we beare)
Of our victorious legions ten,
By all the conqueſts where and when
So happily atchieu'd by thee;
If thou but giue in charge to me,
To ſtabbe my brother to the heart,
My fathers head and necke to part,
Or to rippe vp (with bloudy knife)
The riſing belly of my wife,
When ſhe conceiued is with childe,
My hands ſhould be therewith defil'd,
Though they ſaid *nay*, with *mood* more mild
Yea, if it were the *Gods* to ſpoyle,
To raze their *Temples* with theſoyle,
Their ornaments and wealth to burne,
Vntill to aſhes they did turne,
Or elſe (vpon the *Tyber* bankes)
To place and file our armed rankes,
I would be firſt of all the Rout,
That ſhould the *Stations* quarter out,
There to incampe our legions ſtout.
Nay, do but ſay, which are the walles
That thou deſign'ſt to *Ruines* falles,
Theſe hands of mine firſt hold ſhall lay
Vpon the *Ramme*, and giue him ſway
Vnto the ground, the ſtones to teare;
Yea though the walles of *Rome* they were.
¶ When *Lælius* thundring *peale* was rung,
The *Cohorts* (cluſtring in a thrung,
With open voyce, and hands out flung)
Do vow to follow *Cæſars* Armes,
Through *heat* and *cold*, through *haps* or *harms*
And therewithall they bellow out
As maine a cry (with hideous ſhout)
As doe the hurling windes from *Thrace*,
When they the lofty *Pines* imbrace
That on the mountaine *Oſſa* growes,
Whoſe ſtormy guſts ſo fiercely blowes,

Lælius moſt deſperate proteſtation for *Cæſars* ſeruice.

The affection *Cæſars* ſouldiers do beare to him.

That

That toppes of Trees bow to the ground,
And with ſuch force againe rebound,
As if they would the clouds confound.
¶ *Cæſar*, that now his Souldiers minds
So prone to warre and willing findes,
(Seeing withall the *Fates* his friend)
Is loath more time in vaine to ſpend.
But leaſt his Fortune ſhould be ſtaid
For want of force and greater aid,
Forthwith in haſte he ſends for all
His *Cohorts*, garriſon'd in *Gaule*.
Then flying Enſignes doth diſplay,
And towards *Rome* directs his way.
Cæſar aſſembles his forces
¶ The Troopes, about *Lemanus* Lake,
To *Cæſars* Campe themſelues betake:
And thoſe great forces of account,
That fortifide *Vogeſus* mount,
And fierce *Lingones* held in awe,
To *Cæſars* tents doe likewiſe draw.
Others, that with his warres will ſhare,
From *Iſar* floud to him repare,
Which (waſhing with his water falles
So many goodly Cities walles)
His ſiluer ſtreames at laſt he hides
In *Rhodonus*, that ſwifter ſlides,
And there his natiue name doth loſe,
Before that he the *Ocean* knowes.
The gold-hair'd *Ruthens* left at large,
Their maiſtering garriſons diſcharge.
And ſilent *Atax* new ioy greeets
Diſ-burdened of the *Latium* Fleets.
The gallant Townes that bordering rankes
On either ſide of *Varus* bankes
Doe publique bone-fire-feaſting make,
When *Roman* Troopes their ſoile forſake.
The like contentment them befell,
That by th'*Herculean* port do dwell;
Vpon which ſhores (in rowling flockes)
The boyſterous billowes ſweepe the rockes;
Not ſtird with rage of Weſterne flawes,

But

But by whirle-windes that thither drawes.
From off the *Narbonenſian* coaſt,
Where ſhippes ſo furiouſly are toſt,
As that no harbour can ſuffiſe
To ſhelter them from thoſe fierce skyes,
So ioy'd the people of that land,
That euermore doe doubtfull ſtand
To be orewhelm'd with flowing ſeas,
As oft it haps to their diſeaſe:
Which flouds, the ebbes againe appeaſe.
Now whether this deluge proceedes
From *Northerne* winds, that high ſeas breeds
During their powerfull whirling whiffes,
That raiſe the waues aboue the cliffes,
And being layd, the ſtilled maine
Reclaimes her mounted waues againe:
Or whether *Cynthias* influence
Do with this breach of bounds diſpence:
Or elſe the *Sunnes* attractiue beames
Exhale vp vapours from thoſe ſtreames,
Thereby the watry clouds to feede:
Or elſe from whence it doth proceede,
I leaue it to their better reede
That diues into the hidden cauſe
Of *Heauens* courſe, and *Natures* lawes.
And as for me I will ſubmit
The cenſure of my humble wit
To that great God-head, that beſt knowes
The reaſon why it ebbes and flowes.
Now were the *Nemetes* releaſt
Of all the bands vpon them ceaſt:
Where the *Tarbellians* bound at large
A calmed ſea, with crooked varge.
Then, to the *Santons* turne it fell,
To bid their *Latium* gueſts fare-well.
The *Bituriges* doe the ſame,
And the *Axones* that beare fame
With their long bowes, ſo fit for *Mart*,
The *Rheni*, trayn'd to throw the dart.
The *Sequani*, that rankly ride

Opinions of ebbing and flowing of the ſea.

And skilfully their horſes guide.
The *Belgi*, that ſo well can ſteere,
And turne their Coach in maine careere.
Th'*Auuerni*, that themſelues do grace
For their deſcent from *Troian* race,
And *Roman* parentage embrace.
The *Neruij*, that with faithleſſe words
In *Cotta's* bloud did bath their ſwords.
The *Vangiones*, that deſire
To weare the *Sarmatan* attire.
The ſtout *Battaui*, that delight
VVhen Trumpets call them forth to fight.
And all thoſe people that are bred
And harbour about *Cyngaes* head,
VVhere *Rhodonus* ſo ſwiftly fleets,
VVith whom the Riuer *Arar* meets,
And *Neptune* with their tribute greets.
Or what inhabitants beſide
About *Gebenna's* mount reſide,
All theſe to mirth conuert their moane,
That *Latine* Garriſons are gone.
And *Treuers* turne to ioy their teares,
To ſee the *Romans* by the eares.
And you *Lygiers* the reſt among,
That vſd to weare your lockes ſo long,
For which of old the common fame
Comated Gaules gaue you the name:
(Though now you changed haue that guiſe)
From Garriſons were freed likewiſe.
So all thoſe Nations that did vſe
Mercurius Altars to infuſe,
And ſprinkle round with humane blood.
And you (that with like ſauage mood)
To *Mars* make cruell ſacrifice.
And yee, that do mens hearts agriſe
VVhen you to *Ioue* your offrings make,
And fires with humane bloud do ſlake,
VVhoſe Altars therewith you diſtaine,
As deepe as *Scythians* vſe to baine
Diana's Altars, and much more,

So

So doe they ouer-flow with gore.
And yee O *Bards*, that (with your rimes)
Record their fame to future times,
That valiantly expoſe their blood
For honour, and their Countries good.
And *Druides* high Prieſts of hell,
That in all barbarous Rites excell,
Who (by your vncoth Sorc'rous ſpell)
Pretend that you alone can tell
The influence of the ſtarres that ſhine,
And natures of the powers diuine;
Now may you freely, at your willes,
Solace your ſelues in woody hilles,
And build your boothes on topps of Trees,
And preach your Doctrines and Decrees,
Whereof you Authors are alone;
For now the *Roman* Rites are gone.
Now you may ſilly fooles perſwade,
That (when death hath his conqueſt made)
Mens ſoules deſcend not to the ſhades
Of ſilent darke *Erebus* glades,
Nor where the horrid manſion is
Of lothſome deepe-indungion'd *Dis*:
But (when that this worlds life is done)
Their ſoules into new bodies runne.
So loſſe of life to them brings gaine,
That would eternity attaine.
For in another world to liue,
You ſay *Death* onely meanes can giue.
The great reſolution of the *Druides*.
Yee that in this opinion dwell,
In happineſſe doe farre excell
All *Northerne* nations that are knowne:
For where you haue this errour ſowne,
All feare of death is caſt aſide,
Which terror moſt the heart doth guide.
And from this confidence proceedes
Your valour, and your ventrous deedes.
Whoſe dauntleſſe braue ennobled ſprights,
Meetes deaths approches without frights.
And holds it baſe for to adiurne

Life,

Life, that (ſo loſt) will ſoone returne.
Laſtly, thoſe maſtring braue *Cohorts*,
That ſhagge-heard *Caicos* tam'd with forts,
The bankes of *Rhene* vnguarded leaue,
And *Cæſars* hoſt doth them receiue.
Loe what a world, wonne with long paine,
Is at an inſtant loſt againe.

All that *Cæſar* had conquered in ten yeares warres was hazarded to be loſt.

¶ *Cæſar* (with theſe collected ſwarmes
Of valiant Souldiers, bred in Armes)
His haughty courage doth aduance
At greater game to try his chance.
His ranging Troopes, with ſpirits fierce,
Through *Latium* fields he doth diſperſe:
And all the Townes he doth ſurprize,
VVith garriſons he fortifies.
Then *Fame* (that doth falſe rumors blaze)
His foes with true feares doth amaze.
The Citizens in generall
Into deſpairefull humors fall:
And in their daunted mindes debate
The fortunes of a conquered ſtate.
Like fearefull *Scowts*, that ſet a broach
Falſe *Larums* of a foes approach:
So *Romes* imaginary feares
VVith her owne tongues affrights her eares.
Then from *Meuania* tidings came
(A Towne ennobled by the fame
Of that rich ſoyle wherein it ſtands)
That *Cæſar* (with huge armed bands)
Had ouer-runne, and pray'd their lands.)
And many of his men of warre
VVere come vnto the bankes of *Nar*,
(VVhich Riuer into *Tyber* falles)
And thence would march vnto the walles
Of *Rome* it ſelfe, without delay:
And that they did, at large, diſplay
Their *Banners*, and their *Egles* braue:
That ſuch a mighty hoſt they haue
As neuer yet (the rumor ran)
VVas ſeene in memory of man.

The feares that the rumors of *Cæſars* approach breedes at *Rome*.

The fame of *Cæſars* comming to *Rome*.

Yea

Yea much more fierce and truculent
Then thoſe (that were moſt bloudy bent)
Of all the people ruthleſſe rude,
That *Romans* euer yet ſubdu'd.
Others againe gaue out reports,
That daily to this Campe reſorts
Thoſe Nations (that do dwell betweene
The frozen *Alpes* and Northerne *Rhene*)
And that they all with one accord,
From out their Countries did diſ-bord,
Cæſar to follow, and to ayd;
And from theſe warres would not be ſtayd:
So as it cannot other be,
But that with griefe they ſoone ſhall ſee
Rome ſeiz'd and ſackt by forraine fone,
(A *Roman* Chiefe-taine looking on)
Thus euery one (rap't with amaze)
Doth theſe approching perils blaze.
And yet no certaine Authors knowne,
By whom this frighting newes is blowne:
But what their weake conceits ſuggeſt,
With that their ſences are oppreſt.
Neither did this vnmanly doubt
Onely appall the common rout;
But euen the *Senate*, drownd in dread,
Leauing their homes, the Citty fled.
Yet they decreed at their adiew,
The Conſuls ſhould with force purſue
Cæſar, from whom the *Senate* flew.
The Senate flie from *Rome*
To ſafeſt places then they runne,
And where is hazard, that they ſhunne.
The giddy people they exhort
To ioyne themſelues in their conſort,
And with them ſuch aduentures bide,
As meanes and fortune could prouide.
¶ Loe thus (with many heauy hearts)
Huge numbers inſtantly departs.
He that their ſudden flight had ſeene,
Would thinke all *Rome* on fire had beene:
Or elſe ſome *Earth-quakes* fearefull rage

Their

Their tottering houſes did ingage.
For (with ſuch boyſterous preſſe and cry)
Out at the Citty gates they flye:
As if no better hope remain'd
To men (whom froward fates conſtrain'd)
Then to forſake their natiue home,
To ſeeke for refuge where they roame.
Like as a ſhippe with tempeſts toſt,
Driuing vpon the *Lybian* coaſt,
Intangled with *Sirts* wracking ſands,
The crazed maſt in danger ſtands,
With ſailes and cordage rent and torne,
All ouer ſhip-boord to be borne:
The *Pylot*, whom diſpaire doth ceaze,
Firſt head-long leaps into the ſeas,
And after him (with madding vaine)
The *Saylers* plunge into the maine:
And ſo themſelues to death betake,
Before the veſſell ſhip-wracke make.
So out in droues the *Romans* flye
Before that *Cæſars* Campe was nye,
And left *Rome* for her ſelfe to try.
¶ No parents counſaile could aſſwage
Their head-ſtrong childrens flying rage.
Nor louing wiues lamenting teares
To pitty turne their husbands feares:
Nor awe of *Gods*, nor Countries loue
Their parting humor could remoue;
Through brutiſh feare, with baſe neglect,
All Natures bonds they did reiect:
The place where they were bred and borne,
They fled with ſhame, and left forlorne.
In their owne houſes, where they dwell,
They ſtay no time to bid fare-well:
Nor any ſuch affection ſhew
To their deere Citty, ere they goe,
As with full ſight her to deplore,
Whom they perchance ſhold ſee no more,
All flye in haſt from *Tybers* ſhore.
¶ *Yee Gods with bounty fortunes lend*

The Roman frights and flying.

But niggardly doe them defend.
This Citty, that did ſo abound
With Citizens, for warres renownd,
Obey'd with many conquered ſlaues,
Now euery flying rumor braues.
And (as a ſpoyle and open pray)
Abandoned to *Cæſars* ſway.
The valiant *Romans*, that were wont
(In forraigne warres) to beare the brunt
Of many mighty barbarous foes,
Did in their Armes ſuch truſt repoſe;
That ſlender trenches did ſuffiſe,
To hold them ſafe from all ſurpriſe.
And by ſuch meanes ſecurely kept
Their guarded Tents whilſt that they ſlept.
But thou, O *Rome*, from this art farre,
Daunted but with the name of *warre*.
Thy walles not deem'd to be of might
To lodge thy people ſafe one night:
So faint of courage all and ſome
Are thy inhabitants become.
But yet thy Commons may defend
Themſelues, and for excuſe pretend,
That they were not poſſeſt with dread
Before they ſaw great *Pompey* fled,
By whoſe example they were led.
¶ Then (that no hope of future chance)
Their baſed courage ſhould aduance)
Apparant ſignes they doe deſcry
Of worſe euents approching nye.
The ſupreme pow'r wrath-threatning wills
The Aire, the Earth, and Ocean filles
With *Prodigies*, foretelling illes.
In ſilent nights, that darkeſt beene,
Many ſtrange vncoth ſtarres are ſeene.
The *Element* all flaming was,
And through the aire did flying paſſe
Obliquous ſtreames, like torches bright,
And tayled *Comets* ſhew by night,
With *Blazing ſtarres*, that doe preſage

The Roman Citizens fall from their old wonted valor.

Pompey taxed for flying frō *Rome* at the bruite of *Cæſars* approch.

Many prodigious ſignes ſeene before theſe ciuill warres.

Of

Of changing ſtates the future rage.
Then fearefull lightning flaſhes breake
A thwart the clouds, and thundring ſpeake:
With ſundry ſhapes of fearefull fires
The aire is fild with all admires.
Sometimes like lampes, ſomtimes like darts,
And ſo to ſparkling gleames conuerts,
Which ouer all the skies doth blaze.
And (that which bred no leſſe amaze)
Strange lightnings oftentimes did hap,
(Not ſeconded with thunder-clap)
When as no clouds the Sunne did wrap.
And *Rome* it ſelfe (to wracke deſign'd)
Was ſcorcht with blaſting *Northerne* winde.
The leſſer ſtarres (ſeene but by night)
At midde of day appeared bright.
The Moone at full (that with round face
Should repreſent her brothers grace)
The interpoſing earth obſcures.
Tytan likewiſe this change endures,
That when at Noone-ſteed, in his pride,
Ouer the earth his ſheene ſhould ſtride,
His face was maskt with ſable vayle,
And day-light through the world doth faile.
So as men greatly ſtood in doubt,
That ſuch a time was come about,
As when *Thyeſtes* babes were ſlaine:
Which guilt the Sunne did ſo diſdaine,
That (loathing to adorne that day)
Backe to the Eaſt he poſts away.
And cole-ſmeer'd *Vulcan* doth the varge
Of *Ætna's* forge ſo much inlarge:
As that the ſparkes, wont vp to hye
With rowling ſmoke into the skye,
Now to *Italia* ſhores doe flye.
Charybdis (like a glutted wolfe)
So ſpues vp bloud from her vaſte gulfe,
As that the ſanguine dye doth ſtaine
The waues of the *Cicilian* maine.
And *Scylla's* Dogges ſo lowd did yell,

As they had beene the hounds of hell.
Then did the ſacred *Veſtall* fire
Diuide it ſelfe with forked ſpire
Vpon the Altars, where it burnes:
Whoſe parted flames, preſaging, mournes
The proud diuiſion and debate
That ſhould confound the *Roman* ſtate.
As did that flame diuide in twaine,
Which burnt the *Thebans* brothers ſlaine.
Then followes on ſuch huge *Earth-quakes*,
That from the lofty *Alpes* it ſhakes
The ſnow, that tumbles downe in flakes.
And *Atlas* mount (whom ſome conceit
To ſhoulder vp the heau'ns whole weight:
And *Calpe*, that high hill in *Spaine*,
Were well-nye couered with the maine.
The *Temple Images* withall,
From out their eyes did teares let fall.
The *Houſhold Gods* did likewiſe ſweate,
To witneſſe *Romes* diſtempered heat.
And all the ſacred gifts downe falles,
That hung about their Temple walles.
The *Screech-owles*, and the birds of night,
VVere common ſeene in broad day light.
And ſauage beaſts without diſmay,
(Leauing their dennes at cloſe of day)
would come to *Rome* their reſt to take,
And in the ſtreetes their kennels make:
And cattell humane language ſpake.
VVomen likewiſe the ſight did feare
Of their owne births, which monſtrous were.
Sybilla, that *Cumana* hight,
Her propheſies were brought to light,
Then thoſe whom ſterne *Bellonas* ire
VVith franticke humors did inſpire,
(Tearing their armes) did rauing cry,
The vengeance of the *Gods* was nye.
The griſely ghoſts of *Gallicke* flockes,
(Shaking their bloudy-fettred lockes)
Vnto the people threatning tell

Many

Many a heauy fearfull spell.
And from the shrines the heaped bones
Did often mutter ruthfull grones.
Clashing of armes, and horrid sounds,
From the vnhaunted groues rebounds:
And many apparitions strange
So neere the Citty-walles did range,
That they, which in the Sub-vrbes wonne,
Did from their homes affrighted runne.
An vgly *Fiend*, (that in her hand
Did hold a sparkle-blazing brand,
With snaky haire about her face)
Alongst the streets did stalking trace.
Euen such a one as did constraine
Agaue with a franticke vaine:
Or that *Licurgus* did incite
To wound himselfe through *Bacchus* spight:
Or like *Megera*, whose aspect
Did more *Alcides* spright deiect
Then *Dis* with his infernall looke,
When *Iunos* taske he vndertooke.
And oft by night, when all was still,
The *Trumpets* sounds were heard as shrill,
And shoutings maine with clamorous cries,
As when two hoasts together flies.
And *Sylla's* ghost lamenting rombd
In *Mars* his field where it was fombd.
Which by coniecture did presage
Some bloudy broiles and ciuill rage.
So from his broken *Sepulcher*,
Was *Marius* seene his head to reare,
That by *Arriems* brinke did stand,
Wherewith the *Peasants* of that land
Were so surpriz'd (with trembling fits)
That some were scard out of their wits.
¶ These tokens do the *Romans* cause
(According to their ancient lawes)
In cases of so great dismay,
To send for those without delay,
That could by diuinations gesse,

If flights of fowles might ought expreſſe.
Or elſe if bowels of beaſts ſlaine,
Theſe ſtrange preſages could explaine,
Then from *Tuſcana* one ariu'd
That in ſuch myſteries had diu'd,
Aruns, an *Augur*, ſeekes out the cauſes of the ciuill war by diuination.
That he knew well the courſe of heauen,
And influence of the *Planets* ſeuen.
And *Aruns* was this wiſards name,
Who from the Citty *Luna* came.
This ſolemne ſire did firſt decree,
That all ſuch beaſts deſtroy'd ſhould be
As were ingendred againſt kinde,
And vnto monſtrous ſhapes inclind.
And that ſame vgly fleſhy clot
(Vpon a barren Mule begot)
Should be conſum'd in Cinders hot.
Then he the frighted *Burgers* calles
A Roman proceſſion.
To march about the *Citty*-walles
Proceſſion-like in ordred rowes,
And firſt the ſacred Biſhops goes.
And in their turnes next to them trace
Prelates of an inferior place,
In ſhort roabes with *Gabinian* braids.
The Matron then of *Veſta's* maids,
(To whom it lawfull was alone,
That *Pallas* Temple ſhould be knowne)
Doth follow with her virgin-traine:
Then all ſuch Prieſts as appertaine
To *Oracles*, and *Sybils* loare,
With thoſe that drew vnto the ſhore
Cybellen, out of *Almon* flood.
The *Augures* then that vnderſtood
Of all vnlucky birds the flight.
And the *Septemviri* that dight
And ouerlooke the ſolemne feaſts.
Then *Titius* Prieſts, whoſe ſacred heaſts
The ſub-vrbs of the Citty ſwayes
In all their ceremoniall wayes,
Then next the dauncing *Salij* ranke,
Whoſe necks guilt gawdy brooches pranke,

And

And laſt of this religious fry
The holy *Flamen* he paſt by
With Lordly Turbant towring high.
¶ Whilſt (in a long out-ſtretched droue)
They thus about the walles do roue,
Aruns the ſcattered ruines tooke,
That with the lightning blaſts were ſtrooke:
And (when ſome muttring charms were ſaid)
Deepe vnder mould the ſame he laid.
And euery place (where they were ſhrin'd)
With names and characters he ſign'd.
Then doth he take a faire large bull,
(Which he out of a heard did cull)
And him vnto the Altar leades,
And twixt his hornes pure wine he ſheads.
Then mingled flower, and crooked blade,
For ſacrifice he ready made.
But yet the beaſt, with ſtruggling might,
Reſiſts to ſerue that ſacred Rite,
Wherein the Gods tooke no delight.
And yet at laſt the Prieſtly rout
Pulles downe this Bull, that was ſo ſtout.
Then bound, and laid to looſe his life,
Within his throat they ſheath'd the knife.
Which with ſo deepe a gaſh they ſlit,
That thence abundantly did flit
A reeking ſtreame of venom blacke,
Which did of blood the colour lacke.
This vncouth ſacrifice amaz'd
Pale *Aruns*, whilſt thereon he gaz'd.
And yet againe he further ſeekes
To finde ſome cauſe of heauens diſlikes:
And vp the paunch he rippeth wide,
To ſee what lucke would there betide.
But that which more did him confound,
Were bowels ſpotted and vnſound,
Of colour pale, and blew commixt,
With clotted goare congeal'd betwixt.
Then rotten liuer, which he ſaw,
Was cloathed with the wateriſh maw:

A Bull ſacrificed.

Aruns the *Augur* amazed.

The

The left ſide guts no ill ſignes wants:
The lung-veines neither ſtirres nor pants:
The ſlender rimme too weake to part
The boyling liuer from the heart:
The ſmothered heart expreſt no pulſe,
The crackt-ſhrunke intrailes did conuulſe
Corrupted bloud into the vaines:
The cawle the paunch-heſt ouer-ſtraines.
And that of all (which hee found worſt)
No part appear'd, but ſeem'd accurſt.
Then he amongſt theſe inwards findes
Two maſſy heads of ſinnoye kindes:
Wanniſh the one, and all fore-ſpent,
Flaggy, corrupt, and drooping bent:
The other with more vitall heates
His vaines with naughty humors beats.
¶ All theſe he takes to be true ſhowes,
Prognoſticating future woes.
Aruns afeard to expreſſe the coniecture.
And then cryes out, O *Gods* I ſee
'Tis more then lawfull now for me
To blaze abroad your high decree;
Neither, O *Ioue*, do I deſigne
This offering to thy grace diuine.
For I ſuſpect the fiends of hell
Within theſe ſlaughtered bowels dwell.
Aruns cenſure.
We feare miſ-haps not fit to ſpeake
Yet worſer ſhortly out will breake.
Heau'ns turne to good what is betide!
Let no preſage in bowels bide!
But *Tages* fictions; to deuiſe
Such myſteries in ſacrifice.
Tages the firſt inuenter of *Auguring*.
Thus doubtfully his doome he ſhrowdes
Of what was ſeene, and ſpake in clouds.
¶ But *Figulus* that deeply lookes
Into the heau'ns, as in his bookes;
Figulus an excellent *Aſtrologer*.
And onely did his time beſtow
The natures of the *Gods* to know:
Who in *Aſtrology* exceld
The *Ægiptians*, that in *Memphis* dweld.
Thus ſaid; either the heauens, quoth he,

Diſordred

Diſordred in their motions be,
And all the *Planets* (in their ſway)
Doe hold a cleane contrary way;
Or elſe if prouidence diuine
Thus ſtrangely guide them to encline,
Sudden and heauy wracke will fall
Vpon this Citty, and vs all.
But whether the *Earth* gaping wide,
VVill in her wombe whole Cities hide:
Or whether the contagious *Aire*,
VVith peſtilence will health impaire:
Or that the *Land* barren of food,
VVill ceaſe to nouriſh humane brood:
Or that the Riuers from their heads
Streames with infectious poyſon ſpreads;
I cannot ſay, O ſupreme powers!
VVhat woes vpon our mortall bowers,
Or what ſtrange plagues doe you intend
Vpon this wretched world to ſend?
Shall now with vs all ages end?
If *Saturnes* chill vnlucky ſtarre
Had in the tenth houſe rang'd his Carre;
Then might *Aquarius* watry vaine
Haue brought *Deucalions* floud againe,
And all the earth ore-whelm'd with raine,
And raging *Neptunes* riſing maine.
Or if thou *Phœbus* hadſt combin'd
VVith *Leo* of *Nemean* kinde;
The *Fire* would then the *Earth* haue melt,
And with thy flames the heau'ns haue ſwelt.
But now theſe planets being ſtill;
O *Mars!* what hath incenſt thy will,
(VVith the great force of thy aſpect)
Such beames on *Scorpio* to reflect
As that his taile all flaming roles,
VVith ſcorching clawes as red as coles?
Milde *Iupiter*, with friendly eyes,
Into the weſt his progreſſe hies.
But *Venus* face (with ſmiling lips)
Is now obſcured in Eclips.

Doubtfull coniectures.

Figulus conſiders the inclinations of the heauens.

And

And *Mercury* (ſo ſwift of ſourſe)
Doth retrograde diſtort his courſe.
So *Mars* as now in this diſcord,
Is of th'aſcendant onely Lord,
And whilſt all ſtarres their roomes reſignes,
Blading *Orion* onely ſhines.

The cenſure of *Figulus*.

Fury of warre comes now in date,
And force of armes will ſteare the State,
Iuſtice and lawes may both goe ſleepe,
Strong hand will them in bondage keepe,
Vice now ſhall *Vertues* name retaine,
And many yeares this rage ſhall raigne.

Prayers bootleſſe againſt Deſtinie.

What boots it then the *Gods* to pray,
This miſery to turne away?
For peace againe we ſhall not haue,
Till all become a Tyrants ſlaue.
O *Rome!* poſt off (if thou haue power)
The date of this vnhappy houre.
Extend theſe furies off a farre,
And vs preſerue from ciuil warre.

The cenſure of *Figulus* diſcomforteth the Romans.

¶ Theſe hard predictions ſadly told,
Did make the peoples hearts full cold;
But that which followed on behind,
Trencht deeper wounds within their minde:
For as *Ædonis*, *Bacchus Nunne*,
From *Pyndus* hill inrag'd doth runne,
When as *Ogigian* wine diſtraines
The madding humor of her braines:
So did a Matron of the Towne
In franticke wiſe gadde vp and downe,
Vttring ſuch words as they expreſſe
Whom ſprights of propheſing poſſeſſe.

The propheſying of a Roman Matron rap't with a ſudden fury.

O *Pæan* tell me (then ſhe ſaid)
Vnto what place am I conuaid!
What ſhore wilt thou caſt me vpon,
That rap't aboue the clouds haue gone?
Me thinkes *Pangeus* mount I ſpye,
Vpon whoſe top the ſnow doth lye:
And thence *Philippi's* fields I ſee,
That at the foot of *Hæmus* be.

O *Phœbus* tell me the intent
By this great hurly burly meant.
Why doe the *Roman* armies ſtraine
Againſt themſelues with might and maine?
By what meanes comes it to be ſo,
They warre without a forraine foe?
Nay, whither am I further toſt?
Me ſeemes I now am on the coaſt
Eaſtward, where *Nylus* her ſeuen heads
VVithin the Ocean ſoftly beds.
There ſee I him, and him deplore,
That lies vpon that ſandy ſhore,
A headleſſe trunke diſtain'd with gore.
Thence am I rap't againe anew,
And now the *Lybian* Syrts I view,
VVhere *Deſtinies* tranſport with ſpight,
The remnants of *Pharſalias* fight.
Yet further am I forſt to walke
Ouer the Cloud-brow'd *Alpes* to ſtalke:
And in this flitting whirle-winde veaſe,
I paſſe the Mountaines *Pyrinees*.
Thence backe vnto my Natiue Towne,
VVhere I finde all turn'd vp-ſide-downe.
Vprore, diuiſion, and debate
Turmoyles the Senate and the State.
So am I now (from mine owne ſhore)
Hurry'd about the world once more.
O *Phœbus*, eaſe me of this toyle,
In vnknowne ſeas, and vnknowne ſoyle,
For I haue ſeene *Philippies* broyle!
Thus ſaid, a ſlumbring reſt ſhe takes,
VVherewith this fury her forſakes.

Finis Libri primi.

LVCANS

LVCANS PHARSALIA.

The ſecond Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

FOre-knowledge much it doth bewaile
Of woes, that needes muſt men aſſaile.
The Roman Matrons *plaints expreſt*
All lawes and iuſtice are ſuppreſt.
Marius *and* Sylla's *rage it ſhowes,*
Brutus *in doubt to* Cato *goes,*
Who once againe doth Martia *wed,*
Attir'd like mourners for the dead.
Pompey *to* Capua *takes his way,*
Cæſar *at large beares all the ſway,*
And doth Domitius *priſoner take.*
Pompey *doth his oration make.*
His ſonne hee ſends for more ſupplyes,
Himſelfe then at Brunduſium *lies,*
And there beſieg'd, thence hardly flies.

NOw haue the *Gods* reueal'd their ire,
The heauenly ſignes with warres conſpire,
And *Nature* likewiſe (with fore-ſight)
Her lawes and bonds peruerteth quite
With monſtrous tumults and garboyle,

Which

Which wretchedly doth humanes toyle.
Great guider of *Olimpus* hill,
Why hath it pleaſd thy ſacred will,
That carefull mortals take ſuch count
Of what their skill can not ſurmount,
As that they ſhould preſaging know
Thoſe wrackes they needs muſt vndergoe?
Whether the *All-Creator* high
(When firſt he gan to rectifie
This formleſſe maſſe of *Chaos* rude,
And did the fire a part ſeclude)
With an eternall fixt decree
Ordain'd that all ſhould certaine be;
And to that law himſelfe confin'd,
Wherewith all ages he did binde:
And fram'd the world that courſe to runne,
That *Fates* vnchanging heſts had ſpunne?
Or elſe of humane haps the heft
Were vn-fore-doom'd at randome left?
So that in lifes vncertaine dance,
Things to and fro ſhould ſlide and glance,
And all ſubiected vnto chance?
But howſoeuer 'tis ordain'd,
O let mans minde be ſo reſtrain'd
From knowing chances future ſcope
As that his feares may liue in hope!

Whether there bee deſtiny or chance in worldly courſes.

An Imprecation againſt fore-knowledge.

¶ When all at length had full conceiu'd,
In what ſort higher powers bequeath'd
The Citty to reſiſtleſſe harmes;
Then lawes and iuſtice ſilence charmes;
And reuerent *Honour* lackt his meed,
Attir'd in baſe *Plebeian* weed.
No *Axes* now (in bundles bore)
Makes way the *Magiſtrates* before.
Amazement ſo doth griefe foreſtall,
That *Sorrow* hath no voyce at all.
Such ſtupid ſilence doth inueſt
Whole families (with griefe poſſeſt)
Where husbands lye, in gaſping ſtrife,
Before they doe reſigne their life.

The good-wife wrapt in ſorrowes bands,
With flaring lockes wringing her hands,
Amidſt her wofull houſhold ſtands:
Vntill the liuing breath be fled
From out the corpes (that ſtreacht out dead)
Doth in the pale disfigured face
And cloſed eyne *Deaths* portraict place,
Sorrow doth not at full complaine;
But then begins her howling vaine.
Whoſe mazement now with rage ſurpriſd,
Doth change her robes to weeds diſguiſd:
And (with her wofull ſad conſorts)
Vnto the *Temples* then reſorts.
So did our women (in their feares)
Sprinkle the *Temple-gods* with teares.
The Roman Matrons frequent the Temples with an extraordinary deuotion.
Beating their breaſts againſt the ſtones,
Powre out their plaints and ruthful moanes.
And (ſtupify'd twixt griefe and dread)
Did rent their haires from off their head,
And ſacred porches therewith ſpread.
And ſuch as wont in humble wiſe
To pray and caſt to heauen their eyes,
Not to vſe preſumption in praying.
With outrage now the *Gods* would bend,
Whoſe eares with clamours they offend.
Neither to *Iupiter* alone,
Doe they expoſe their vowes and mone:
But to all *Temples* elſe beſides,
Where any of their *Gods* reſides:
The which are fild, and all too ſcant,
No *Altar* doth deuotion want.
So do the *Matrons* (with out-cries)
Inuoke the *Gods*, and teare the skies.
And one of them amongſt the reſt
(With blubbered cheeks beating her breaſt)
Her braided lockes in peeces cuts,
And then her armes ſhe ſpreads and ſhuts,
Whilſt w^th^ theſe plaints her voice ſhe gluts
The ſpeech of a Roman Matron.
¶ O wretched *Mothers* now, ſhe ſaid,
To beat your breaſts be not affraid,
Nor yet your treſſed lockes to teare.

Langor

Langor no longer now forbeare.
Like happes did neuer vs aſſaile,
For which we had ſuch cauſe to waile:
Whilſt that the fortunes are vntry'd
Of theſe two *Chiefetaines* ſwelling pride.
But were once one of them ſubdu'd,
Then ſhould our comforts be renew'd:
And ſo their plaints they aggrauate
That ſorrowes ſelfe grew paſſionate.
¶ Their men likewiſe reſolu'd for warre,
Now cluſtred into campes a farre,
Againſt the wrathfull Gods on high,
In this ſort doe exclaiming cry.
O hapleſſe Captiue-youths forlorne!
Why were we not in thoſe dayes borne,
When *Punicke* warres did vs ingage,
With *Canna's* and *Trebeia's* rage?
Yee heauens wee doe not peace deſire;
But on vs turne ſome forraigne ire:
Let all the world our bane conſpire;
Stirre Cities vp with ſword and fire.
Let *Parths* and *Perſians* bend their armes,
Let *Scythians* rampe on vs in ſwarmes:
And (from the *Northerne* extreme parts)
Let red-haird *Sweaths* powre ſhowrs of darts
And with them all that people bred
About the raging *Rhenus* head:
Yea make vs to all Nations foes,
So you diuert our *Ciuill* blowes.
Then let the wrathfull *Danes* and *Getes*,
Aſſaile vs in their hoſtile heats.
Let the *Iberians* make diſcent,
With enſignes and with weapons bent:
Vnto the *Archers* of the Eaſt
Let *Rome* from no ſtrife be releaſt.
Nay if high powers decree the ſame,
To raze out the *Heſperian* name;
From heauen, to earth let flames deſcend;
That ſo the *Latium* race may end.
And then O direfull *Fates* withall

The cõplaints of the *Romans* leauing the Citty, and following the warres.

All warres more pleaſing to the *Romans* then ciuill ſtrife.

The *Romans* lay a curſe on *Cæſar* & *Pompey* both.

Grant that ſome hatefull wracke befall
Both *Factions*, and the leaders both;
For yet they haue not ſhewd their wroth.
Why ſhould they ſuch dominion ſeeke,
As neuer yet was heard the like?
That all mens thoughts it muſt diſmay,
Whether of them the world ſhould ſway?
Not both their worth can counterpaiſe
The ciuill ſtrife that ſo they raiſe.
¶ Thus *Pieties* declining ſtate
Her lamentations did relate,
And parents wofully beſides,
Like preſſing care and cumbers grides.
In whoſe repining words appeares,
The wretched fate of their old yeares:
To be preſeru'd in lifes diſdaine,
To ſee a ciuill warre againe.
And one of them thus wail'd with teares,
Th'example of great former feares.

The cõplaiut of an old Citizen, declaring the bloudy times of *Marius* and *Sylla*.

¶ No otherwiſe (quoth he) did fate
Stirre vp commotion in our ſtate;
When *Marius* after victory
Obtain'd againſt the *Teuton* fry,
And after he in Triumphes Carre
Had rid; for the *Numidian* warre.
A baniſht man he hid his head
In dikes, where flaggie ruſhes bred.
So did the greedy marriſh fennes,
And quagmire bogges ſhut in their dennes,
(O *Fortune*) they reſeru'd a ward;
But yet anon he was not ſpar'd
From fettring gyues, nor loathſome Iayle,
VVhich long the old mans life did baile.
But bleſt had beene if hee had dy'd,
VVhen *Conſull* he the *State* did guide;
Before he felt the ſcourging doome
For his miſchieuous deedes at *Rome*.
But *Death* it ſelfe did from him flye,
VVhen 'twas decreed that he ſhould dye.
And that the foe was ready preſt

To rid the life out of his breast.
When he should giue the fatall wound,
Numnesse his sences so confound,
And mortify'd his arme withall,
That from his hand the sword did fall:
Wherewith the darksome prison shone
Like *Phœbus* beames at height of noone:
He heard withall a fearefull spell,
As from the gastly sprights of hell,
That *Marius* power must come againe,
Lawfull 'tis not thy steele to baine
Within his bloud; therefore refraine:
For he shall many doome to death,
Ere he yeeld vp his latest breath.
Let thy vaine rage his sword vp-sheath.
But if the *Cymbrian* youth desires
Auengement, for their slaughtered sires;
Let them wish him a longer race,
Who was not (by the heauens high grace)
Preseru'd for good; but, by their wrath,
Dessign'd to worke *Romes* greater scath;
A murtherous man (and if Fates will)
Able much *Roman* bloud to spill.
This wretched wight the raging waue
Into a hostile Countrey draue.
Where faine he was for his reliefe
(Sculking in corners like a Thiefe)
To lodge in dennes where none did wonne
Of *Iugurths* Countrey ouer-runne.
And sometimes in the ruines lay
Of *Punicke* walles, the *Romans* pray.
Where *Carthage* fate and his did meete,
Each others misery to greete.
But soone againe his fortune chang'd,
And then vnto his party rang'd
The raging scum of *Lybick* land:
Where he did all the Iayles dis-band,
And of the *Fetters* and the *Gyues*,
His *Martiall* weapons he contriues.
But none he gaue a Captaines charge,

Marius a bloudy man.

Vnleſſe he could make knowne at large,
That hee had done ſome heynous deed,
And at his *Campe* ſo ſought his meed.
O cruell *Fates*, what day was that,
What day that diſmall chance begat?
That *Marius* ſhould, with his returne,
Victor againe, make *Rome* to mourne?
How proudly then did cruell death
Both *Lords* and *Commons* reaue of breath?
Bloudy Fury. How did the ſword about him lay?
No breaſt was free from *Murthers* way.
The *Temples* human bloud did ſtore,
Their pauements ſtained with the gore.
No ſex nor age protection gaue:
On hoary heads the ſword did raue,
And ſent them headlong to their graue.
Nither did they a whit forbeare
The ſilly babes, that newly were
But borne, and brought to this worlds light:
Their liuing day held not to night.
O what could colour their pretents,
Againſt poore harmleſſe innocents?
But it ſuffiſd their tyranny
That they ſtill found out ſome to dye.
So raues this force in cruelty:
And he was deem'd a coward ſlacke,
That none but faulty men would wracke.
Thus numbers dyed day by day:
For now they would not ſpare to ſlay
The ſtrangers, whom they did not know:
But cut their heads their bodies fro.
More cruelties. They ſham'd to come their *Lord* before
With empty hands, not fil'd with gore.
One ſaue-guard yet for life remaines
To thoſe, that ſuch a grace obtaines,
As on their knees with vowes ſubmiſſe,
Fell *Marius* bloudy hand to kiſſe.
O people growne degenerate,
From glory of your wonted ſtate!
A thouſand ſwords threatning new kindes

Of

Of deaths, should not debase your mindes.
By such meanes to prolong your dayes,
As doth so foule dishonor raise.
And yet you did but life adiurne,
Vntill that *Sylla* do returne.
Few liue this common bane to mourne.
Scarcely shall any one remaine,
That saw when thou O *Bebius* slaine,
wer't into mangled morsels cut,
Their bloudy thirsting blades to glut.
Or yet, O *Antony*, to tell
Of thee, that didst presage too well
These fatall harmes, how thy graue head
(with milke-white lockes all ouer-spread)
Was from the murthered body tore,
And (by a furious souldier bore
Dropping and smoking all in gore)
Was on the Table set, in iest,
Where *Marius* kept his solemne feast.
Nor how the *Crassies* corpes in scorne,
By *Fimbria* were hackt and torne.
And how the awfull *Rostrums* beake,
Soyled with *Tribunes* bloud did reake.
And *Scæuola* thy age doth plaine,
To be so murdered in disdaine,
Where *Vesta's* sacred Temple stands,
By their life-violating hands.
Those fires that alwayes burne so cleere
With thy bloud somewhat tainted were:
Yet thy old veines could yeeld small store,
But spar'd those flames from quenching *gore*.
The seuenth time now is come in date,
That *Marius* takes his Consuls state.
Such was the manner of his life,
No man with *Fortune* had more strife,
And none her fauours found more rife.
Who better then his course should range,
Then he that oft had try'd such change?
How many other bodies slaine
The streets of *Sacroportum* baine?

Noble *Romans* slaughtered.

Murder in *Vesta's* Temple.

Marius chãge of fortunes.

What

What heapes of carcaſſes all hewd,
Before *Collina* gates were ſtrewd?
And now at laſt the whole worlds head
(She whoſe high power all Nations dread)
Muſt be depriu'd of ſupreme grace,
And chang'd vnto another place.
And *Samnium* now the world muſt know,
Shall giue to *Rome* a greater blow;
Then when her Army forced was
Vnder the *Caudium forkes* to paſſe.
¶ Reuenging *Sylla* now comes in,
Sylla's raging time of cruel-tie. And monſtrous ſlaughters doe begin:
For that ſmall ſtore which did remaine,
Of bloud, he ſearcheth euery vaine.
And whilſt he doth in ſhew pretend
Corrupted humors to amend,
The medcines rage did more offend.
His hand to deep doth ſearch the wound,
Cutting of thoſe were faultleſſe found,
And onely thoſe were left to liue,
That to his miſchiſe helpe would giue.
Then ſpleene did lawleſſe leaue obtaine,
That head-ſtrong wrath on law ſhold raigne.
VVhich power was not to one deſign'd,
But vnto euery murtherous minde.
So will did all things looſe and binde.
The liberty that was giuen to out-rage. Seruants and ſlaues (with balefull blades)
Their maiſters bowels now inuades:
Children likewiſe their hands did ſtaine
VVith bloud of their owne parents ſlaine:
And ſtriue ſome meed for it to gaine.
So did the brothers in likewiſe,
Of bloud fraternall make their prize.
Vnto the Tombes ſome frighted fled,
The ſundry meanes that men make to dye, ſo to auoid the diſdaine of *Syllas* inſolencies. The quicke were mingled with the dead.
None ſafe-guard ſeeke in ſauage coates:
Some *hang* themſelues: ſome *cut their throats*
Others againe (ſhort worke to make)
Their *neckes* and *limbes* in peeces brake,
By falling to the ground from high,

Scorning

Scorning by murdrous hands to dye.
Others againe doe now deſire
To make a pile for funerall fire,
VVounding themſelues to that intent,
And ere their life-bloud was out-ſpent,
Into the flames their bodies caſt,
And laid them there whilſt *ſtrength* did laſt.
The heads of *Peeres* were borne the whiles
About the trembling ſtreets on piles,
And in the *Forum* there lye throwne.
No villany is left vnknowne,
All horrid acts are boaſting blowne.
The *Thracian* tyrant *Dyomede*
Neuer ſaw bloud more rifely ſhed,
Floting in his *Biſtonian* ſtalles,
Nor carkaſſes about the walles
Of huge *Antæus Lybicke* caue:
Nor *Greece* to more laments it draue,
To ſee the heads of worthy men
Dight the *Pœcan* bloudy den.
Now though the heapes of gored clots,
And tract of time disfiguring blots
The knowledge of the faces ſlaine;
Sad parents yet would not refraine,
By ſtealth to get (if they could pry)
Their childrens limbes where they did lye.
And I my ſelfe can call to minde,
That then I much deſir'd to finde
Mine owne deare brothers mangled head,
That there lay ſlaughtred mongſt the dead.
VVhereby to giue it funerall,
And fires (although deny'd to all)
VVhen as I ſaw the rage decreaſe
Of *Sylla's* ſword, reputed peace;
Then heaps of Trunkes abroad I ſpread,
To ſee which fitted with his head.
¶ VVhat ſhould I here at large relate,
How *Catulus* ghoſt was expiate,
VVhen *Marius* (hackt and tortured)
For ſacrifice was offered

An old mans report of *Syllas* time.

To

A *Marian* cruelly tortured by *Sylla's* Executioners.

To his vnſatiable Tombe,
By an vn-heard-of cruell doome.
VVhereas perhaps the wrathleſſe ſpright
Did not affect that horrid ſight;
VVhich we beheld when his cruſht bones
VVith ioynt from ioynt was wrackt at once.
VVhen he as many wounds did beare
As members in his body were.
And yet no mortall ſtroke of ſword
VVould him deſired end affoord.
VVhich manner of a cruell death
Too long defer'd his lateſt breath.
His hands hewd off, fell from the ſtumpes,
His tongue out-torn, then trembling iumps.
Vnable to expreſſe a voyce,
His weaſan pipe roares out a noyſe.
One pares his eares from off his head,
Another doth his noſtrels ſhred:
VVhilſt he the whiles (poore tortured ſoule)
On theſe rent parts his eyes did rowle.
And then (to glut their tyrannies)
From out his head they pluckt his eyes.
Hardly may credit vs aſſure,
That life could ſo much paine endure.
So (with the fall of ruines heft)
Are bones and members cruſht and cleft:
And ſo deform'd in tempeſts drown'd
Vpon the rockes are bodies found.
VVhat fruit or pleaſure could they take
This wofull ſpectacle to make
Of *Marius* vgly mangled face?
Forſooth they knew they ſhould gain grace
To ſhew it *Sylla* in that caſe.
¶ Now comes in *Præneſtina's* turne,
For her inhabitants to mourne:
VVhom ſhe beheld (all at a trice)
To pay the bloudy ſword like price.
Then quailed were th'*Heſperian* flowers,
And *Latium* youths now death deuours:
Then loathſome ſtreame from bodies ſlaine,

The

The pleaſant fields of *Rome* diſtaine,
Where gallants in their owne bloud baine.
Not *Famines* rage, nor wrackes of ſeas,
Not *Earthquakes* dreads, nor *Plagues* t'apeaſe
The Heauens wrath; nor bloudy *warres*,
Euer gaue vs ſuch deadly ſcarres.
For now the heapes of bodies dead
The murderers ſway ſo peſtered,
That they lackt roome to fetch the blow,
When they would hewing wounds beſtow.
And when that any one was ſlaine,
He could not fall flat on the plaine:
The dead did reeling them ſuſtaine.
But ſlaughters came at laſt ſo thicke,
That bodies dead ſtifle the quicke.
Nothing at all theſe horrid facts,
Sylla's vnmated minde diſtracts;
But from his Turrets top doth eye
(Without remorſe) thoſe ſwarmes that dye
And careleſſe heares their clamorous cry.
The *Tyrrhen* gulfe at laſt receiues
Millions (whom death to it bequeaues)
Of *Syllane* ſlaughters, whoſe torne limmes,
At firſt vpon the *Tyber* ſwimmes:
But at the laſt twas heapt ſo high,
That bodies did on bodies lye:
So as the boats were ſtopt their courſe,
And *Tybers* ſtreames were bard their ſourſe.
For heaps of limmes that thither flocke,
Damb'd vp the riuer like a locke.
But that part next vnto the ſeas,
Had liberty to take his veaſe.
And that which was the heapes behinde,
The cluſtred carkaſſes did binde.
Nathleſſe the torrents of the bloud
Did force a way, and with his floud,
Aboue the *Tyber* ſtrand did riſe,
And ouer all the fields it flies.
So as the ſtreames of bloud gaue vent
Vnto the River, that was pent.

Rome did neuer by any meanes ſuffer ſo great deſolation as by *Marius* and *Sylla*.

Sylla beholds the ſlaughters without any remorſe.

Tyber ſtopt of his courſe with the infinite number of ſlaine bodies.

The

The bankes could not this floud withſtand,
Which caſt the bodies on the land.
And thence into the *Tyrrhene* maine,
The bloud did fall with ſuch a traine,
That her blew waues it did diuide
Into a ſanguine colour dy'd.
Were theſe the meanes to mend amiſſe?
Was *Sylla, Fœlix* nam'd for this?
Is this the merit he doth yeeld,
To haue his Tombe in *Martius* field?
¶ Theſe miſchiefes muſt be borne againe,
This warre will follow that ſame vaine
Of ciuill ſtrife; I feare this curſe
To fall at laſt from bad to worſe.
For where two armed factions meets,
Mankinde with common bane it greets.
The *Marian* rage did onely tend
His exil'd ſtate but to amend:
So *Rome* receiues him as a frend.
And *Sylla* did no more deſire,
But to reuenge his quenchleſſe ire
With bloudy ruine of all thoſe
That were of party with his foes.
But *Fortune* calles theſe Captaines twaine
(I doubt me) to a higher ſtraine.
Theſe both in Armes are ſtout and ſtrong,
And will together ruſh ere long.
The others raiſd no ciuill ſtrife,
And *Sylla* tooke a priuate life.
So did this graue old ſire lament
His mindfull woes of time fore-ſpent,
Fearing this ciuill warres euent.
¶ And yet no feare a place could finde
In noble *Brutus* valiant minde,
This ſtaggering dread that mazed all,
His conſtant heart could not appall.
But ere the dawning of the day,
When *Parrhaſis* did downeward ſway
The oblique *Axels* of her waine,
And did the drowſie skies refraine.

A ſpeech of ſcorne againſt *Sylla*.

The feare and doubt that this ciuill warre will bring a worſe euent then the factions of *Marius* and *Sylla*.

Brutus conſtancy and courage.

Vnto

Vnto the little lodge he hies,
Where *Cato* his deare Vnkle lies;
And at his wicket lowd he rapt,
Whom he found not in slumbers wrapt:
But tossing (in his carefull mood)
The fortunes of the common good,
And safety of the Cities state,
Which he more wey'd then his owne fate:
Then thus with him he did debate.

¶ O matchlesse *Truth*, and vndefil'd,
Which all the world hath now exil'd!
O *Vertue*, whilome in request,
Now onely lodg'd in thy iust breast.
Which no *worlds fortunes* thence can wrest
Affoord thy graue aduice to me,
Settle my thoughts that wauering be;
And (with thy iudgement sound and stout)
Direct me now that am in doubt.
Some now on *Cæsars* side will warre:
Others of *Pompeyes* party are;
But reuerend *Cato*, or else none,
Shall *Brutus* Captaine be alone.
And whether thou resolued art
(In these fraile times) to stay from *Mart*,
Or that thy minde be not dismaid,
One of these selfe-wild guides to aid:
And that thou deeme this ciuill strife,
worthy the waging of thy life?
I do not know; but others all
Respects to wicked Armes doe call.
Some for their filed houses cause:
Some that in peace feare Iustice lawes:
Others their staru'd estate to mend,
To spoyles and ciuill rapine tend:
And many banckrouts (drownd in debts)
In troubled streames would cast their nets.
None take vp Armes with good intent,
But all for hope of profit bent.
Onely thy selfe no humor drawes
To warres, but for thy Countries cause.

Brutus speech to *Cato*.

What can it now tend to thy praiſe
To haue vprightly ſpent thy dayes?
So fraught with vertue, free from crimes,
In theſe our vice-corrupted times?
If thou at laſt this cenſure haue,
Thy honeſt minde ſo to depraue?
That others were corrupt before
(In theſe vile warres) thy armes had bore.
But now thy ſelfe, this ſtrife accurſt
Hath made as faulty as the worſt.
But I beſeech the *Gods* aboue,
That from thy heart they ſo remoue
The humor of this mood vnmilde,
That with it thou be not defil'de:
And that thy armes thou doe not ſtraine
To caſt the *Pile*, with might and maine,
In clouds amongſt the common rout;
And ſo great valour ſpend in doubt.
For in theſe warres if any erre,
The blame on thee they will conferre:
And thoſe whom others bring to bane,
Thy ſword therewith they will prophane,
And make thee author of all harmes,
That in this ciuill diſcord ſwarmes.
Peace better with thy temper ſorts,
Exempt from enuies falſe reports.
Like as the heauenly bodies ſway
With true and milde vnchanging way,
The aire (that to the earth is next)
With thunders rage is moſt perplext:
Whilſt windes earth plants doth ouercaſt,
And lightning flaſhes do them blaſt:
Olympus 'boue the clouds ſtands faſt.
It is ordain'd by *Ioues* high heſt,
That diſcord ſhould ſmall things infeſt:
But concord higheſt ſtates hath bleſt.
How would it *Cæſars* eares content,
That ſuch a *Peere*, as thou, wert bent
To yeeld thy ſelfe vnto the warres,
And be partaker of theſe iarres?

For

For if thou *Pompey's* part do take,
He would thereof aduantage make,
And pleaſe himſelfe withall to thinke,
Cato at *Ciuill warres* doth winke.
The *Senate* for the greateſt part,
And *Conſuls* likewiſe range their *Mart*,
Now vnderneath a priuate head,
And many other Lords ſo lead;
To whom adde *Cato* to the reſt,
A Souldier vnder *Pompeys* heſt,
So *Cæſars* power ſhall be increaſt.
For then will he ſway all alone,
That in his Campe compeere hath none.
But if our Armes we needs muſt take,
For Lawes defence, and Countries ſake,
Brutus to neither part will goe,
As *Pompeys* friend, or *Cæſars* foe:
But which of them ſhall victor ſtand,
Him *Brutus* meanes to take in hand.
So ends his ſpeech; To whom againe
Cato replies, with ſober vaine;
And from the ſecrets of his breaſt,
Like *Oracles* theſe words expreſt.

¶ O *Brutus*, needs we muſt confeſſe,
Moſt heynouſly they doe trangreſſe,
That wilfully raiſe ciuill warre,
Which thought be euer from vs farre.
But whither fates doe men conſtraine,
Thither may Vertue ſafely traine.
Let heauen, for me, beare all the blame,
If I amiſſe my courſe doe frame.
For who can view (with dreadleſſe eye)
The falling of the ſtarry ſky?
Or elſe containe his helping hands,
If he in doubt and danger ſtands
To be ore-whelmed with the fall
Of earths groſſe weight, and this vaſte all?
Or that the aire on flaming fire,
Our preſent ruine did conſpire?
Shall vnknowne Nations parties take

Cato's anſwere to *Brutus.*

With factions that the *Romans* make?
Shall Kings, from *Clymes* remote ſo farre,
Aſſiſting be vnto our warre?
And ſhall I hold an idle place?
Farre from me be a minde ſo baſe!
Theſe bloudy broyles like to enſue,
Might moue the *Dakes* and *Getes* to view
Our hard miſhaps; and yet ſhall I
Careleſſe let *Rome* her fortune try?
Or rather as the parent ſhowes
His tender loue, that mourning goes
(Accompaned with many frends)
His childs ſad funerals intends;
When *Nature* doth his heart enforce
Vnto the graue to guide the corſe;
And then with ſorrow takes in hand
To fire the ſtack with blazing brand.
No, otherwiſe can I remoue
From thee (O *Rome*) my loyall loue,
Whilſt that my limbes with life do moue,
And liberty thy name embrace,
Or thy vaine ſhadow in thy place.
But let the world goe how it will,
And let the wrathfull *Gods* vp fill
The full amends for *Romes* offence,
In this *Warre* with our blouds expence;
No drop thereof will we defraud,
But if my wiſh yee would applaud,
O powers of heauen and hell, vouchſafe
To caſt the burthen of this ſcath
Alone vpon my wretched head.
No hoſtile harmes the *Decij* fled,
To free their Countrey hard beſtead.
Let both the Armies me incloſe,
Let all the barbarous ruthleſſe foes
Of *Rhene*, on me beſtow their blowes.
Yea let my body beare the ſcarres
Of all the wounds giuen in theſe warres.
My limbes thereto I would bequeaue,
And willingly them all receaue.

And

And happy would my death eſteeme
The peoples wracke ſo to redeeme.
Could ſacrifice of my bloud ſpilt,
Propitiate the *Roman* guilt?
Why doe the people fondly throng
To *Tyrants*, that our State would wrong,
And willingly the thraldome truſt
Of kingly raignes, proud and vniuſt?
O let me witting onely feele
The fury of the murthering ſteele!
Let me that ſtill haue beene afraid
To violate what Iuſtice ſaid,
And thus in vaine haue lawes obaid.
O let this throat be caru'd in twaine,
If peace by it we may obtaine,
And giue an end vnto thoſe broyles
Which now th'*Heſperian* nation toyles!
For if with me theſe warres had end,
No man would *Monarchy* intend.
But as it is warres we muſt make,
And *Pompey* for our leader take.
And all our force and courage bend,
The publicke ſtandard to defend.
For I aſſuredly doe know
If *Pompey* giue the ouerthrow;
He is of minde too iuſt and meeke
Supreme command alone to ſeeke,
But doth ſuch tyranny diſlike.
To make him victor Il'e be one:
He ſhall not claime the baies alone.
Thus *Cato* ſpake; whoſe feeling words
(Like pricking neelds, or points of ſwords)
Stir'd vp ſtout *Brutus* martiall ire,
And his yong bloud doth ſet on fire,
Too much on *Ciuill warres* deſire.

¶ By this time *Phœbus* ſhining bright,
With beames had chaſt the chilly night.
When all the houſe did ringing ſound
With blowes, that from the gate rebound,
Giuen by modeſt *Martia's* hand,

Martia, Cato's old wife returnes to his houſe againe.

Who mournfully without did ſtand,
But newly thither come withall
From her *Hortenſius* funerall.
That whilome (in her virgins ſtate)
Was ſpouſed to a better mate.
And now againe ſhe was inlarg'd
From nuptiall bonds, and vowes diſcharg'd.
Which for a time ſhe did fulfill,
So to obey her *Cato's* will.
And fruitfully her children boare,
Wherewith two houſes ſhe did ſtore.
And then with child ſhe was conceiu'd,
When firſt *Hortenſius* her receiu'd.
But after ſhe (with funerall fire,)
Had paid his bones their lateſt hire:
And aſhes in the *Vrna* plac'd,
With mournfull cheere, and looke defac'd,
Her haires about her ſhoulders ſpread,
Sprinkled with cinders of the dead,
Beating her breaſt with mournfull cry,
No preſence to delight the eye.
Thus ſhe her heauie tale began.

Martias ſpeech to *Cato*.

¶ Whilſt youths pure bloud through my veines ran,
And I (repleat with fruitfull ſeed)
Obayd the heſt by thee decreed,
Yeelding my ſelfe to husbands twaine,
Poſterity to both did gaine.
But now with paines maternall worne,
And weake with many children borne,
With thee I ſeeke my dayes to ſpend,
Fit elſe for none to wedlockes end.
Reſtore me to thy loue againe,
That neuer did thy bed diſtaine,
And (to content my wretched life)
Affoord me but the name of *wife*.
That my ſad Tombe this ſtile may beare,
Cato's true Martia reſteth here.
So that the wrong of future time,
Slander me not with blameleſſe crime,
And deeme I had defil'd thy bed:

Becauſe

Becauſe I did *Hortenſius* wed.
When well thou knowſt, in thy iuſt minde,
I was thereto by thee deſign'd:
Yet ſeeke I not to be thy mate,
Thereby to liue in better ſtate,
Or to enioy a life of eaſe:
To ſhare thy cares me beſt will pleaſe.
Part in thy trauels I deſire,
To campe with thee ſhall be my hire:
Should I in peace and ſafety ſhrowd,
Whilſt that *Cornelia* ſo hath vowd
To follow *Pompeys* ciuill warre?
Doe not my loue ſuch grace debarre.
¶ Theſe faithfull words ſo won the man,
That though the time vnfit were than,
Whilſt ſtrife and tumults were in date,
To enter into wedlockes ſtate:
Yet they agreed, the knot was ty'd;
But ſolemne pompe was laid aſide.
The Matrimoniall bond alone
Suffiſd to make the nuptials knowne:
All *Ceremonies* they forbeare;
Onely the *Gods* their witneſſe weare.
The Porch with Garlands was not dight,
The Pillars want ſilke-ribbone white,
No Tapers lent a flaming light:
No ſtately ſteps of Ivory
Ioyn'd to the bed where they ſhould lye:
The Curtens and the Couerlets
No gold embrodery beſets:
No matron there, with crowne of ſtate,
To guard the bride till it were late,
From companing her ſpouſed mate:
No vaile of lawne did hide or grace;
Her modeſt lookes, and baſhfull face:
Her mantle that did looſely flye,
No faire imboſſed belt did tye:
Rich *Carkanets* her necke had none,
Set out with pearle, and pretious ſtone;
But from her ſhoulders there did traile

Martia againe married to *Cato*.

What Ceremonies *Cato* would haue at his wedding.

Martias attire.

Downe

Downe to her waſte a ſimple vaile;
Theſe dolefull weeds her ſtate did waile.
But as ſhe did her children beare
In ſorrow, and in doubtfull feare,
Such now her ſpouſall pleaſures were.
And ouer all her purple gowne,
A mourning mantle trailed downe:
No melody, nor muſickes voyce
Did with theſe nuptials reioyce:
Nor ſuiting with the *Sabines* trade:
No ſolemne feaſts at all were made:
Her *Stoicke* husband them forbade.
No children then the houſe did grace,
No kinſ-folkes flockt vnto the place:
The match they made vp ſecretly,
Suffiſd with *Brutus* company.
The *Bride-groome* had long time deferd
To cut or ſhaue his wilde growne beard:
It ouer-ſpred his reuerend face,
In his ſad lookes no mirth tooke place.
For when he firſt did vnderſtand,
That *Faction* furiouſly did band;
Vnſhorne he left his hairy head,
Vnkemb'd his rugged brow to ſpread.
And in like ſort about his face,
His ſhaggy beard did dangling trace.
He thought it fit that ſome iuſt minde,
(Vnto no partiall mood inclin'd)
Should waile this rage in humane kinde.
His recreation was not fed
With comfort of a nuptiall bed:
Loues vigor now in him lay dead.
And (with the common care fore-ſpent)
From troubled thoughts could not relent:
This courſe ſtrict *Cato* doth content.
The modeſt meane he ſtill intends,
And of his actions caſts the ends.
With *Natures* lawes he holds no ſtrife,
And to his Country vowes his life.
He doth not thinke that he was borne

The deſcription of *Cato* and his manner of life.

His

His owne state onely to adorne:
But that he is in duty ty'd,
And zeale, to all the world beside.
His dainties were but hungers stay:
Large Palaces he did not way:
But that sound structure that did hold
Out Summers heat, and Winters cold.
And neuer in the pompe exceedes
Of garments, or of costly weedes:
But as the custome old did beare,
When *Roman Quirites* vsd to weare
Gownes, made of wouen shaggy heare.
He lent no lust to *Venery*,
But to maintaine posterity.
He Father was, and Husband sworne
Vnto his *Citty*, now forlorne.
Iustice most strictly hee obserues,
From honest faith he neuer swerues,
Voluptuous life he did detest,
It could not breed in *Cato's* breast.

¶ Now *Pompey*, and his gathred Troopes
Of Souldiers, that with terror droopes,
To *Capua's* walles themselues betake,
And there their randevous doe make.
A Towne built by the *Troian* race,
Where they a *Collonie* did place.
This for a seat of warre he chose,
And in the Countrey round bestowes
His bands, and *Cohorts* to withstand
The force of *Cæsar*, now at hand.

Pompey hauing forsaken *Rome*, comes to *Capua*.

¶ Here are those hilles of *Apenine*,
That in the midst run like a line
Alongst the whole *Italian* land,
Where these vmbragious mountaines stand,
Towring their lofty toppes a high;
None to *Olympus* comes more nigh.
This tracke of hilles (betweene two maines)
Iust in the midst his race out-straines.
The higher and the lower deepes,
These hilles conioyn'd a sunder keepes.

The mounts *Apenins*.

On

On this ſide doth the *Piſan* land
The rage of *Tyrrhene* ſeas withſtand.
On th'other ſide *Anconas* ſoyle
Makes the *Dalmatian* flouds recoyle.
Theſe mountaines in their bowels breeds
Many ſprings heads, that Riuers feeds:
Which diuerſly their ſtreames conuart
Into both ſeas on either part.
Metaurus ſwift, on the left ſide
And fierce *Cruſtumium* thence doe glide:
With *Senna*, and *Iſapis* waues,
Iſaurus walles that mildly laues:
Then *Aufidus*, that takes his veaſe
Into the *Adriaticke* ſeas:
Eridanus, that roots vp woods,
And ſweepes them with his ſwelling floods,
And (from the faire *Heſperian* lands)
Conuayes them to the *Oceans* ſtrands;
This Riuer (as old lawes ſuppoſe)
With poplar ſhades did firſt encloſe,
And crowne his banks with circling rowes,
When *Phaeton* (out of the way,
Leading his blazing Carre aſtray)
Did ſet on fire the aire and ſky,
The earth did ſinge, and waters dry;
Whilſt yet this riuers flowing ſtreames
Held tacke againſt thoſe burning beames:
And doth maintaine as broad a courſe,
As *Nylus*, with his ſeuen-fold ſourſe:
Except when *Nylus* ouer-bounds
The *Lybicke* and *Ægiptian* grounds:
Nor leſſe then *Iſtar*; but when as
He doth through many Nations paſſe,
And other ſtreames vnto him takes,
That to the ſeas their progreſſe makes:
Whereby alone he doth not pay
His tribute to the *Scythian* bay,
Now from this mountaines ſteepe right ſide
Firſt doth the Riuer *Tyber* glide:
And high-bankt *Rutuba* withall:

Names of ſundry riuers that flow from the *Apenins*.

Phaetons flames.

Vulturnus

Vulturnus likewiſe with ſwift fall:
And *Sarnus*, from whoſe muddy liſts
The aire about is ſtuft with miſts:
And *Lyris* that the prouince trades
Of ſweet *Maurica*, clad with ſhades,
Whoſe backe *Veſtinus* water lades:
And *Syler*, that through *Salerne* floates:
With *Macra*, that will beare no boates,
But doth diſ-boage into thoſe deepes,
That by the Citty *Luna* ſweepes.
Theſe mountaines (as they longer ſtreach)
Their tops withall doe higher reach
Towards the confines of faire *France*,
And on the *Alpes* their proſpect glance,
The *Vmbrians* and the *Marſians* ſoyle,
VVhere the *Sabellian* plowes doe toile.
So do theſe Pine-treed hilles embrace
The coaſts of *Latiums* ancient race;
And neuer leaues th'*Heſperian* ground,
Till *Sycils* ſeas their limits bound.
Yet long agoe did further wend,
And to *Lacinia's* Temple tend;
Vntill ſuch time as her confines
(By ſeas encroach) their length declines.
For *Italy* to *Sycill* ioyn'd,
Before the double ſeas purloyn'd
The land away, and cut the ſhore,
That earſt was fixt vnto *Pelore*.

¶ *Cæſar* in Armes with furies ſway,
Not without bloud will ſhape his way.
Heſperians he accounts his foes,
And would not gaine them without blowes,
Leaſt in that kinde he being ſlacke,
Might leaue a warre behinde his backe.
Thoſe gates more pleaſe him that withſtand,
Then thoſe ſet open to his hand.
Beſt ſorting are to his deſire
Thoſe Countries won with ſword and fire,
Then ſuch as would his peace acquire.
He ſcornes to march through beaten waies,

Cæſars humor and expedition.

Or

Or to deſerue a *Patriots* praiſe.
At the firſt beginning of the warre the Cities of Italy ſtood wauering to which ſide to incline
The *Latine* Cities yet repine,
And doubt which way they ſhould incline:
For though at firſt they ſtood at gaze,
When as the warre began to blaze;
Yet now their walles they fortifie
With Ramparts, and with Bulwarkes hye,
And caſt about them ditches deepe;
Then to the Towers, and Turrets ſteepe,
Round ſtones of hugye weight they bring,
And darts amongſt the foes to fling.
The vulgar do more affect *Pompey* then *Cæſar.*
The vulgar moſt to *Pompey* bends;
Yet with their loue their feare contends.
Like as when whiſtling *Southerne* winde
(Vnto tempeſtuous ſtormes inclin'd)
Shooving the ſeas before his blaſt,
The rowling billowes follow faſt,
Although that *Æols* changing hand
From his vaſt caue do them diſ-band;
And *Eaſterne* gale, that checkes the maine,
Whoſe puffes the very *Racke* doth ſtraine:
The ſea his firſt voage yet doth trace,
And ſtill the *Southerne* winde imbrace.
So dread theſe men in doubt did hold,
Their faith ſo fortune bought and ſold.
Libo flyes from his charge.
And *Libo* firſt (with baſe diſmay)
Hytruria naked left a pray.
Pompeyes great Commanders flie from their *gariſons* before they ſaw the enemy.
Thermus (with his example led)
Left *Vmbria* guardleſſe, and thence fled.
Sylla flies from his charge.
So *Sylla* (with opprobrious ſhame,
Forgetfull of his Fathers fame)
Trembled to heare but *Cæſars* name.
Varus flies frō *Auximium.*
Varus likewiſe himſelfe inlarg'd,
And all the garriſon diſcharg'd,
That in *Auximium* he had plac'd,
Ere any foe the walles had fac'd;
Out at poſterne gate he rides,
And in the woods and mountaines hides.
Lentulus forſooke *Æſculea* his garriſon.
Æſculea, Lentulus forſooke,
And vnto flight himſelfe betooke.

But

But him the *Victor* did purſue,
Making them turne againe that flue;
And of ſo many armed bands,
Onely the leader ſcap't his hands:
No Enſignes mongſt thoſe *Cohorts* ſtands.
And *Scypio* thou too ſoone didſt leaue
Nuceria, that their ſtate bequeaue
Vnto thy truſt, which ſo did faile,
Ere any force did them aſſaile;
When as that warlike Towne was man'd
With many a gallant trained band
Of valiant youths, from *Cæſars* armes,
Cal'd to relieue the *Parthian* harmes.
But firſt imploy'd on *Pompey's* coſt,
To venge the bloud in *Gallia* loſt.
And now himſelfe doth warres intend,
For theſe ſtout troopes againe did ſend,
To be his father-in-lawes ſure guards:
This vſe of *Roman* bloud awards.
But thou *Corfinium*, ſtrong-fenc'd hould,
Commanded by *Domitius* bould,
That with huge walles inuiron'd art,
With Flankes and Ramparts, fit for *Mart*;
Thy garriſon were thoſe new bands,
That *Milo* tooke from Iuſtice hands.
Now from the walles (with watchfull eyes)
Domitius firſt neere hand eſpies
Great clouds of duſt aloft to riſe.
And with the glittering ſun-ſhine beames,
Faire armed Troopes caſt flaming ſtreames.
¶ Souldiers & friends, quoth he, make haſte,
This bridge forthwith muſt be laid waſte,
That doth vpon this riuer ſtand:
See it be razed out of hand.
And you huge mountaines now let flie
Your fountaine heads, and raiſe ſo hye
The flowing Riuers with rough tides,
That all the boats that thereon glides,
Vpon the ſhelues may wracke their ſides:
Stay here the limits of this warre,

Scipio forſook *Nuceria*, that was man'd with a braue garriſon of *Roman Veterans.*

Domitius ſpeech to his garriſon Souldiers.

This Towne their proud attempt ſhall barre:
And on theſe bankes thoſe rauening bands
(With hopeles gains) ſhal make their ſtands.
Here firſt ſhall *Cæſars* force deſiſt,
And victory yeeld to our fiſt.
He ſaid no more, but haſtes withall,
The ſwaggring troopes from off the wall,
That headlong to the worke doe fall.

¶ VVhen *Cæſar* from his Campe perceiu'd
The Riuers paſſage was bereau'd,
And that the breaking of the bridge,
His iournies ſpeed would much abridge;
Enrag'd with wrath: what now? quoth he,
Are not ſtrong walles eſteem'd to be
Sufficient ſculking dennes to hide
Theſe crauen Souldiers terrifide?
O cowards will you ouer-flow
The fields, thereby my march to ſlow?
VVhen *Ganges* with his ſtickle ſway,
Nor any other floud can ſtay
Cæſar, from holding on his way;
Now he the *Rubicon* hath paſt,
Yee troopes of horſe ſet forth with haſt:
And bands of foot come follow on,
This ſhaken bridge goe ſet vpon.

Cæſars words at the ſiege of *Corſinium*.

¶ No ſooner he the word did ſpeake,
But out his forward horſemen breake,
And doe the riuers bankes aſſaile,
Like to a ſtormy drift of haile.
To th'other ſide then they let flye
A ſhowre of darts, that cloud the skye.
And *Cæſars* ſelfe the paſſage takes,
VVhere none to him reſiſtance makes.
Then quickly he doth force them all
To make retrait within the wall.
And then the *Rammes* for battery
Vnto the worke he doth apply.
VVith other Engines brought in place,
That Towers and Bul-warkes will deface.

¶ But ſee the villany of warre!

The

The garriſon the gates vnbarre,
Their *Gouernour* they doe betray,
And him a priſoner forth conuay,
Before proud *Cæſars* feet to lay.
But yet his ſtate and noble face
It ſeem'd no terror did imbaſe:
For oft he ſtoutly cal'd for death;
The *Victor* knew he loathed breath,
As one that did deſpaire of life.
But *Cæſar* ſaid; Our grace is rife:
Liue therefore though againſt thy will;
And by our gift (ſaid he) liue ſtill.
Let others (whom I ſhall ſubdue)
In thee a perfect patterne view
Of *Cæſars* mercy; and now chuſe,
On whoſe ſide thou thy Armes wilt vſe:
Or if thou wilt retired liue,
Thy choyce to thee I freely giue.
But doe not thinke this moues my minde,
That I thereby like grace would finde,
If thou hereafter conqueſt gaine;
That baſe reſpect I much diſdaine.
Thus ſaid; forthwith he gaue in charge
His hands from fetters to inlarge.
But better much had him bety'd,
If he that preſent houre had dy'd:
And *Fortune* more had freed from ſhame
The honour of the *Roman* name.
He holds it now a grieuous ſcorne
(With reputation ſo forlorne)
To warre for his deere Countries ſake,
And therein *Pompey's* part to take;
Whom all the *Senates* forces aides,
Whilſt hoſtile pardon him vpbraides.
Theſe thoughts his heart doe ſtill infeſt,
And with himſelfe doth thus conteſt:
¶ Shall I in *Rome* goe make my neſt,
And (as a man degenerate)
Shut vp my ſelfe in peacefull ſtate?
And not this noble warre purſue,

Domitius deliuered to *Cæſar* by his owne men.

Cæſars words to *Domitus* his priſoner.

Domitius his inward troubled thoughts

That wiſht for death, ſo lately due?
Nay rather into hazards runne,
Vntill thy lifes twiſt be out-ſpunne,
And *Cæſars* gift with glory ſhunne.
¶ Report did not as yet relate
This Captaines baſe ſubdued ſtate
To *Pompeys* eares fraught full of cares,
For his deſignes that now prepares
To ſtrength his part with forraigne ſhares,
And order giues the following day,
With Trumpets ſound to ſet in ray
His troopes, and then to feele their minde
How they to battaile were enclinde.
To whom, when they did ſilence make,
With reuerend voyce he thus beſpake.

Pompeys oration to his ſouldiers.

¶ Yee vengers iuſt of guilty hands,
Yee Souldiers of right *Roman* bands,
That for defence of Iuſtice ſtands,
Whom now the *Senates* ſupreme heſt
Doth not with priuate armes inueſt;
Diſpoſe your forward hearts for fight,
Since now *Heſperia* (in our ſight)
Doth flame on fire in wretched ſtate,
And her faire fields depopulate.
This clew of rage (in *Gallia* ſpunne)
Ouer the ycie *Alpes* is runne,
And *Cæſar* in this raging mood,
Pollutes his ſword with *Latium* blood.
The *Gods* him iuſtly charge with blame,
As Author of this ciuill flame.
And now euen now *Rome* to me calles,
(Whom ſhe her preſident inſtalls)
To chaſtiſe theſe rebellious brawles.
Whoſe armes (with countries bloud defil'd)
Cannot as worthy warres be ſtil'd:

Hee compares *Cæſar* to *Cataline*.

To ours that honoured name belongs,
That doe reuenge our Countries wrongs.
His warre is of no better kinde,
Then that which *Cataline* deſign'd,
When *Rome* he meant to ſet on fire,

And

And had with him that did conspire
One of the *Lentulij* his mates,
Cæthegus, bare-arm'd in debates.
O wretched rage that so dost raigne
Within this leaders wilfull braine,
Whom *Fates* would raise to no lesse fame,
Then those of the *Camillan* name!
Or those braue Lords *Metellij* hight.
But thou art of another spright:
Thy humor followes iust the straine
Of *Cinna's* and of *Marius* vaine:
Whose infamies doe still remaine.
Like *Lepidus* that was suppreſt
By *Catull'*, or as we distreſt
Proud *Carbo*, that (by Iustice heſt)
Our *Axes* fatall edges try'd,
Whose bones *Sycilia* soyle doth hide.
Or as *Sertorius*, iustly slaine
For his rebellious course in *Spaine*.
Although in faith it grieues me much
So to compare with any such
Thee *Cæsar*; but that *Romes* offence
Cannot with our reuenge dispence.
But would it had beene so ordain'd
That *Crassus* victory had gain'd
Against the *Parthes*, and from the coast
Of *Scythia*, brought againe his hoast;
Whereby he might thy selfe subdue,
As *Spartacus* he ouerthrew.
Or if the all fore-seeing eye
Will that we two our forces try;
My arme as well as thine shall show,
That it the pearcing Pile can throw.
And that my bloud, for courage bold,
Disdaines by thee to be controld.
And that a heart to peace inclin'd,
Is not therefore of cowards kinde.
For though he tearme me spent with yeares,
Let not my age put you in feares.
My Campe experience so shall guide,

The house of the *Cæthegi* vsed alwayes to fight bare Armed.

Sertorius.

Spartacus a Rebell.

Pompeys ostentation recounting all his owne great deeds.

As fits an ancient leader try'd.
Let his be ordered by the ſway
Of a yong Captaines heady way;
I haue arriu'd to higheſt place
That free-men gaine by peoples grace:
And haue all honours palmes poſſeſt,
But *Monarchy*, which I deteſt.
He (whom ambition ſo doth feed,
That *Pompeys* power he would exceed,
In ſwaying of the *Roman* ſtate)
Affects more then a priuate fate.
The *Roman Peeres* this Campe doe grace,
The *Conſuls* here doe hold their place.
Shall *Cæſars* pride them all out-face?
O *Fortune!* can it thus betide,
That thou ſo blindly things ſhould guide,
And ſhameleſſe tollerate ſuch pride?
Becauſe that he (in ten yeares ſpace)
Had neare ſubdu'd the *Gallicke* race,
Where he ſo long a time hath war'd,
And oft from *Rhenes* cold banke beene ſcard,
And laid the fault vpon the deepes,
That with ſuch rage their channell ſweepes
As no ſhippes there ſafe harbour keepes;
Thereby his daſtard flight to cloake
From *Brittons*, whom he did prouoke.
But now, ſince he doth proudly boaſt,
That (at the fame of his fierce hoſt)
The *Senate* left their homes for dread,
And from the armed *Citty* fled;
Vaine foole, for feare they fled not thee,
But for good will all followed me;
That haue my glittering ſtreamers ſhowd
Through all the Seas, with pyrates ſtrowd,
And did thoſe *Rouers* force to ſeeke,
Their refuge, in a little creeke.
I likewiſe did, with conquering hand,
Subdue the *Soueraigne* of that land,
That *Romans* force did long withſtand:
And made an end of *Pontus* warre,

A vaine-glorious ſpeech.

Pompey chargeth *Cæſar* to haue fled from the *Brittons*.

A poore excuſe.

More bleſt thereby then *Sylla* farre.
No part of all the world is free,
But hath beene conquered by me.
The cold North ſtreames of *Phaſidos*
My powerfull hand and conqueſt knowes;
With *Ægypts* parching ſands beſides,
And *Syen*, whom no ſhadow hides:
My name is fearfull to the weſt,
And *Spaine* likewiſe I haue ſuppreſt:
Where *Bætis* riuer laſt of all,
Into the *Ocean* ſea doth fall.
Arabia conquered felt my hands,
And fierce *Ænochians* warlike bands.
Colchos renownd with fleece of gold,
And *Capadocia* I controld.
The *Iewes*, the vnknowne God that ſerue,
And dainty *Sophens* that preſerue
Themſelues ſo choyce; th'*Armenians*,
The *Taurynes*, and *Sylicians*:
All theſe are vanquiſhed by me,
And nothing from my hands left free:
But *Ciuill warres* vnweldy heft,
Which to my father-in-law I left.

Pompey recounts his actions.

¶ Thus *Pompey* did his mind make knowne,
Whereat no ſhowts of ioy were ſhowne.
Neither ſeem'd they much to deſire
The Trumpet kindling Martiall ire.
And he himſelfe (diſmaid at this)
The Bands and Enſignes doth diſmiſſe.
Not truſting to his ſtaggering troopes,
That baſely ſo halfe-conquered droopes,
To heare the ſound of *Cæſars* fame,
Before that he a neere them came:
And therefore would not hazard fight
VVith cohorts in that daunted plight.
But as a Bull his leaſe forſakes,
VVhen he a foyle in combate takes,
Into ſome groue, and deſart wood,
Doth range and runne with furious mood.
In which mad plight, (with rage repleat)

Pompeys Souldiers but little mou'd with his great words.

Pompey's men amazed at the fame of *Cæſar*.

VVith

With hoofe and horns the ſhrubs doth beat,
And to his paſture comes no more,
Vntill his ſtrength he doe reſtore.
And his rug'd necke, and furrow'd hide
Pleaſe him againe with puft vp pride;
Doth then at laſt returne againe,
And more inſult ore all the plaine;
Leading the heard with him to goe,
Whether the heardſ-man will or no.
So *Pompeys* force (too weake for fight)
Leaues *Italie* to *Cæſars* ſpight.
And (like a ſculking run-away)
Doth through *Apulia* roaue and ſtray,
Till at *Brunduſium* he arriues,
The which ſtrong fortreſſe him reuiues.

Pompey comes to *Brunduſium.*

¶ This Towne of old was firſt poſſeſt,
By a ſtrange *Collony* diſtreſt,
That were as baniſht men out-caſt.
From *Creet*, and through the *Ocean* vaſt
Conuay'd by ſhips of *Athens* ſtate,
(As ancient fables doe relate)
When *Theſeus* did blacke ſailes aduance,
Breading falſe feare of his miſchance.
This part of *Italie* doth ſhow
An indraught, compaſt like a bow,
In midſt whereof a peece of land
(Form'd like a *tongue* out-ſtretcht) doth ſtand
Which bow the *Adriaticke* maine,
With horned compaſſe, doth containe.

Brunduſium deſcribed.

And yet thereby ſhips could not finde
A harbour ſafe from euery winde;
But that an Iland of high rockes
Safe from the ſtorme, this indraught blocks:
And doth repell the raging waues,
When ſo the ſtormy tempeſts raues.
And here and there, on euery ſide,
Nature doth ſafely ſo prouide,
That boats and ſhips may ſafely ride,
But by a little Cable ty'd.
And thence they may free paſſage take;

If

If they a voyage meane to make,
For the *Corcyrian* Iland bound;
Or elſe would ſeke their anchor ground
On the *Ilyrian* left-ſide lands,
Where *Epidamnus* Citty ſtands.
Here alſo oft ſea-faring men
Their tempeſt-driuen ſhips vp pen,
When *Adriaticke* ſtormes ariſe,
Or on *Ceraunia* cloudy skies:
Or when *Calabrias Saſon* ſhores,
With foaming billowes ſwelles and roares.
¶ When *Pompey* now did plainly finde
Aſſurance none remaind behinde
His backe, in *Italies* affaire,
Nor that he could himſelfe prepare
To turne the warre another way
For *Spaine*, where his chiefe forces lay:
Becauſe the *Alpes* were iuſt betweene
And from that courſe debar'd him cleane;
His ſonne vnto him he doth call,
That eldeſt was amongſt them all:
And him commands the world to try,
For aid whereon he might rely.
Search *Euphrates* and *Nylus* ſhore,
To whom our fame was ſpred of yore:
And all thoſe Nations draw to head,
Where I haue *Roman* Armies led:
With all thoſe *Pyrates* vanquiſhed,
Whom I in *Collonies* did ſpred
Throughout the large *Cylician* ſoile,
Bid them vnto the ſeas recoyle.
Stirre vp with all the *Pharaoh's* King:
Let my *Tygranes* his force bring;
But therewithall haue ſpeciall care,
Pharnaces doe his armes prepare,
With both *Armenians* wandring rout,
And *Pontus* people warlicke ſtout:
Together with *Ryphæan* bands,
And thoſe that coaſt alongſt the ſtrands
Of ſlow *Meotis* lake, thicke ſtorne,

Pompey his words to his eldeſt ſonne, whom hee ſends for aids.

A briefe Catalogue of the nations that aid *Pompey*.

Whereon

Whereon the *Scythian* Carts are borne.
But what, my ſonne, needs many words?
Bid all the *Eaſt* now whet their ſwords,
And *Citties* all where ſo they ſtand
That haue beene conquered by our hand:
And to my Campe ſummon them all,
Pompeys words to the *Roman* Lords at *Brunduſium.*
That to my Tryumphes haue beene thrall.
And you likewiſe, braue *Latium* Lords,
Whoſe names our Holy-dayes records,
Firſt to *Epyrus* get you gone;
Then through the *Grecian* fields march on:
In *Macedon* new force receiue,
Whilſt winters ſeaſon lends vs leaue.
When he had ſaid, they all agreed
To follow what he had decreed:
And that there might no time be loſt,
They hoiſe their ſailes, and leaue the coaſt.
¶ But *Cæſar* not enduring peace,
Nor liking long from Armes to ceaſe,
Cæſar followes *Pompey* cloſe at the heeles.
Leaſt *Fortune* ſhould eſtrange her face,
Still hotly doth purſue the chaſe,
And preſſeth *Pompey* at the heeles,
As one that no contentment feeles,
In ought that yet by him is done:
That hath ſo many Cities wonne
In ſo ſhort time; and hath diſtreſt
So many foes, of Forts poſſeſt:
And finding *Rome*, the worlds chiefe head,
So eaſie to his conqueſt lead,
The greateſt prize that warre could gaine:
Yet *Cæſar* (in his maiſtering vaine)
With nothing done contents his minde,
Cæſars humor.
VVhil'ſt ought to doe remaines behinde.
But onward in this warre doth trace,
Though all *Italia* giues him place:
And much at *Pompey's* ſtate repines,
That he ſhould reſt in her confines.
And no leſſe doth it him diſpleaſe,
That he ſhould paſſe from thence by ſeas:
The Hauens mouth he ſtriues to ſhut,

And

And therein heapes of rockes doth glut.
But that his labour lost in vaine,
Swallowd by the deuouring maine.
And like the sands are spearst abroad,
Faster then hands can them vnload.
For of those heapes no marke was seene
More then if *Athos* mount had beene
Orethrowne, and in the middle cast
Of the *Egæan* Ocean vast.
Or as if *Gaurus* hill so steepe
VVere into the deuouring deepe
Of foule *Auernus* headlong throwne:
So this huge worke was ouerflowne:
No signe at all thereof was shown.
Now therefore he meanes to assay
Another course to stop the bay.
VVith piles of wood (hereto design'd)
And huge Oke trees with chains combin'd,
This harbours mouth must be confin'd.
So fame reports that *Zerxes* tryd,
The raging seas to ouerstride,
Framing on *Hellespont* a way,
Ouer the which he would conuay
From *Asias* side his mighty hoast,
Vnto *Europas* fertill coast.
And on this floting bridge transport
Old *Abydos* to *Sestus* fort.
Not fearing to be ouer-cast
VVith *Eurus*, or with *Zephirs* blast,
VVhen he through *Athos* forc'd a way,
Safely his Nauy to imbay.
So was this harbours mouth chain'd fast,
VVith woods cut downe into it cast;
VVhereon they did large Towers aduance,
That on the rowling billowes dance.
VVhen *Pompey* now at last perceiu'd
The out-let of the sea bereau'd;
VVith firme compact foundation wrought
VVhereby the worke to passe was brought,
A world of cares torment his thought,

Cæsar goes about to shut vp the Haven of *Brundusium* to keepe in *Pompey* from flying away.

The like was vsed by the *Spaniards* before *Antwerpe*, which they tearmed a *Stockado*.

Zerxes.

How

How to ſet free the bay againe,
And ſparſe theſe workes into the maine.
He therefore now ſtout ſhippes prouides,
(With hoiſed ſailes, and force of tides)
Againſt this linked bridge to ruſh,
Which with huge Engines they doe cruſh,
So that peece-meale it teares and ſplits,
And on the weltring Ocean flits:
In cliffes and rockes lye linked trees.
Thus for his ſhips a paſſage frees.
And in the darke (with force of ſlings)
Great wilde-fire balles amongſt them flings.
Then he commands, in ſtill of night,
That all prepare themſelues for flight.
That *Mariners* no clamours make;
When to their ſhippes they them betake:
Nor that the Trumpets warning giue,
When they their watches doe relieue.
But that the troopes doe come aboord,
Not thereto cal'd by Trumpets woord.
The *Sunne* in *Libra* now doth ſhine
On *Autumnes Equinoxiall* line,
When (with the dawning of the day)
They doe prepare to packe away,
And wey'd their Anchors with no cries,
That in the oaſe deepe buried lies.
And whilſt they hoiſe their tackled yards,
The fearfull *Maiſters* ſilence guards.
They cut their ſailes, and cables coyle,
The Sailers without noiſe doe toile.
Then *Pompey Fortune* did deſire,
That now he ſafely might retire
From *Italy*; ſince ſhe deſign'd,
That he no reſting there ſhould finde:
But ſeem'd it did the *Fates* diſpleaſe;
For (with the working of the ſeas)
The ſhippes pell-mell incumbred were.
Which did a ſudden clamor reare.
And falling foule (with bluſtring weather)
Their beake-heads clattring meet together.

Pompey forceth a way through *Cæſars* worke before the harbour.

It ſeemes *Lucan* is heere miſtaken, for that this beginning of the war was in the Spring of the yeare, as *Appian* writeth.

Pompey leaues *Brunduſium*, & flies by ſea in the night.

¶ The

¶ The enemy the Citty takes,
As ſoone as *Pompey* it forſakes.
The Townſmen ſtraight ſet ope the gates.
So faith doth change when fortune mates.
The walles they had no ſooner wonne,
But ſtraight the armed troopes doe runne
To both ends of this compaſt land,
Which at the harbours mouth doth ſtand.
And much were vext to looke thereon,
How *Pompey* with his fleet was gone.
O ſhame! a little conqueſt 'tis,
To ſee great *Pompey* flying this.
He ſlipt out at a narrow breach,
And ſo the *Ocean* wide did reach: A reproch to *Pompey*.
This breach by which his ſhips did paſſe,
Through this huge worke, no bigger was
Then the *Eubœan* ſtraight, whereon
There beates the waues of *Calcydon*.
And here two of theſe ſhips ſtooke faſt,
Into the which theſe Souldiers caſt
Huge grapling hooks, with mighty chains,
That them vnto the ſhore conſtraines.
Here ciuill bloud the ſea firſt ſtaines.
The whole fleet elſe free paſſage finde;
But theſe chiefe ſhips were left behinde.
Euen ſo when *Iaſon* tooke in hand,
Firſt to attempt the *Colchos* land; *Iaſon*.
Cyanea's cliffe let fall two rockes
Into the ſea, whoſe boyſterous ſhockes
One of his leſſer veſſels hits,
Whoſe ſterne abaft it ſomewhat ſplits:
Yet ſafely from thoſe rockes ſhe flits
Into a ſheltring creeke, and theare
Her wracke forthwith ſhe doth repare.
¶ By this the breaking of the day
A differing colour doth diſplay:
Yet *Phœbus* (with his gliſtering head)
Had not *Aurora's* cheekes made red,
Though his approach drew on a pace:
To which the nearer ſtarres giue place.

The *Pleiades* no longer ſhines:
Boötes to the *Eaſt* inclines:
The greater ſtarres that ſhine by night,
And *Lucifer*, that lampe of light,
Hides from the heate of *Tytans* ſight.
Now *Pompey* through the ſeas doth ſcower,
But not with like Empiring power,
As when he did thoſe *Pirates* foyle,
That all the maine did robbe and ſpoyle.
Thy fortunes haue their race out runne,
Tired with thy great conqueſts wonne.
So as miſhap thee now doth call,
With thy deere ſpouſe and children all,
Into a warre farre off to flee,
And all thy houſhold Gods with thee.
And yet (in this exiled fate)
A noble traine ſupports thy ſtate.
But oh ſome forraigne ſhore is ſought,
Whereas thy ruine muſt be wrought.
Not that the *Gods* in wrath deſire,
That thou ſhouldſt want thy funerall fire
Vntomb'd in thine owne natiue land;
But with thy death curſe *Ægypt* ſtrand:
And free that heynous wretched deed
From *Latium*, that thy worth did breed.
For her ſo *Fortune* doth prouide,
In coaſts remote that guilt to hide.
To keepe the *Roman* land from ſtaine
Of bloud, of her deere *Pompey* ſlaine.

Finis Libri ſecundi.

LVCANS PHARSALIA.

The third Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

THis doth declare whilſt Pompey *flees,*
The viſion that he dreaming ſees.
To Sicill *He is* Curio *ſent,*
Cæſar *to* Rome *makes his deſcent.*
The Treaſuries as ſpoyle he takes,
Metellus *ſome reſiſtance makes.*
In theſe warres who takes Pompey's *Part.*
Cæſar *to* Spaine *transferres his* Mart,
And in his paſſage takes in hand
Marſeilles *ſiege by ſea and land.*
Yet onwards ſtill he doth proceed,
And leaueth Brutus *in his ſteed:*
Who by a battell on the Maine
With conqueſt doth the Citty *gaine.*

WIth friendly gales the ſailes doe flye,
Whilſt through the deepes the ſhips doe plye;
And all their lookes as they doe wend,
Vpon *Ionias* coaſt they bend.
But *Pompey's* eyes ſtill fixed ſtand,
Gazing on the *Heſperian* land,

Pompey flying by ſea, ſtill caſts his eyes toward *Italy.*

And whilſt he viewes his natiue ſhore,
(Which he is like to ſee no more)
The high lands ſeeme as clouds to ſight,
And then at laſt doe vaniſh quite.
Now whil'ſt a ſlumbring ſleepe did ceaze
His wearied ſprights, to giue them eaſe;
In dreames, a viſion he deſcries,
That from below did gaſtly riſe.
The ſad aſpect of *Iulias* face,
Seem'd to appeare in that ſame place,
Whereas her funerall fire was made,
And ſaid, I come from *Stygian* ſhade,
Where ghoſts afflicted haunt and trade,
Chac'd from thoſe faire *Eliſian* fields,
To bleſſed ſoules that ſolace yeelds.
Conſtraind I follow ciuill warre,
Where I beheld the *Furies* iarre,
Sparkling abroad their blazing brands
Amongſt thy troopes of armed bands.
And *Charon*, Ferry-man of *Hell*,
More skiffes prepares then tongue can tell.
And *Dis* new torments doth deuiſe
For ſoules, that poſting to him flies.
And now the *Fatall Siſters* try,
With all their ſpeed, their worke to ply.
Yet their three hands can ſcarce ſuffiſe,
Their webbes ſo faſt in ſunder flies.
O *Pompey!* whil'ſt I was thy wife,
In Triumphes thou didſt lead thy life:
Thy *Fortune* ſince, it ſeemes, it fled,
Cleane chang'd with thy new nuptiall bed,
Which is ordain'd (by wrathfull *Fates*)
To bring her *Pheeres* to dolefull dates.
Cornelia, that ſame ſtrumpet vile,
That did her ſpouſall bed defile,
Before the funerall fires were ſpent,
Wherein her husbands bones were brent.
She ſtill thy Enſignes doth accoſt,
By land or ſea where ſo thou goſt.
Whilſt, me in memory to keepe,

Pompeys viſion in a dreame on the ſea, & *Iulias* ſpeech to him.

Thou

Thou wilt not breake one houres ſleep.
No vacant time there doth remaine,
Your mutuall loue-ſports to reſtraine.
But *Cæſar* ſhall thee chaſe by day,
And I by night will thee diſmay.
Læthe from me cannot remoue
The memory of thy deere loue.
The powers infernall licence me
Throughout the earth to follow thee.
Amidſt the fierce batalions rage,
I dreadleſſe will my ſelfe ingage.
For by my ghoſt I doe proteſt,
Within thy power it ſhall not reſt,
(O *Pompey*) that ſtile to prophane
Of *Sonne-in-law*, which thou haſt tane.
Thou ſeekſt in vaine with thy ſwords edge
To cut the knot of that vowd pledge.
Doe what thou canſt, theſe *Ciuill harmes*
At laſt ſhall caſt thee in mine armes.
Thus hauing ſaid, the wandring ſhade
From the embracements ſoftly fade,
Of her old ſpouſe, herewith adrade:
Yet though the *Gods* his ruine threats,
And ghoſts would moue him to regreats,
The fiercer he to armes doth flye,
Reſolu'd his fatall chance to try.

¶ What now (quoth he) ſhall ſlumbring ſights
Of viſions vaine, appall our ſprights?
Either the bodies laid in graue
Of mortals here, no feeling haue:
Or nothing 'tis when death doth raue.
By this time *Tytan* dipt his head
Downe into *Thetis* azur'd bed:
And onely ſo much light he lends
Vnto the Earth, as *Phœbe* ſends
From her pale face, with hornes new cloſ'd,
Or when her orbe hath beene compoſ'd.
Now this deſired ſtranger coaſt,
Affoords him leaue to land his hoaſt:
And to that end they did prepare

Pompeys words hauing ſeene the viſion.

Their Anchors, and their Cables yare.
And as they doe approch the ſhoares,
They ſtrike their ſailes, and ply their oares.
¶ When *Cæſar* ſaw that from the bay
The windes had borne the fleet away,
Cæſar diſcontent with *Pompeis* eſcape
Which now the ſeas hid from his ſight,
Although his onely power and might
Commanded all *Heſperia* ſoyle;
No glory yet in him did boyle,
So to put *Pompey* to that foyle.
But did his minde much more diſpleaſe,
That ſo his foes had ſcap't by ſeas.
Fortune by no meanes could content
The height whereto his minde was bent:
He weyes not ſo much conqueſts gaine,
As ſtill in raging warres to raigne.
And yet now ſeemes that he doth meane,
From care of warres his thoughts to weane:
And to intend the publicke peace;
Hoping by that meanes to encreaſe
The peoples vaine vnconſtant loue,
Cæſar affects to winne the peoples fauor.
And diſcontentments to remoue.
Which to effect, the grateful'ſt way
Was how the common dearth to ſtay:
For now the Cities, and the reſt
Famine moſt grieuouſly oppreſt.
Then *Awe*, and *Loue* are ſureſt bread,
When by the rich the poore are fed,
The ſtarued vulgar nothing dread.
¶ *Curio* therefore to this intent,
Curio ſent into *Sycilia*.
Into *Sycilia* Ile is ſent:
Whereas the ſeas with furious waues,
Either the mouldring ſhores ſtill ſhaues,
Or elſe the clyffes ſo beates and ſhakes,
As in the land great indraughts makes.
And ſtill their fury ſo maintaine
As keepes the parted confines twaine
That they can neuer ioyne againe.
Now rage of warre (but new begunne)
Doth ouer all *Sardinia* runne.

Both

Both of which Ilands ſtill abound
With fertill croppes vpon the ground;
So as no coaſt on all that maine
Heſperia ſerues with ſo much graine.
The *Roman* barnes no land ſo feeds,
Scarcely the ſtalkes the eares exceeds.
Not *Affricke* doth affoord like ſtore;
When as the clouds, with *Boreas* rore,
Breeds fruitful years, and moiſts the ſhore.
Thus *Cæſar* did, with care prouide
How theſe defects might be ſuply'd:
Then marcheth on (with ſtately port)
But not in any warlicke ſort:
His countenance ſeem'd to peace deſign'd,
And ſo to *Rome* his courſe enclin'd.

Sycilias fruitfulneſſe,

¶ O had he come vnto that Towne,
Only adorn'd with the renowne,
And *Trophies* of the *Gallicke* ſpoyles,
And glory of his *Northerne* broyles,
How great a traine, what worthy ſhowes
Might he haue made of conquered foes?
Of all his *Rhene* and *Ocean* thralles,
His conqueſt of the noble *Gaules*,
And with them all his captiue flockes,
Of *Brittons*, with their yellow lockes.
O what a triumph did he leeſe,
In winning more then all of theſe!

Cæſar comes to *Rome*.

¶ The *Cities* now as he remoues,
Did not (in troopes to ſhew their loues)
Meet him with ſhouts and friendly cries:
But ſilent, and with fearfull eyes.
No flockes of people in the fields
To ſee him there, applauſes yeelds:
Yet his contentment ſtands in this,
That he to them a terror is.
For he did euer more approue
The peoples feare, then their vaine loue.

Cæſar not applauded by the Cities, as he paſt towards *Rome*.

¶ Now he the ſteepy Towres had paſt
Of ſtrong *Anxuris*, and at laſt
The fennie way withall he takes,

That

That lies between *Pontinas* lakes:
Neere which the groue aloft is ſeene,
Of *Diane, Scythians* heauenly Queene.
And not farre thence, high *Albas* way,
Where *Latium* rites make Holiday.
From whence vpon a rocke on hye,
A loofe, the Citty he did eye:
Which (ſince his *Gallicke* warre began)
He neuer yet had ſeene till than.
And now (admiring that proſpect)
To *Rome* this ſpeech he did direct.

Ceſars ſpeech looking vpon *Rome.*

¶ O ſeate of *Gods!* could this men ſo
Forſake thee, ere they ſaw a foe?
If thou canſt not, what Citty can
Deſerue to be fought for by man?
Well haue the higher powers repreſt,
The humors of the armed *Eaſt,*
From ioyning with the *Hungars* ſtout:
And all that fierce outragious rout
Of *Dakes,* of *Getes,* and *Sarmatans,*
From bringing downe their bloudy bands
To thee (poore *Rome*) by *Fortune* ſpar'd,
Whom fearefull *Pompey* durſt not guard.
So weakely mand, more bleſt art farre
With *Ciuill* then with *Forraigne* warre.

¶ Thus ſaid, forthwith he did inveſt
The Citty, then with feares poſſeſt:
For ſure they thought, that (in his ire)
All ſhould haue beene conſum'd with fire,

Ceſar is not ſo cruell as the *Romans* ſuſpected.

And Temples ſhould to ruine runne,
As ſoone as hee the walles had wonne.
Such was the meaſure of their fright,
His will they conſtru'd by his might.
And in ſuch ſudden mazements weare,
That they their ſacred rites forbeare.
The common ſort to ſportings bent,
Their merry tunes turn'd to lament:
No *ſpleen* they had, their *ſprights* were *ſpent*
The *Roman* Fathers reuerend troope
In *Phœbus Pallace* ſitting, droope:

Not

Not thither called at an houre,
By order of the *Senates* powre.
No *Consuls* with their presence grace
Their sacred seates in supreme place.
Nor next to them the lawes to sway
The *Prætor* sate in his array.
No *Coches* at the *Senate* gate,
That thither bring the *Peeres* of state.
Cæsar alone was all in all,
His priuate voyce the Court doth thrall.
The Fathers to his hests giue way,
Rady his pleasure to obay.
Whether he *Monarchy* desire,
Or would to sacred rites aspire:
Or liues of *Senators* would wast,
Or them into exile would cast.
But he (more modest and more milde)
Did blush his power should be defil'd;
More to command (with threatning feare)
Then well the *Roman* state could beare.
¶ But one there was amongst the rest,
For liberty that would contest:
And in a rage he tooke in hand,
To know if *Cæsar* might withstand
The ancient Rules of their free state,
And in that point would right debate.
This stout *Metellus* was, who saw
A swarming troope of Souldiers draw
Neere to *Saturnus* Temple gates,
That were lockt vp from dire debates,
Steps forth enrag'd, and doth assay
Through *Cæsars* bands to force a way.
So much of tempting gold the loue
The mindes of mortall men can moue,
Danger of sword and death to proue.
The lawes no *Valor* doth protect,
The care thereof all do neglect.
But (that which is most vile of all)
Riches, whereto base mindes are thrall,
Stirres vp a foolish idle brawle.

Cæsars great authority in *Rome*.

Cæsars modesty.

Metellus a Roman Tribune contests with *Cæsar*.

Metellus would protect the Treasury of *Rome* from *Cæsars* spoyle.

This

This *Tribune*, with a tongue at large,
The out-rage laies to *Cæſars* charge:
And telles him plainly that before
He ſhall breake ope the Temple dore,
The ſword ſhould firſt his breaſt inuade,
And bathe in ſacred bloud his blade.
And that the Gods for iuſtice ſake,
Vengance would pay if ſpoyle he make,
Or doe by force the treaſure take.
The *Tribunes* curſes in like caſe
(Said he) did greedy *Craſſus* trace.
And did againſt him ſo preuaile,
That wofull warre his pride did quaile.
Doe thou ſo now vnſheath thy ſword,
That doſt ſuch lawleſſe leaue affoord
To this iniurious foule contempt
From peoples rage thou art exempt.
What can this forlorne towne attempt?
Thy wicked Souldiers muſt not craue,
The treaſures of our ſtate to haue:
Elſe-where thou haſt ſufficient ſpoyles
Of conquered Townes in other ſoyles.
No want at all thy troopes conſtraines,
Of our long peace to ſhare the gaines:
In warre (O *Cæſar*) looſe the raines.
¶ With theſe *proud words* the *Tribune* hath
So farre prouoked *Cæſars* wrath,
As that with ſcorne he did reply;
Cæſars words to *Metellus* the Tribune.
In vaine poore ſoule thou hop'ſt to dye
So braue a death, as by my blade:
Nought hath *Metellus* worthy made,
So great a grace as *Cæſars* ire,
It ſorts not with thy proud deſire.
Thinkſt thou that freedoms ſtate muſt ſtand
Supported by thy feeble hand?
My glory wonne in ſo long warre,
Thy vaine conceipt exceeds ſo farre,
As that the lawes would leſſe deteſt,
By *Cæſars* hand to be ſuppreſt,
Then by *Metellus* voyce to hold,

The

The freedome that they did of old.
So *Cæſar* ſpake, and yet before
The *Tribune* left the Temple dore,
His rage increaſed more and more.
And to the wrathfull ſwords he preſt,
Forgetting what his gowne profeſt.

¶ But *Cotta* check't, and ſtaied than,
The ſawcy boldneſſe of this man.
And ſaid; the freedome now they held,
To ſoueraigne power in ſpight muſt yeeld.
For though this act thou couldſt maintaine,
Thou ſhouldſt but freedomes ſhadow gaine.
Since our deiected ſtate obayes
So many other ſeruile wayes.
This comfort and excuſe we haue,
If ſlander vs as baſe depraue.
Reſiſtleſſe power doth all men braue.
And I would rather wiſh to heare,
Theſe ſeedes of warre diſperſed weare.
With loſſe of wealth thoſe may be vext,
That freedome haue for their pretext.
For want more grieuouſly doth raue
Vpon the maiſter then the ſlaue.

Cotta's diſcreet words to *Metellus.*

¶ *Metellus* being put aſide,
The *Temple* was ſet open wide:
And ſuch a noyſe the ruſhing ſhockes
Did make, when they did force the lockes,
That the *Tarpeian* cliffe did ſound,
Lowd with the *Eccho's* that rebound.
Out of the Temple cleane they ſwept
The wealth, that had full ſafe beene kept
So long agoe by conqueſts gain'd,
Whereof ſcarce memory remain'd.

The treaſures of *Rome* taken by *Cæſar.*

¶ The treaſures got in *Punicke* broyles,
The *Perſian*, and *Macedons* ſpoyles;
With heapes of gold, that were a pray,
When *Pirrhus* trembling fled away,
That had *Fabritius* faith aſſay'd,
In vaine our *Rome* to haue betraid.
And whatſoeuer heretofore

A Catalogue of thoſe places from whence the *Roman* treaſures came.

Our

Our frugall ſires laid vp in ſtore:
With all the tribute and the rent,
From time to time that *Aſia* ſent:
And all the ſpoyles from *Creta* fot,
By conqueſt that *Metellus* got:
With *Cato's* wealth, which he did bring
(By long ſeas) from the *Cyprus* King:
With all the treaſures of the eaſt,
And thoſe rare Trophies that did feaſt
The eyes of all that them beheld,
When *Pompeys* triumphes ſo exceld:
And was the lateſt conqueſt wonne
On thoſe great kingdomes ouer-runne.
All theſe the *Victors* vſe ſupplies
By wofull rapine made good prize.
Cæſar richer then all *Rome*. Whereon might truly paſſe this doome,
Cæſar was richer now then Rome.
¶ *Pompey* meane while a world had wonne,
That would in warre his fortune runne:
Great Cities on his ſide did band,
That ſhall at *Cæſars* mercy ſtand.
The aids that came to *Pompey*. The *Græcians* firſt their ſuccour lends:
Amphiſa her braue *Phoceans* ſends;
Then thoſe that doe the Countries fill,
On both ſides of *Parnaſſus* hill;
With rocky *Cyrrha*, to him ſwarmes
The Captaines of *Boetian* Armes.
Where *Cephiſos*, with his ſwift waues,
Old *Cadmus* Citty weltring laues.
Whoſe water fatall anſweres raues.
To theſe, *Piſean* people ioynes:
With ſweet *Alpheus*, that purloynes
Her ſecret current vnder ground,
Till ſhe *Trinacria* hath found.
Menala then th'*Arcadians* leaue,
And to theſe warres themſelues bequeaue:
And *Trachine* Souldiers thither flye,
From the *Herculean Oeten* hye:
The *Theſprotes* and *Driopes*
Doe likewiſe march along with eaſe.

The

The *Sellæ*, that his part doe take,
Their ſolitary groues forſake,
That on *Chaonians* toppe doe ſhake.
And though th'*Athænian* bands were ſpent
In former warres whereto they went,
Yet loyall *Salamina* lent
Three little ſhippes, which now they rigge,
That in *Phœbeian* docks did ligge.
The ancient *Creet*, *Ioues* loued land,
Where Cities ten times ten did ſtand,
Her *Gnoſtan* quiuers thither ſent,
With people vſing bowes euent:
Gortinæ ſhewes the like good will,
Whoſe Archers equals *Eaſterne* skill.
Then *Orithow* ſent *Dardan* ſtrength:
With *Athamus* that farre in length
Diſperſeth many woods ſhe ownes.
And old *Enchyle*, where the ſtones
Shew *Cadmus* metamorphoz'd bones.
So *Colchis*, and *Abſirtos* flud,
Whoſe froth filles *Adriaticke* mud.
The *Pæni*, that (with clowniſh skill)
The Countries all about there till.
And with *Theſſalian* Plowes doe toyle,
And furrough vp *Hialcons* ſoyle.
From whence (into the raging maine)
Was carried firſt that ſtranger traine,
Of *Argonauts*, whoſe boyſterous bands
Did range and ſpoyle in forraine lands,
They firſt the practiſe did contriue,
How men againſt the ſeas might ſtriue.
And how with ſailes to take the winde,
Whereby remoted ſhores to finde.
And therewithall they did diſplay
To loathſome *Death* a new found way,
On mortals liues to raue and pray.
The *Thracian Æmus* is left bare:
And *Pholoe*, whoſe manrood are
(As lying fables leaue to minde)
By nature ſhap't of *Centaurs* kinde.

Strymon (that doth to *Nylus* ſands
Send birds of the *Biſtonian* lands)
Her aid ſets out in warlicke bands:
And barbarous *Conè*, when ſhe leaues
Sarmatian ſtreames, and after cleaues
To *Peucens* ſpreading channell deepe,
One of thoſe heads alone doth keepe,
That from great *Iſtars* current ſweepe:
Then *Miſia* and *Idalis* land,
That mingles with cold *Caicos* ſtrand,
And the *Arisban* barren mould,
With thoſe that doe *Pitanen* hould;
Then the *Celenes* moſt accurſt,
Lamenting that their *Marſia* durſt
(O *Pallas* with thy gifts elate)
Stirre conquering *Phœbus* to debate.
And high ſhoar'd *Marſia* whoſe ſwift race,
Crooked *Meander* doth embrace,
And with her, wheeles about her pace.
With *Pactols* ſands, that do vnfold,
The pretious graines of glowing gold
To forraigne coaſts, and *Hernius* ſtrands,
That equals it with pretious ſands.
So likewiſe all the *Ilium* bands,
To fruitleſſe warres for *Pompey* ſtands.
Neglecting the old flying fame,
That *Iulius* of the *Troians* came.
So *Syria* her aſſiſtance giues,
And the inhabitants that liues
About *Orontes* deſart coaſts,
And *Ninus* towne, whoſe bliſſe fame boaſts:
Damaſcus ſubiect to high windes:
Gaza likewiſe; and where men findes
Palme-trees ſo rife, and thicke to ſtand,
Named the *Idumean* land:
The ſea-waſht Citty *Tyrus* hight,
Sydon with pretious purple dight,
Their ſhips (when to the warres they flye)
Range not the ſeas vncertainly.
No ſea-men haue the Art more try'd,

Cæſar ſuppoſed to bee come of the *Troians*.

The *Tyrians* & *Sidonians* : kil-full ſea-men.

How

How by the *Pole* their courſe to guide.
So likewiſe (if we credit fame)
Phœnicians were the firſt had name,
The vſe of characters to finde,
And letters to expreſſe our minde.
Memphis the practiſe had not found
Of thoſe broad flagges vpon her ground,
How they together ſhould be bound.
Of beaſts and birds (this was their trade)
The ſhapes deepe cut in ſtones they made.
And ſo their magicke art preſaru'd
In brutiſh Images faire caru'd.
Then thoſe inhabitants that roues
About mount *Taurus* wooddy groues.
And *Perſian Tarſus*, with thoſe men,
That cut rockes for *Coricum* denn.
The *Mallians*, and the *Æge* coaſt,
Whoſe ſhippes doe ring with billowes toſt.
And *Silix* now the ſeas frequent
Allowd, but not as *Pyrates* ſent.
So are the *Eaſterne* Countries led
Vnto this warre by fame farre ſpread.
That *Ganges* now her troopes forth brings,
The current of whoſe floating ſprings
Of all ſtreames in the world dares runne,
A courſe contrary to the *Sunne*;
And headlong flies againſt the *Eaſt*,
Heere it is ſaid the warfare ceaſt,
That *Macedons* great *Captaine made*,
When he the *Ocean* did invade.
And did himſelfe ore-come confeſſe
With this vaſt worlds vnweldneſſe.
There *Indus* fiercely forth doth ſweepe,
With mighty ſtreames, and channels deepe,
Diuided into gulfes alone,
But with *Hidaſpis* mingles none.
Then thoſe that the ſweet liquor ſwilles,
Which from the ſugar-canes diſtilles:
And they that vſe with ſaffrons graine,
To giue their haire a ſhining ſtaine.

The *Phæniti-ans* the firſt that inuented letters.

The *Memphites* kept their ma-gicke art car-ued in ſtones, with the figurs of Beaſts and Birds before they knew let-ters.

Theſe were the Pirats that *Pompey* cou-quered, and triumphed for long befor the ciuill war be-gan.

Ganges runnes his courſe cō-trary to the Sunne.

The place where *Alexan-der* ended his warre.

A people that doe paint and adorne their haire with Iewels.

And ſo in dainty lawnes doe dangle,
Which they with gliſtering Iewels ſpangle.
And thoſe that make their funerall piles,
Before that *Death* their *Life* exiles.
And doe without conſtraint embrace,
The furious flames with dreadleſſe face.
A people that do burn themſelues, and not attend their natural death.
O how great glory doe they gaine,
That death can hold in ſuch diſdaine,
With their owne hands (in ſpight of fates)
To haſten on their welcome dates;
And whilſt in perfect health they liue,
Their ſoules vnto the Gods do giue!
Then thoſe fierce *Capadocian* lads
Whom hunting humors ſo much glads,
A hunting nation.
With bruske *Ammannian* plowing ſwads:
Armenia, where *Nyphatem* flowes,
And rowles huge pebbles as ſhe goes,
With the *Coaſtræ* forreſts hye,
Whoſe lofty toppes doe threat the skye.
And yee *Arabians* (that doe view
An vncoth clime vnknowne to you)
Do wonder much the ſhade to ſee
Streame from the left ſide of a tree.
Then came vnto this *Roman* warre
Th'*Oreſtians*, that doe dwell a farre:
The leaders of *Carmania* bands,
Whoſe climate to the *Southward* ſtands,
Not wholly hid from *Arctons* light,
But ſee his Carre part of the night.
And *Æthiop* neere to all the ſignes,
That in the cirkling *Zodiaque* twines.
Excepting *Taurus* clouen heeles,
When cowring crookedly he reeles.
And where great *Euphrates* is bred
With ſwift ſtream'd *Tygris* from one head,
In *Perſian* fountaine ioyntly fed.
Who when they mingle here and there,
Breeds doubt which of the names they beare
But *Euphrates* (with fruitfull ſtreames,
As ſhe doth trauerſe ſundry realmes)
Reſembles *Nylus* in her courſe.

But *Tygris* in her rapid sourse,
Is suddenly deuoured quite,
Into the earth from all mens sight,
And vnder ground doth runne her race
Till with new head her streame she trace,
And with the *Ocean* enterlace.
This while the *Parthians* held them coy,
Either to helpe or to annoy,
Any of these two mighty guides,
They'l warre on none of both their sides:
But laugh which way the world it slides.
The wandring *Scyths*, with poysned darts,
Their aid vnto this warre imparts.
And *Bactrians* closd with chilly gulfes,
VVith *Hircane* forrests fostring wolfes.
Then the *Henochians* bring their band,
A part of *Lacedemon* land.
That headstrong are where they withstand
And of *Sarmatia* all that track,
That ioynes to *Mosko* backe to back.
And where rich *Phasis* cuts and bounds
The *Colchos* fields, and fruitfull grounds.
VVith *Halis* bringing heauy fate
To *Cræsus*, in his rich estate.
And where as *Tannais* tumbling downe
His streames, from off *Rypheus* crowne.
Giues vnto Nations sundry names,
As she her winding channels frames.
And *Europe* doth on either side,
From *Asia* with her bankes diuide.
Now here, now there, which way she bends,
The limits of the world extends.
And where the *Euxine* sea doth take
Huge torrents from *Meotis* lake,
And so the glory doth abate
Of *Gades*, whom (as tales relate)
Did onely through her pillars twaine,
That way let in the westerne maine,
VVrought by the huge *Herculean* paine.
Then aids come from *Scythonian* ports,

The riuer *Tygris* runnes a great way vnder the *ground* and then rises againe.

The *Parthians* refused to ioyne either with *Cæsar* or *Pompey*, but laugh and looke on.

Hercules Pillars set vp at *Gades*.

With whom the *Arimaſps* conſorts.
The delicacy of the *Arimaſpes.* Thoſe doe with golden phillets dreſſe
Their curled lockes, and combed treſſe.
The *Axij*, *Pompey's* part profeſſe,
With *Maſſagets*, that did let blood,
Their horſes hooſes inſteed of food,
So to releieue their hungry mood,
The *Maſſagets* in their warres for want of victuals let their horſes bloud, & ſo relieued themſelues. In the *Sarmatick* lingring brawle,
And *Gelons* ſwifteſt of them all,
So huge a maſſe of *Martiall* bands
Came not from the *Memnonian* lands,
When *Cyrus* did his armies make,
For warres that he had vndertake.
Nor *Zerxes* with his boyſterous crew
That all his thouſands onely knew
By counting of the darts they threw.
Nor *Agamemnons* nauy ſtrong,
Which to reuenge his brothers wrong,
With *Græcian* Princes paſt the ſeas,
In number euer equal'd theſe.
The variety of Nations, Languages and attires that were in *Pompeys* campe. So many Kings to battaile preſt,
Neuer obay'd one Chiefetaines heſt.
Such diuers formes of habites ſtrange,
Of language ſuch confuſed change,
So great a traine of royall *Peeres*
Was neuer ſeene in former yeares,
As *Fortune* now did lead in dance,
To mingle with this warres miſchance.
Like funerals for *Pompey's* ſake
A fitting exequie to make.
Iupiter Hammon. Then *Corniger*, that *Hammon* hight,
Did not forbeare with ſupreme might,
To ſummon all *Marmatick* lands
Vnto theſe warres to leade their bands.
Or whatſoeuer force did reſt
Euen from the furtheſt of the weſt,
Of parching *Lybs*, and ſun-burnt *Moores*;
Together with the Eaſterne powers,
As farre as *Paratonia* ſtrands,
Vnto the bounds of *Syrtes* ſands.

That

That *Cæſars* fortune yet may know
He had not wonne all at a blow:
But ſhould in the *Pharſalian* fields
Incounter worlds with ſpeares and ſhields.
¶ Now *Cæſar* following on his *Mart*,
From trembling *Rome* he doth depart:
And (with his valiant expert hoſt)
Ouer the cloud-brow'd *Alpes* doth poſt.
And whilſt that other Cities feare,
The thundring fame of him to heare,
Maſſilian youthes dare take in hand,
As *Neuters* in theſe warres to ſtand.
Not with *Greeke* lightneſſe vnreſolu'd,
But with a conſtant courage bold,
They doe entend for to debate
The lawes and freedome of their ſtate,
And not to change or follow fate.
But yet before they do engage
Their Cittie vnto battailes rage,
They will attempt (with all their skill)
To qualifie his head-ſtrong will
With courteous and perſwaſiue words,
And not till need vnſheath their ſwords.
Now therefore when they vnderſtand
That *Cæſars* force was neere at hand,
Embaſſadors to him were ſent,
Who with them *Oliue* branches hent,
To ſhew that peace was their intent.
¶ Your *Latium Annals* doe make knowne
Maſſilia ſtill ſuch faith hath ſhowne
Vnto the reuerend *Roman* ſtate,
As that in all the dire debate,
That they haue had with forraigne foes,
She hath partaked with their blowes.
And now if thou doe vndertake,
Conqueſts in vnknowne Climes to make,
Command our true deuoted hands,
To warre with thee in forraigne lands.
But if yee (with infeſtious Armes)
Prepared are for diſcords harmes,

Cæſar takes his iourney from *Rome* towards *Spaine*.

The courage of the *Maſſilians*.

The Oration of the *Maſſilians* to *Cæſar*.

Maſſilians offer to aid *Cæſar* in forraigne warres, but not to intermeddle in this ciuill ſtrife.

To ciuill warres, then giue vs leaue
Our teares in ſecret to bequeaue.
Againſt all piety it ſtands,
In bloud of friends to bath our hands.
But if the Gods (to wroth inclin'd)
VVith venging arms would ſhew their mind,
Or if the earth-bred Gyants fell,
Againſt high heauens would rebell,
Yet humane duty ſhould not dare
VVith an inferior bootleſſe care,
Either by treaty, or by might,
To offer for the Gods to fight.
Little can we poore mortals geſſe
VVhat humors higher powers poſſeſſe:
VVhen *Ioue* from high his anger wreakes,
He thunder-bolts and lightning ſpeakes.
Admit that many nations ſtrange,
Amongſt theſe broyles their forces range.
And that the ſottiſh vulgar ſort
VVould this contagious crime ſupport,
And not repine (conſtrain'd from farre)
To whet their ſwords for ciuill warre;
Yet be it farre from honeſt hearts
To follow any factious parts.
Let no braue Souldiers venter life,
To bolſter out domeſticke ſtrife.
VVhat hand would not with feare be taint,
To ſee his wounded father faint?
Brothers that warre on either parts,
VVill doubt to throw their fatall darts.
And ſure your Empires ſtate will end,
If warres vniuſt you doe intend.
But now our ſuite we doe commend,
VVhich is, that from our Citty gates,
You would with-hold all dire debates;
And no infeſtious Enſignes ſend,
Nor *Egles* fierce vs to offend;
But that as to your friends moſt iuſt
Your perſon with our walles would truſt.
VVhere *Cæſar* may (deuoid of doubt)

A reprehenſion of this ciuil warre.

The ſumme of the *Maſſilians* Petition to *Cæſar*.

The *Maſſilians* offer to receiue *Cæſar* vnarmed, and without his Troopes.

Aſſure

Aſſure himſelfe his armes ſhut out.
Our Towne is free from enuies wroth
To *Cæſar* and to *Pompey* both.
But if that *Romes* vn-vanquiſht ſtate
Shall ſtill ſubſiſt by fauouring *Fate*;
And that your humors it might pleaſe,
Your wraths with friendſhip to appeaſe.
Here may you both vnarmed meet,
And peaceably each other greet.
But if prouoking warres of *Spaine*,
Your forces thither doe conſtraine;
Why range you then ſo farre aſtray?
Our Citty lies not in your way;
Whoſe worth of no importance is,
Our ſtate ſtands ſtill exempt from bliſſe.
We could not earſt with happy armes,
Defend our ſelues, and countries harmes.
But exil'd made our laſt retreat
From *Phocis* Towers, our natiue ſeat;
Arriuing in this ſtranger port,
Where we ſecurely raiſd a fort,
Rounded with walles of no great haigth,
But alwayes guarded with our faith.
Now if you will beſiege our Towne,
And teare our gates and ramparts downe,
And ſet our houſes on a fire,
Spending on vs your hoſtile ire,
Our water-courſes turne awry,
And all our fountaine heads draw dry,
And ſucke the moiſture from thoſe fields,
That fruits and graine vnto vs yeelds.
O then behold a loathſome ſight,
When *Famin* ſhall (with rauening plight)
Conſtraine vs for to eate and gnaw
Our fleſhy limbes to feed our maw;
Our liberties we hold ſo deare,
That we no toyles nor torments feare.
But as *Saguntum*, with renowne,
When *Hannibal* beſieg'd that Towne,
Our mothers ſo, with dried pappes,

Maſſilia indifferēt between *Cæſar* & *Pompey* offer their Towne for a place of parly.

The ſtrength of the *Maſſilians* conſiſted in their loyall dealings with their neighbours.

The reſolution of the *Maſſilians*.

Will

Will caſt their infants from their lappes,
Into the fire, to end miſhaps.
The wife will begge with watery eye
Of her deere husbands hand to dye.
And miſchiefes meaſure vp to fill,
The brother will the brother kill.
Such ciuill warre they'le rather make,
Then any other vndertake.
¶ Thus the *Maſsilian Legats* ſaid,
Which ſpeech did *Cæſar* ſo vpbraid,
As that in him it ſtird vp ſpleene
Which in his very lookes were ſeene.
And in theſe tearmes expreſt his teene.

Cæſars anſwere to the *Maſſilians.*

¶ Your *Græcian* race conceiues in vaine,
What courſe we meane to entertaine.
For though our iourney ſeeme to bend
Weſtward for *Spaine*, yet we may ſpend
And ſpare ſufficient time to boote,
To raze your walles vp by the roote.
Reioyce my *Cohorts*, at this hap;
Fate caſts a warre into your lappe.
The bluſtring windes do looſe their grace,
When in the vacant aire they trace,
If no thicke woods withſtand their race.

Cæſars Army cannot indure idleneſſe.

The flaming fire is but a blaſt,
If fewell be not on it caſt:
So is it noiſome vnto me,
Without a warring foe to be.
My troopes that idle life doe rue,
When they meet no rebellious crue,
That with their force they may ſubdue.
Maſsilians thinke they offer faire,
That *Cæſar* may vnarm'd repaire
In priuate ſort ſafe to their ſtate,
Or elſe they will ſhut vp their gate:
I needs muſt ſcorne this double flout,
To ſhut me in, or ſhut me out.

Cæſar diſdains that the *Maſſilians* offer him to come diſarmed into their Towne, or elſe to ſhutte their Gates againſt him as an enemie.

Then they will ſeeme to baniſh farre,
Contagion of a ciuill warre;
But they ſhall ſmart in that they dare

Intreat

Intreat of peace in my affaire,
And by experience well ſhall ſee
None are then thoſe more ſafe and free,
That by my armes protected be.
So hauing ſaid, his troopes he leades
Towards the Towne that nothing dreads,
Whoſe gates were ſhut, & walles well mand
VVith ſtore of youths that on them ſtand.
¶ Not farre from thence *Cæſar* eſpies
A hill, that loftily did riſe.
VVhoſe toppe extends a pretty ſpace,
Fit for a little camping place.
This he eſteem'd a peece of ground,
VVhich all their tents might ſafely bound,
Caſting a trench about it round.
The Cities ſide next fronting this,
A ſtrong and lofty Caſtle is,
VVhoſe toppe euen with this hill is ſeene,
And then a plaine lies both betweene:
VVhere with great labour vp were caſt
Diuers high mounts with Ramparts vaſt.
But firſt on all parts to the land,
VVhereon the Citty walles did ſtand,
He did inuiron round about
VVith trenches and with bulwarkes ſtout.
And this huge worke ſo did conuay,
That all was ſhut vp but the bay.
How great and eterniſing fame
VVas it vnto this Cities name,
That neuer ouer-awd with feare,
In this diſtreſſe, that now they were,
Did ſtill vndaunted courage beare.
Seeing that *Cæſar* had ſo late
Subiected all in ſo ſhort date,
That one towne ſhould oppoſe his fate.
Bootleſſe it is that to fore-ſlow,
VVhich *Fate* ſets downe how it ſhall goe.
Fortune, that haſtens this mans ſway,
And ſaies the world ſhall him obay,
In this but trifles time away.

The ſiege of *Maſſilia*.

Cæſar inuirons *Maſſilia* with a trench on all ſides of the land.

Maſſilia ſhews more valor in reſiſting *Cæſar*, then all *Pompeys* townes in *Italy*.

Downe

Downe goes the woods hand ouer head,
The Okes are from the forreſts ſhred.
With which their works of earth are bound,
Wherby they ſtand more firme and ſound:
That their foundation well may beare
The ſtructures that on them they reare,
which elſe their heft wold *mouldring* teare.
¶ A *Groue* there ſtood full long of yore,
Which none durſt violate before,
Whoſe armes ſo thicke did interlace,
That it obſcured all the place.
The deſcription of a ſtrange and hideous groue neere *Maſſilia*.
And with coole ſhadowes kept off farre,
The glowing beames of *Tytans* carre.
The rurall *Nymphes* here did not wonne,
Nor *Syluane Gods*, nor *Fairies* runne:
But with a barbarous ſacred rite,
For ſacrifice had Altars dight.
The rugged rindes (throughout this wood)
Were ſmer'd and ſtaind with human blood.
If we may credit giue to eld,
That heauenly powers in reuerence held;
The very birds it did affright,
Vpon the boughes to pearch or light.
The ſauadge beaſts did it forbeare,
And would not haunt or kennell there.
No windes on theſe trees ſhewd their force,
Lightning did thence her flames diuorce.
An vgly horrid denne it was,
That neither bred greene leafe or graſſe.
But many ſwarthy ſprings there riſe,
From whence froth-bubling black ſtreams flies:
And there rough hewed pictures ſtands
Of *Gods*, fram'd by ſome bungling hands.
In rotten trunkes of hollow treene,
Strange vncoth ſhapes are often ſeene.
The hideous ſeate of this ſterne place,
Strange ſights in this groue.
With dread makes pale the gazers face.
The vſuall figures daily ſeene
Of *God-heads*, not ſo fearfull beene,
Nor holds mens mindes in ſo great awe

As thoſe they neuer knew or ſaw.
Oft-times from out the hollow ground,
Strange howling voyces did reſound.
Huge *Ew-trees* ſometimes ſeeme to fall,
And ſtraight ſpring vp againe withall.
The fires that run by night in fields,
Twining theſe trees no blaſting yeelds.
About the Okes fell *Dragons* twiſt,
Thither to come no people liſt.
Tis left vnto the powers diuine:
For be it when the Sunne did ſhine,
Or when darke night the earth doth hide,
The Prieſt there ſcarcely durſt abide.
To meet (in ſo great feare he ſtood)
The *God* that patroniz'd this wood.
This groue that neere the campe did ſtand,
Muſt now be feld downe out of hand.
Of which in former warres with *Gaule*,
No ſticke was euer cut at all;
But ſafe vntoucht did ſtand vpright,
Neere other woods deſtroyed quite.
¶ But yet the Souldiers daring mood,
To cut theſe trees diſmaied ſtood,
The reuerent place ſo cool'd their blood.
They thought that if this groue they fell,
The Axes edge would then rebell,
And in reuenge (as thereto loath)
Vpon their limbes turne backe his wroth.
¶ When *Cæſar* ſaw his *Cohorts* put
In ſo great dread this groue to cut;
He takes an *Axe*, and fiercely ſtroake
Vpon a mighty high-growne Oake:
Which when he had halfe hewne a ſunder,
Why mates (quoth he) is this a wonder?
Feare not with me to doe the ſame,
Vpon my head lay all the blame.
Which ſaid, they his command attempt:
But yet from feare not full exempt.
Their mindes in doubt were held at oddes,
To anger *Cæſar*, or the Gods.

This ſhould ſeeme to bee a very melancholy God.

Cæſars Souldiers make ſcruple to cut this groue.

Cæſar by his own example cauſeth his Souldiers to cut down this groue.

The Souldiers doubtful whether to anger *Cæſar* or the Gods.

¶ Then downe is feld the long-grain'd *Aſh*,
The knotty *Holme* in twaine they ſlaſh.
The great *Dodonian Beech* high-growne,
Now with the *Axe* lies ouer-throwne.
The *Alder*, bred by riuers ſides,
As did the reſt, like wracke betides.
The *Cypres*, vſd by thoſe that mourne,
Whilſt noble funerals do burne.
Then did the place ſo fleec'd and ſhorne,
In ſtead of ſhade, let in the morne:
So neere they grew, that being feld,
One tree another vpright held.

The peaſants of *Gaule* grieued to ſee this groue cut downe.

¶ The *Gallicke* peaſants at this ſight,
Condole the ſpoyle with heauy plight.
But all the *Burgers* (from the wall)
Reioyce to ſee this huge down-fall.
They hope this ſacrilegious deed
Againſt the Gods, would vengeance breed.
Yet Fortune oft we ſee doth ſpare
The mighty that moſt guilty are.
And heauenly powers their fury ſlakes,
In plaging wretched harmleſſe ſnakes.

But the *Maſſilians* being glad of it.

¶ When they had trees ſufficient ſtore
To ſerue their turne, they feld no more.
But round about they ſeeke all parts,
To bring in carriages and carts:
Which did the countrey much annoy,
Their plowes in that ſort to imploy.
This ſeaſon ſeru'd the lands to till,
And much it went againſt their will
To let their husbandry ſtand ſtill.

The *Gallicke* peaſants repine that their plowing is hindered by *Cæſars* carriages.

¶ *Cæſar* likewiſe was much inrag'd,
About this ſiege to be engag'd.
His forces were deſign'd a farre,
To be imployd in greater warre,
Againſt his enemies in *Spaine*,
Whoſe armies coaſt the *weſterne* maine.
And therefore to cut off delayes,
A woodden Turret he did raiſe,
Of ſo great height, and large withall,

Cæſar offended to be thus ſtaied before *Maſſilia*.

As

As was the caſtle and the wall.
Which was not fixt vnto the ground,
But borne vpon huge truckles round.
And creeping forward like a ſnayle,
Was not diſcernd how it did trayle.
And when this maſſe did crackling ſhake
The *Townſmen* thoght that ſome *Earthquake*
This hugious ſtructure did ſurpriſe,
And muſd their walles ſhak't not likewiſe,
Yet ſtill their courage did ſubſiſt
The *Romans* ſtoutly to reſiſt.
And not alone with caſting darts,
But with great ſlings they pierce both parts
Of this huge frame, and make ſuch way,
That armed troopes downe-right they ſlay.
And with thoſe maine ſtones from them caſt,
When bones are bruiſd, and liues laid waſt.
More wounds they leaue ſo gaping wide,
That darts had way from ſide to ſide.
Such mighty blowes theſe ſtones do giue,
As when fierce windes do whirling driue,
Againſt ſome old high tottering rocke,
VVhich ſo the cliffe doth teare and ſhocke,
As that on whom the ruines fall,
The bruiſed corpes to death doth ſprall,
And mingles bloud and ioynts withall.
But then to giue them more offence,
VVith thicke conioyned *Target* fence,
They do aſſaile the Citty wall,
And to that fight with courage fall.
Target to *Targe*, borne with high hand,
One doth behinde another ſtand.
The ſides whereof ſo wide extends,
As that their *Nurrions* it defends;
And now the darts that coſt from farre
Their enemies did wound and ſcarre,
Could not preuaile gainſt this cloſe fight,
But ouer-ſlipt their bodies quite.
Then were the *Townſmen* new to ſeeke
Some other meanes that were more like

Cæſar erects Engines againſt the walles of *Maſſilia.*

The *Maſſilians* wonder at *Cæſars* Tower, to ſee it goe and ſhake.

The *Maſſilians* reſiſting engines

The walles aſſaulted by *Cæſars* ſouldiers.

The ſtrength of the *Romans* target-fence.

How to offend, which did them paine
How to begin to learne againe
To vſe their darts with faſhions ſtrange,
And practiſd weapons now to change.
Therefore (in ſtead therof) they choſe
With armes vnarm'd vpon their foes,
Huge ſtones to ding downe from the walles,
Whoſe weight might cruſh them with their falles.
But ſo firme ſtood their cluſtred ſheelds,
That to thoſe ſtones no more they yeelds
Then toppes of houſes breake or faile
With whirling ſhowers of ratling haile:
Which on the tile ſtones ſound and dance,
So from this fence the ſtones did glance.
Yet ſtill the *Burgers* grew more fierce,
And with continuall heaps did pierce
This Target-fence, and at the length
Diſioyn'd their ſtrong connexed ſtrength:
So as the *Cohorts* ouer-toyl'd,
Seuer'd themſelues, and then recoy'ld.
But therewithall came new ſupplies,
Who then another Engine tries.
Their *Vinias* to the wall they brought,
Couerd with greene turfes all aloft.
Whoſe hollow pent-houſe ſheluing ſteepe,
Did them from blowes and danger keepe:
Then with the Pick-axe and the ſpade,
The walles foundation they inuade,
And ſo began to vndermine,
Safely protected with their *Vine*.
The battering *Ramme* then forth they bring
Whoſe hanging huge heft with a ſwing
Firme couched ſtones down tottring bring
And whilſt the force thereof they try,
The *Burgers* heape downe from a hye
Such monſtrous logs and quenchleſſe flames
VVith fiered brands to burne theſe frames.
And ſtill theſe fires doe ſo renew,
That the ſcorch't flames in ſunder flew:
VVhereat the Souldiers tyr'd with paine,

The Target-fence at laſt broken, and Souldiers retire.

With an other Engine the walles are begun to be vndermined.

The Ramme brought to the walles.

The *Romans* retire to their campe, ſeeing their Engines burnt & ſpoyled.

Seeing

Seing their labour lost in vaine,
Home to their Tents retir'd againe.
¶ The *Burgers* then the *Gods* did craue,
Their Citty walles from wracke to saue.
And therewithall with courage stout,
Their youths by night did sally out;
Pressing vpon the *Roman* bands,
And closely carried in their hands
Fierce wild-fire balles, which they with slings
Amongst the hostile army flings.
No other Armes with them they tooke,
Their darts for that time they forsooke.
Their bended bowes were laid aside,
Onely those whorling fires they try'd:
Which kindling flame with winde enrag'd,
Their campe most desperatly ingag'd.
And with such fury did inuade,
The workes and Towers that they had made
Of wood and timber, though but greene,
Yet did the flames so creepe betweene
With smouldring heat the ioints and floores
That searching fire the boords deuoures.
Wch spred abrode such swarth-thick smokes,
As that the aire it dampes and chokes.
At last this flame was growne so fierce,
As that it did not onely pierce
Their timber-frames so strong compact,
But with like force in sunder crack't
The very stones new dig'd from ground,
Wherwith their structurs were compound
So wasting fire did all confound,
And these maine ruines ouer-cast
In hugenesse farre the workes surpast.
¶ The *Romans* thus distrest by land,
Do now resolue to take in hand
To try their fortunes on the seas;
But not with ships the eye to please,
Adorn'd and painted on their sides
With formes of *Gods* their sailes that guides.
But rough and rude made vp in haste,

The *Massilians* sally out, and set fire on the *Roman* fortifications & engines.

If *Cæsar* had beene as well resisted by *Pompeys* Captaines in *Italy*, or by *Pompey* himselfe in *Rome*, hee had not found so easie and speedy a conquest.

Great spoyle by fire in the *Roman* Campe

The *Romans* doe now prepare to attempt the towne by sea.

Of trees new cut, ſtrong built, and vaſte,
Compact with knees and timber ſure,
That ſeas and tempeſts would endure.
This nauy rig'd, forthwith they guide,
Aſſiſted both with winde and tide,
Vnto the mouth of *Rhodanus*,
Where being all aſſembled thus,
On *Brutus* they attendance gaue,
Whoſe ſhip was ſtout, high carg'd, & braue.
Then hoyſing ſailes, they rang'd the ſeas
Alongſt the ſhores of *Stœcades*.
The *Greeke Maſſilians* in like ſort,
Prouide themſelues within their port.
No leſſe reſolu'd to venter blowes
Vpon the ſeas, againſt their foes.
And in this minde with courage bold,
They man their ſhips with yong and old.
And doe not ſet out to this fight,
Onely thoſe veſſels in good plight;
But rig'd vp ſhips decay'd and torne,
That in the dockes lay then forlorne.
¶ *Phœbus* no ſooner with his beames
Glitter'd vpon the *Ocean* ſtreames,
Blunting his darts on *Neptunes* face,
And from the skies the clouds did chaſe.
The North-winds laid, the South-wind ſtill,
The ſeas all calme for fight at will:
But they wey'd anchor, and did load
Their yards with ſailes, and left the roade.
¶ Here *Cæſars* fleet their Oares do plye,
There do the *Grekes* like labour try:
And with ſuch ſway their ſtrokes they take,
As that the very keeles did quake.
The lofty ſhips are drawne on faſt,
By thoſe that to the fight make haſte.
¶ The *Roman* wings compoſed were
Of many ſhips, whereof ſome beare
Three bankes of Oares, and foure ſome,
Others had more the ſeas to ſcumme.
And with this ſtrength into the deepe

The *Roman* fleet, whereof *Decius Brutus* was Admirall.

The *Maſſilians* prouide to incounter the *Romans* on the ſea.

The *Roman* wings on the ſea.

They

They lanch, and creſcent order keepe.
Whereas *Liburnian* Gallies goe,
With Oares of two bankes and no moe.
Yet *Brutus Gallion Admirall,*
With ſixe bankes went ſtouteſt of all,
And with long Oares their ſtrokes let fall.
Brutus his *Gallion.*
¶ When in the maine both of theſe fleets
In battell rang'd together meetes:
Confronting with their force ſo neere,
As that their Oares could ſcarce goe cleere,
The battaile on the ſea begun.
Such ſhouts and clamors they did make,
As that the very aire did ſhake.
And with the voyces that rebound,
The claſhing of the Oares were drown'd,
And did ſuppreſſe the Trumpets ſound.
The rowers then the blew waues teare
And on their benches fall and reare,
Whilſt Oares each other ouer-beare.
Their beake heads firſt together foyne,
Then caſt about their ſternes to ioyne,
And did ſo faſt their darts let flye,
As that their numbers cloud the skye,
And on the ſea in heapes did lye.
About againe with ſpeed they tacke,
Prow againſt Prow doth ſhocke and cracke:
And many ſhips ſcattred abrode
Againe relying, lay on loade.
As when the *Eaſterne* windes oppoſe
The *Southerne* gales, that ſternly blowes.
One way with force the billowes ſweepes,
Another way the current keepes.
So in the deepes the *Gallies* range,
Vncertainly with flitting change.
For when their Oares haue forward ply'd,
Backe are they checkt with winde and tide.
But the *Maſſilian* gallies are
Of ſaile and ſtirrage much more yare,
The *Maſſilian* ſhips nimble and ſwift.
Nimble and light to leaue or take,
And on their ſtaies quicke ſpeed can make.
Whereas the *Roman* ſteady ſhips

With

The *Roman* ſhips ſtout, & of deepe draught.

With deeper draughts their bottomes dips.
And in the ſeas do vpright ſtand,
As fierce for fight, as on the land.
The maiſter of that *Gallion* ſtout,
That Admiral'd the *Roman* rout,
Sitting vpon the puppe on hye,
From whence he all the courſe might eye.

Brutus ſtout words to the maiſter of his Gallion.

Brutus to him aloud thus ſpake.
What worke (quoth he) meane you to make?
Shall my fleet idle range the coaſt,
That you your marine Art may boaſt?
We hither come prepar'd for fight,
Againſt our foes to ſhew our might.
Come bring vs therefore ſword to ſword,
Lay me the ſtouteſt *Greekes* aboord.
Theſe words of *Brutus* he obayes,
His broad ſide to the foe he layes.
But whoſoeuer of the foes
Did ſhocke their ſides, or changed blowes

Brutus ſhip ſtil victorious.

With *Brutus* ſhippe, him grappling faſt,
He boords, and ouercame at laſt.
The other *Gallies* waſt to waſt,
With hookes and chaines doe grapple faſt.
And by the Oares did hold each other,
The fighting ſhips the ſeas did ſmother.
But now they doe not make their warre
With ſlings and engines caſt a farre.
Thoſe deadly wounds the life that parts,
Are not from Iron-headed darts.

The fury of this ſea-fight when the fleets ioyned.

But now they buckle hand to hand,
The ſea-fight doth on ſharpe ſwords ſtand.
The ſhips aloft are man'd and arm'd,
And fiſt to fiſt incountring ſwarm'd.
Dead bodies on the hatches fell,
Their bloud amongſt the waues doe mell
In ſuch abundance, that the froth
Of clotted gore, made *Neptune* wroth.
And whilſt with force their arms they ſtraine
To linke themſelues with grappling chaine.
The bodies ſlaine in heapes ſo rides,

They

They cannot ioyne their ſides to ſides.
Some halfe dead ſprawling down-right ſink,
Some their own bloud with ſalt-waues drink.
Others halfe drownd reſiſting death,
Struggling for life with lateſt breath,
VVith timbers from crack't ſhips that ſlid,
Out of their paines are quickly rid.
And many darts that ouer-ſlips
The fight, into the Ocean dips.
Miſſing the markes their force to ſtay,
Embrue their ſteele another way.
Lighting on thoſe that ſwimming fleet,
VVho in the waues new wounds do meet.
¶ The *Romans* now are throughly try'd,
Encompaſt round on euery ſide.
And then the fury of the fight,
Straines on the left hand and the right.
VVhere whilſt that *Tagus* deales his blowes
From his high puppe on *Greekiſh* foes,
Two diſmall darts light on his breaſt,
And ſteepe their ſteele deepe in his cheaſt.
So as the bloud did ſtand in doubt
At whether wound it ſhould guſh out.
Vntill at length the boyling blood,
Draue both the darts out with their flood.
So life departed with the gore,
The wounds did open death a dore.
¶ *Maſſilian Telo*, wretched wight,
The *Gally* guided to this fight,
A better Mariner was none,
That had more Art and practiſe ſhowne
Of any ſhip to finde the trimme,
In wrought ſeas how ſhe beſt might ſwimme.
Nor better knew his markes a farre,
Nor how to take the *Sunne* and *Starre*.
Nor better geſt which way the winde
VVas likelieſt to be enclin'd.
This maiſter with his braſſe-beake head,
Out of a *Roman* ſhip had ſhred
A mighty plank; but loe the while,

A terrible deſcription of a ſea-battle.

A *Roman* called *Tagus*, ſlain with two wounds.

Telo, an excellent *Pilate* of the *Maſſilians* ſlaine.

His

His breaſt was pierc'd through with a pile.
And as this worthy Pilot dy'd,
Out of his hand the helme did ſlide.

Gayareus, a *Maſſilian*.

¶ Then whilſt *Gayareus Gallicke Greeke*,
Another ſhippe doth bordering ſtreeke,
And ſtraines to enter her by fight,
A Iauelin pierc'd his bowels quite,
And to the ſhip ſide nailes him faſt,
VVhere he muſt hang if ſteele-head laſt.

Two *Maſſilian* brothers twins ſlaine in this battell whereof one ſhewed admirable valour.

¶ Two brothers did this fight adorne,
Twins hard to know, at one birth borne.
Theſe glorious teſtimonies were,
Of that rich wombe that did them beare.
But ſundry fates did them purſue,
Though from one ſelf-ſame root they grew:
For one of them in this ſterne fight,
VVith fatall ſtroke was reft the light.
And him the parents better knew
That did ſuruiue, wanting the view
Of him late ſlaine, of ſemblant hue,
A chance that much lamenting breedes,
His halfe-ſelfe loſt, his dolour feeds.
This brother that as yet ſuruiues,
Againſt a *Roman* Gally ſtriues,
VVho though the oares his breaſt withſtand
Yet on her ſide he graſpt his hand,
Till one dire ſtroke the hand did reaue,
VVhich to his hold ſtill faſt did cleaue;

True valor increaſeth with miſ-fortune.

Not vtterly depriu'd of ſence,
VVhoſe ioints wold not be loſd from thence
Now valor with miſhap increaſt,
The noble ſtumpe more wrath expreaſt.
Stirring vp then his left hands might,
To take reuenge of this deſpight,
But as hee ſtoop't for to recouer
The firſt loſt hand, he loſt the other;
And both into the ſea did fall,
Slaſht from the body arme and all.
Thus of his limbes diſpoild and wrack't,
His Target both and ſword he lack't:

Yet

Yet for all this aloft he bides,
And vnder hatches neuer hides.
But his bare trunke he did diſplay
On his ſlaine brother where he lay,
Whil'ſt many wounds he did aſſay.
And then as one that life diſdaines,
Other mens harmes he entertaines;
Vntill at laſt, with wounds oppreſt,
Finding that life would leaue his breaſt,
That little ſtrength that yet remaines
He doth collect into his vaines;
And with that ſmall ſtore of life-blood,
He armes his legges, and with fierce mood
Into the ſhip did leaping ruſh,
That with his weight he might her cruſh.
This ſhip oppreſt with ſlaughtered limbes,
The bloud about the hatches ſwimmes:
And being crack't with many a cruſh,
That oft a-thwart her ribbes did bruſh:
Her knees were looſd, her ioynts did ope,
The leakes in her did giue free ſcope
The waues ſo faſt to ſucke and gull,
That all her deckes at laſt were full.
Then to the bottome downe ſhe ſinkes,
Making a gulfe with circling crinkes.
The hollow where the ſhip did ride,
That did before the waues diuide,
Is now againe with ſeas ſupply'd.
This day in midſt of *Thetis* lappe
Many ſtrange accidents did happe.
¶ Then whilſt into another ſhip,
The *Harping-irons* they did ſlip,
Which in her ſides their hooks ſhould fixe,
In *Lycida* one of them ſtickes;
Which would haue hald him ouer-boord,
But that his mates their helpe affoord:
And by the legges ſtill held him faſt,
Till he in peeces flew at laſt;
Whereby his bloud dropt not ſo ſlow
As that which from a wound doth flow:

A reuenging humor ſtrangely expreſt.

A Gally fighting is ſunke down-right.

Lycida miſerably tortured betwixt his foes and his friends.

But

But out at euery broken vaine
A ſtreame of crimſon guſht amaine.
And that which wont was to impart
Life to the limbes from out the heart,
With that ſame element was mixt,
That earth and aier lies betwixt.
Neuer did any dying wight
So many wayes breathe out his ſpright.
The lower parts of that torne trunke,
Depriu'd of ſpirits, fainting ſhrunke.
But where the lungs and liuer lies,
And nobleſt parts that heat ſupplies,
That did a while his breath prolong,
And ſtill for life did ſtruggle ſtrong.
But he with ſtretching grew ſo lither,
That limbe with limbe ſcarce held together.
¶ Now whilſt the fight is fiercely try'd,
The Souldiers all runne to that ſide,
Whereas the foes doe thickeſt ſtand,
And left the other ſide vnmand.
A ſhip ouer-whelmed by the running of the men all to one ſide.
With which vnequall poiſe ore-way'd,
One ſhip is topſie-turuy ſway'd,
And dooth into the *Ocean* reele,
And ouer head turnes vp her keele:
Which ſo oppreſſed all the ſwarme,
That none could ſtretch a legge or arme,
So was the *Mary Roſe* loſt before *Portſmouth* in a fight againſt the French in the dayes of *Henry* the 8.
Whereby to ſwim and ſaue their liues,
And ſo the ſea their breath depriues.
¶ Thus death amongſt them al doth raue,
For whilſt one youth did ſtriue to ſaue
His life, by ſwimming on the waue,
Two hoſtile ſhips together ran,
Which 'twixt them bare this hapleſſe man,
And with ſuch force their powers did ruſh,
That fleſh and bones together cruſh.
A miſerable deſtiny.
The body was not of ſuch proofe,
To keepe thoſe ſhips ſo farre aloofe:
But they ſo cloſe together fall,
That their braſſe beakes did ring withall.
Herewith his belly being ript

Into

Into the panch the water ſlipt.
And at his mouth he powred out
His bloud and bowels like a ſpout.
But now the Oares doe backward ſteere,
So as their beake-heads were ſet cleere:
And ſo this carkaſſe rent and ſlit,
Vpon the waues did weltring flit.
¶ There were beſide a hugie rout,
That ſuffering ſhipwracke ſwamme about
To ſaue their liues, and to that end
Sought for ſome ſhip that was a frend.
But by miſchance they light vpon
A *Greekiſh Gally* of their fone,
Hanging vpon her ſides and helme,
So thick, that might her ouer-whelme:
Wherewith the ſouldiers then aboord,
Hewd off their armes with edge of ſword.
And left the hands claſpt on the ſides,
From whence their maimed bodies ſlides.
So as they could no more ſuſtaine
Themſelues, by ſwimming on the maine.
¶ Now in this battailes long euent,
Were darts and weapons almoſt ſpent.
But fury then prouides for Armes,
With Oares now one another harmes.
The ſtaues that flagges and Enſignes beare,
They from the banners ſnatch and teare.
With benches whereon they did ſit,
The rowers one another ſmit,
And peeces from the ſhip ſides ſplit.
Their fellowes that in heapes lye ſlaine,
Vpon the deckes they ſearch againe,
That they their weapons might retaine.
Others to ſhew their dreadleſſe hearts,
Out of their wounds doe raſh the darts,
And with their left hands cloſe the ſore,
So to repreſſe the bubling gore,
Which ſtriues that way to finde a vent,
Whereas the lance had made a dent.
¶ But all this hauocke by the ſeas,

The diuers ſtrange aduentures of a ſea-fight.

The weapons all ſpent, what ſhift was made to offend one another.

Was not to be compar'd to theſe,
That laſt of all they did inuent,
By a contrary element.
For now enrag'd with greater ire,
The cruelty of fire in a ſea-fight. They caſt abrode ſuch deſperate fire,
Compoſd of brimſtone, pitch and oyle,
Wherein their darts they wrap and foyle.
And then ſuch wild-fire balles doe make,
Whoſe flames no waters force can ſlake,
But on the ſhips quicke hold will take:
Where they incounter ropes and boords,
That tarre and roſin ſtore affoords;
Stuffe that will quickly flame retaine,
And hard to be extinct againe.
The boords that from the ſhips ſides ſhakes,
To auoid fire, ſome drowned themſelues. Theſe fiers hand-faſt on them takes.
Here ſome doe plunge into the ſeas,
The ſcorching flames ſo to appeaſe.
Others to eſcape drowning aduenture vpon the flames. Others in danger of the waues,
Hold by thoſe plankes that flaming raues;
So whilſt mongſt many deaths they runne,
No death ſo much they ſtriu'd to ſhunne,
Any death ſeemes more eaſie to men, then that which they moſt doubt. As that which firſt they apprehend
Did threaten them their liues to end.
Yet all theſe ſhip-wrackes nought auaile,
Their courage to abaſe or quaile:
But on the ſeas the darts that flow
They gather vp, at ſhippes to throw,
With thoſe faint hands that them ſuſtaine,
By ſwimming in the rowling maine.
And when they cannot meet with darts,
Great malice expreſt. Another way they play their parts.
When one foe doth another ſpy,
They ſtraight together ſtruggling try,
Till both downe to the bottome flye.
¶ Amongſt the reſt in this fierce fight,
Phoceus an excellent ſwimmer and diuer drowned at laſt. A man there was that *Phoceus* hight,
A Souldier of a gallant ſpright,
That well could ſwim, and well could diue,
And vnder water long ſuruiue,

So

So as for need the bottomes ſands,
He would take vp with diuing hands.
Or if the Anchors hooke were bound,
He could vnlooſe it from the ground.
Or fixe the cable, that by chance
From out the Anchors ring did glance.
This fellow fingles out a foe,
And in his armes doth graſpe him ſo,
That to the bottome both do goe.
There him he ſtrangles in the mud,
Then lifts himſelfe aboue the floud.
But after this againe he tries
In ſemblant ſort to diue and riſe:
And as his head aloft he reares,
Againſt a ſhip his skull he teares;
Wherewith he downe-right ſunke amaine,
And neuer roſe aliue againe.
Some now the hoſtile oares by might
Would hold and ſtay their ſhips from flight.
But that which moſt did all offend,
Was vnreueng'd their liues to end.
Many that ſaw their death draw nye,
Would on the ſhip ſides hazards try.
And ſo the beake-head brace and clip,
To beare the blow from off the ſhip.
¶ Then *Lygdanus* by chance did eye,
Tyrrhenus mounted loftily,
Strowting vpon a Gallions puppe,
A ſling and bullet he takes vp,
And ſent it with a ſtrength ſo fierce,
That both his temples it did pierce;
From whence a ſtreame of bloud forth flies,
And after it ſtarts out his eyes.
His ſight thus rap't, amaz'd did ſtand,
And thought this darknes was deaths hand.
But when his ſprights were come againe
That did true valor ſtill retaine;
My mates (quoth he) that ſo well know
The piercing dart a farre to throw,
Direct me now a right to ſtand,

Some that expoſe their bodies to ſaue the ſhips from bruiſing.

Lygdanus.

Tyrrhenus a valiant *Roman.*

That I may vſe my darting hand.
Then to himſelfe a lowd he ſpake,
Tyrrhene goe now and vndertake
In warre all hazards that may chance,
Thy end more brauely to aduance.
Such noble thoughts this man halfe ſlaine
Did in his haughty heart retaine.
My wel-ſteel'd dart, *Ioue* grant thou light
Vpon ſome gallant worthy wight.
So ſaid, his dart he forth did ſtraine
With his blinde arme, yet not in vaine,
But did a luſty younker ſmite,
Of noble bloud, he *Argus* hight.
The point his very nauell hit,
But pierc'd it not halfe through as yet;
Vntill he groueling downe did fall,
Which preſt the head home ſhaft and all.
¶ When this happe *Argus* did betide,
His father on the other ſide,
Did in a conquer'd Gally ſtand,
Great was his worth by ſea and land;
For he in all the *Phocians* warres,
Gaue place to none that doing dares.
But now with eld was weake and ſpent,
And yet vnto this battaile went;
Not as a Souldier to obay,
But in high place to rule and ſway.
Now when this diſmall chance he ſpy'd,
Ouer the ſeats he ſtraines to ſtride:
And ſo poore man ſtill clambring vp,
Made ſhift to come vnto the puppe:
Where when he ſaw his *Argus* lye
Gaſping for life, at point to dye,
No teares fell from the old mans eye,
Neither did he outraging cry;
But numneſſe did his ſence ſurpriſe,
And darkneſſe did benight his eyes.
His body ſodainly grew cold,
His hands out-ſtretcht could nothing hold.
And in this trance and ſenceleſſe plight,

It ſeemed that blinde *Fortune* guided this blinde mans hand.

Argus a noble youth ſlaine.

The griefe of a father for his ſlaine ſonne, not expreſt by teares, nor cries, but by a reſolute death.

He

He had forgot his *Argus* quite.
But he sweet youth his head did becke,
That faintly reeled on his necke.
And lifts it vp a little space,
When first he glimpst his fathers face.
His law-falne mouth no voyce forth sends,
But silent to his father bends;
And beckes his head as lateſt blisse,
From his old lippes to get a kisse.
And with best meanes he could deuise,
Pointed to him to close his eyes.
The griping sorrow that did straine
This poore old man in euery vaine,
Puts rage and spright in him againe.
Well now (quoth he) I'le loose no time,
This wracke is chanced for my crime.
The direfull *Fates* as they ordaine
Shall haue me, by mine owne hand slaine.
Deare *Argus* my sweet boy dispence
With thy sad fathers late offence,
In that I did not thee embrace,
Nor with last duties kisse thy face.
As yet thy wound doth not so draine,
The life-blood out of euery vaine,
But that thy lookes good hope do giue,
That thou a while maist longer liue.
No sooner had he said that word,
But straight he fell vpon his sword,
Which he draue to the very hilt;
Yet not content with his bloud spilt,
Into the sea he head-long flies,
One way to death could not suffice.
¶ This fortune now drawes to an end
Which way the victory shall tend.
No longer cause there doth remaine,
Hazards of battaile to maintaine.
Most of *Massilian* fleet is drownd,
The rest for *Roman* seruice bound.
Whose rowers when they changed were,
The *Roman* victors in them beare.

A lamentable meeting.

Old *Argus* his speech to his dying sonne.

The old man pursues a double death.

The *Massilian* ships serue the conquering *Romans*.

A few with ſpeed away did flye,
For ſhelter in ſome harbours nye;
The lamentation in *Maſſilia*. But now what tongue can well expreſſe
The Cities fright and heauineſſe?
How fathers for their ſonnes lament,
What teares the wailing mothers ſpent.
And how the wiues vpon the ſhore,
In forlorne troopes would ſearch and pore
Amongſt the waues diſtain'd with gore:
The *Maſſilians* affection to their ſlaine friends. Where they their husbands *corps* might haue
Disfigured weltring in the waue.
But often-times their markes did miſſe,
And for a *Greeke*, a *Roman* kiſſe.
The fathers with like ſtrife deſires
To giue their ſonnes their funerall fires.
Brutus victorious on the ſea. But *Brutus* with triumphant hands,
Victor vpon the *Ocean* ſtands.
And on the ſea firſt purchaſt fame
With victory to *Cæſars* name.

Finis Libri tertij.

Lucans Pharſalia.

The fourth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

CEſar *vpon a lofty mount*
Incamped, doth his foes afront,
Neere to Ilerdas *ſtately walles;*
Where by the rage of water falles
Beeing diſtreſt; thence his Cohorts
Hee ouer Sicoris *tranſports:*
And doth Petreius *hoaſt purſue;*
Where both the Campes a league renew.
Which wickedly Petreius *brake,*
And Friendſhip did with Slaughter ſlake.
His Campe then Cæſar *doth incloſe,*
And ſo oppreſt his ſtaruing foes,
That proud Petreius *and his bands*
Seeke mercy now at Cæſars *hands.*
Meane while Antonius *men are ſlaine*
Vpon the Adriaticke *maine:*
Whereas Vulteius *and his mates,*
Moſt glorioufly doe end their dates.
Then Curio *on the* Lybicke *coaſt*
Is ouer-throwne with all his hoaſt.

FIERCE *Cæſar* now in Climes a farre,
Doth ſeriouſly purſue his warre:
And yet his Mart doth mildly wage,
Free from reuenge, or bloody rage.
Chiefly hee doth affect to ſee,
Of what import theſe Captaines be;

Afranius

Afranius and *Petreius* command in *Spain* for *Pompey*.

Afranius and *Petreius* were
The two that all the ſway did beare.
The power was equall that they held
Ouer the Troopes, in Towne or field:
In campe they no precedence haue,
Either of themthe watch-word gaue.
Theſe had beſides their *Latium* bands,
Swift Souldiers from *Aſturian* lands:
And to them ioyn'd the *Vectons* light,
With all that people that tooke flight
From *Gaule*, to mixe their race with *Spaine*:
VVho *Celtiberian* name retaine.

¶ A place there is that naturally
Doth raiſe it ſelfe vp loftely;
And is a fertile plot of ground,
In midſt whereof a hillocke round
Extends it ſelfe with ample bound.

The Cittie *Ilerda*.

On toppe whereof *Ilerda* ſtands,
Founded long ſince by Antique hands:
VVhoſe gallant ſeat, and ſtately walles,
Are waſhed with the water falles

The Riuer *Sicoris*.

Of pleaſant *Sicoris*, not leaſt
Of thoſe ſweet ſtreames that *Spaine* do feaſt;
Shap't like a bow on either ſides:
A bridge of ſtone this flood beſtrides.
And vnto it a rocke is nye,

Afranius camp

VVhere *Pompey's* men incamped lye:

Cæſars Campe.

VVhence *Cæſars* Tents are plainly ſeene
High pitcht vpon a lofty greene;
The Riuer runnes the Campes betweene.
VVhich field in largeneſſe doth extend
Further then ſight can comprehend.
And this great *Champion* circling round

The Riuer *Cinga*.

Swift *Cingas* ſtreames doth ſafely bound.
VVhich is reſtrain'd to dippe or laue
His ſiluer breaſt in *Neptunes* waue:
For he his ſtreames hath intermixt
VVith one great Flood that runs betwixt:

The Riuer *Iberius*.

And *Iberus* it hath to name,
From whom that word *Iberia* came.

¶ At

At firſt ſight no exploits were vſd,
But was from bloudy Mart excuſd:
For both the Captaines ſpent this day
To view their ſtrength, and bands ſuruay.
This ſtrife remorce of minde did rue,
And ſhame the rage of Armes withdrew:
Their Countries ſake, and wronged lawes,
Gaue one dayes leaſure for a pauſe.
No ſooner day began to lurke,
But *Cæſar* ſets great Troopes a worke,
As long as all the night did laſt,
About his Campe a trench to caſt.
And then before this worke, the whiles
His armed bandes he rankes and files,
And with this ſlight his foe beguiles.
No ſooner day his firſt light lends,
But *Cæſar* ſtraight ſome legions ſends
To take a hill, that mid-way roſe
Betweene *Ilerda* and his foes.
Afranius then ('twixt feare and ſhame)
Was forc'd to entertaine this game,
And firſt with ſpeed poſſeſt the ſame.
The one by ſword and valor ſtraue,
At his command the hill to haue:
The others for their right conteſt,
Already of the place poſſeſt.
But *Cæſars* men laden with Armes,
The Rockes doe clamber vp in ſwarmes.
And though the place were crag'd & ſteepe,
Where footing failes, they crawle & creepe:
And when they hold or handfaſt lackes,
Others with ſhields ſupport their backes.
No fitting roome that place affoords
To throw their darts, or fight with ſwords.
Their Piles into the banke they ſtake,
And by them mounting ſteppes do make.
And whilſt by ſhrubs and cragges they ſtay,
Through buſhes they hacke out a way.
But *Cæſar* (ſeeing that his Troopes
For want of helpe in danger droopes)
Forthwith

Remorſe in both the Armies.

Cæſars ſpeedy expedition.

An incounter betweene *Cæſars* and *Afranius* Souldiers.

The admirable courage & vndertaking humor of *Cæſars* men.

Forthwith his aids of horſemen ſends,
Commanding them to backe their frends.
And that they ſhould with circling ring,
Charge home vpon the left hand wing.
So by this meanes vp to the top
His foot-men gat, and found no ſtop:
For they that firſt the hill did gaine,
Did now retire from thence amaine,
Their honour loſt, and labour vaine.
Onely this while the chance of warre,
On either ſide did make a marre.
But now the hazards that enſue,
From the vncertaine motions grew,
Which then the aires vntemperance drew.
¶ The winter ſeaſons chilly froſt,
With *Northerne* windes are turn'd and toſt.
And now the aire within it ſhrouds,
Abundant heapes of cluſtred clouds.
The hilles lay cou'red thicke with ſnow,
And all the fields that lye more low,
Wanting the comfort of the ſunne,
With hoary miſts are ouer-runne.
The vtmoſt coaſts that *weſtward* lye
Were hardned with the freezing skye.
But when the bright-beam'd *Tytan* came
To lodge him with the gold fleec'd *Ramme*,
That in the ſeas did *Helles* beare,
VVhen from his backe ſhe fell for feare,
And with his flaming rayes did bring
More warmth vnto the moiſty ſpring.
And with an equall poyſe vpright,
Did ballance out the day and night.
Then *Cinthia's* hornes but late renew'd,
Did *Boreas* from the aire exclude,
VVhich was with *Eaſterne* ſhine endu'd.
This *Eaſt* wind with *Nabathean* blaſts,
A looſe from his owne quarter caſts
The clouds that with him did reſide,
And thoſe that in *Arabia* bide.
And all thoſe vaporing miſts that mounts

Cæſar winnes the hill from *Afranius*.

A deſcription of winter.

Into

Into the aire from *Ganges* founts:
Or whatſoeuer elſe the Sunne
By his attractiue power had wonne,
Or any fogges that *North-weſt* winde
Hath to the *Eaſterne* clime deſign'd,
Or that the *Indian* aire did binde.
¶ Theſe clouds remou'd from out that sky,
The dayes began with heat to fry:
Nor *South* nor *North* doe tempeſts feele,
Their rackes with cleered face doe wheele.
But now the *Weſterne* world of *Spaine*,
Theſe rowles of clouds doth entertaine.
So this part of the globy round,
That with his cliffes doth *Thetis* bound,
Theſe cluſtred wool-packes ſo confound,
As that the aire all thicke is ſeene,
That lies the heauen and earth betweene;
And hardly roome there did remaine,
Theſe bundled vapours to containe,
But preſt, do powre down ſhowres amaine.
The thunder now the flaſh holds backe
Of lightning, that precedes the cracke,
They are no ſooner ſet on flame,
But the moiſt clowds do quench the ſame.
Here *Iris* now begins to ſhow
Some part of her halfe-circled bow;
But not in wonted colours dy'd,
The beauty thereof thicke clouds hide.
Her thirſt ſhe in the *Ocean* ſlakes,
And to the clouds beares what ſhee takes:
And when they are diſperſt againe,
They ſhowring fall into the maine.
And now the *Pyrenean* hilles,
Whoſe heapes of ſnow neuer diſtilles
By any vigor of the Sunne,
In torrents downe do ſwiftly runne;
Diſſolu'd with mighty raines that fall,
Which thoſe ſteepe rockes do bathe withall.
So as the monſtrous ſtreames that ſlides
Downe from thoſe hugie Mountaines ſides;

Foule & tempeſtious weather in *Spaine*.

The Rain-bow

The mounts *Pyreñes*.

So

A great inundation.

So faſt into the riuers flye,
And doe their channels raiſe ſo hye,
As that their bankes they ouer-ſtride
For want of roome, their courſe to guide.
And ouer all the field ſo skimmes,
That *Cæſars* Campe now floting ſwimmes:
And with the rage of this fierce flood,
The tents are ſwept from whence they ſtood.
The medowes and the paſtures dry,
All in a poole do bathing lye:

Famine in *Cæſars* campe.

So as no cattell they can get,
Nor ought elſe whereof to make meate,
Nor fodder for their horſe to eate.
For thoſe that goe to fetch in pray,
In vnknowne paths doe range and ſtray,
And doubtfull roame on euery hand,
The floods ſo couers all the land.
¶ Now miſchiefes mate, dire famines rage,
So playes his part vpon this ſtage,
That *Cæſars* troopes to ruine goes,
And yet beſieged with no foes.
One Souldier giues a heape of gaine
Onely to buy a little of graine,
Yet therein ſhewes no prodigue vaine.
O hatefull humor *Couetiſe*,
Whoſe quenchleſſe thirſt nought can ſuffiſe.

The force of Auarice.

A ſtarued man cannot with-hold,
But he will ſell his food for gold.
The mountaines now and hilles are hid,
The floods hath all things ouer-ſtrid:
One onely face of waters vaſte,
Hath all the lands cleane ouer-caſt.
No troopes of craggy cliffes are kend,
To ſauadge cotes where wilde beaſts dend,

A great deluge.

Vpon this ore-growne waters driues,
Where beaſts ſwim ſtrugling for their liues.
There flote the neighing Courſers braue,
Snatcht vp with this all-ſweeping waue:
Which more then did the Ocean raue.
The Sunne to darkneſſe ſo gaue way

That

That night was all as cleare as day.
Heauens face with ſuch confuſion mourn'd,
That all was topſie-turuy turn'd:
And as the *Poles*, and *Northerne Zones*,
So vnder cold this milde clime grones.
No twinkling ſtarres by night are ſeene,
The frozen earth brings forth no greene;
The chill num'd aire did coole the heate,
That makes the *Torrid Zone* to ſweate.
¶ Great guider of this endleſſe *All*,
Let theſe dire miſchiefes ſo befall:
And *Neptune*, thou that haſt next place,
Aſſiſt vs with thy powerfull mace.
O *Ioue!* doe not theſe clouds reſtraine, An imprecation againſt ciuill warre.
But let them fill the aire with raine.
And *Neptune*, when thou forth doſt ſend
Thy ſtreames, forbid them backe to bend
Their courſe, nor let them haue
Retrait to thee; but with thy waue
Repulſe the refuge that they craue;
And with thy Trident ſtrike the ground,
That fountaines may from thence abound.
Let *Rhenus* ouer-whelme theſe fields,
And *Rhodanus* that ſwift ſtreame yeelds.
Yea let all ſpring-heads flye at large,
And on this ſoile their ſourſe diſcharge.
Let mount *Rhypheus* ſnowes diſcend,
And euery lake to this place bend.
Let ponds and Pooles that ſtand at ſtay,
With oblique courſe encline this way;
Whereby the world may finde releaſe
From ciuill warres, that vs oppreſſe.
But *Fortune*, with this little tutch,
Is pleaſd to thinke all done, to much,
Vntill ſhe *Cæſar* doe reſtore
Vnto her fauours, as before.
And all the Gods are now in paine
To make this man amends againe.
The aire therefore is rarefy'd,
And *Phœbus* with his wonted pride

Diſſolues theſe wool-packes in the skies;
Aurora bluſhing red doth riſe.
Each thing his wonted order takes,
The ſtarres from them moiſt humors ſhakes;
And where dampe miſts too much abound,
They are confin'd within the ground.
The groues begin with leaues to bud,
The hilles are ſeene aboue the flud.
The vallies and the pleaſant meades
Firme graſſe and flowers ouer-ſpreades.
¶ When *Sicoris* had left her prankes,
And drawne her ſelfe within her bankes;
Cæſar ſmall skiffes prepares and rigges,
Compoſed of greene willow twigges.
And ouer it doth Oxe-hides dight,
Wherwith to keepe them ſtaunch and tight.
Thus able made their load to take,
By them he doth his paſſage make.
So the *Venetian* frames like boates,
Wherewith on *Padus* ſtreame he floates.
And ſo the *Brittons* in ſuch skiffes,
Do coaſt alongſt their *Oceans* cliffes.
And ſo with Canes conioyn'd together,
Couerd vpon with vntan'd leather.
The *Memphites* doe on *Nylus* trade,
Of which Canes leaues they paper made.
Now *Cæſar* with all ſpeed tranſports
A many of his chiefe cohorts.
Who being on the other ſide
Do timber for a bridge prouide,
Wherewith this riuer to beſtride.
But doubting that it might againe
Aboue the bankes his channell ſtraine,
He would not on the riuers brinke
The ground-work poſts driue down & ſinke.
But ſomwhat farther in the lands,
On both ſides the foundation ſtands;
And leaſt that *Sicoris* ſhould riſe
With new floods, he did then deuiſe
Deepe trenches cut alongſt the ſides,

To draine away all ſwelling tides.
Now when *Petreius* plainly found
That *Fate* with *Cæſar* went ſo round,
His courage was therewith pluck't downe,
And left *Ilerda's* lofty Towne.
And thus his Army he withdrew
From thoſe he truſted leſſe then knew:
And takes his way, with all his traine,
Towards the vtmoſt coaſts of *Spaine*.
A Nation that he heard was man'd
With many a ſtout and warlike band:
Of courage fierce, in broyles ſtill bred,
Affecting Armes, and ſcorning dread.
When *Cæſar* ſaw the hilles left bare,
And Tents no longer ſtanding thare,
He bids his troopes their Armes to take,
And would not ſtay this bridge to make,
Nor gage the riuer for a foord,
But bids them ſwim; and with that word
They cut the ſtreame with nimble hands,
And in that ſort tranſport the bands.
The Souldiers being grieu'd at heart
To ſee their foes ſhould ſo depart,
In head-long ſwarmes do flye to Mart.
No ſooner dry'd, they fall to Arme,
And then their chilly ioynts doe warme
With ſpeedy march, and neuer ſtay
Vntill the noone-tide of the day.
By this did *Cæſars* horſe out-goe
The marching battaile of the foe:
Who were with that vnlook't-for ſight
Doubtfull whether to flye or fight.
Here where they met, a large field lies,
In which two ample hilles did riſe
That rocky were, and nothing greene,
And there a valley lay betweene.
Which barren earth of ſtony ground
A ledge of hilles doth both ſides bound:
And by them trending there did ſtray
A crooked and vncoth by-way.

Petreius leaues *Ilerda.*

Cæſar paſſeth his Army ouer *Sicoris.*

The place where *Cæſars* Armie purſues *Petreius.*

The entrance whereof if the foe
Had gained firſt, he ſafe might goe
(As *Cæſar* ſaw) and lead the warre
Into a Quarter ſtrange and farre:
The Countrey wilde, and ill to paſſe,
Whoſe people fierce and ſauadge was;
Therefore he bids his men be bold,
Haſte on (quoth he) no order hold.
Turne backe againe your flying foes,
The face of *Mart* gainſt them oppoſe.
With *threatning looks* ſhew them their *death*
Let cowards draw no lingring breath.
If they by fight away would ſcape,
With your ſharp blades their boſomes rape.
No more he ſaid, but did preuent
His foes, ere they the hilles had hent.
Then there a ſunder they did pitch
Their Tents, fenc't with a little ditch:
From whence each other did deſcry
VVith eaſe, how they incamped lye.
Then they began to know each other,
Father the ſonne, brother the brother.
Their ciuill mallice waxed cold,
Yet for a while from ſpeech they hold;
Onely with ſwords they beckning make,
And ſo their firſt acquaintance take.
At laſt vnto ſuch tearmes they fall,
That loue ſuppreſſeth raging brawle.
For then the Souldiers vndertooke
Into each others campe to looke:
And with free hearts and dreadleſſe face,
VVith friendly armes their gueſts embrace.
This man his hoſt calles by his name,
Others to kinsfolkes doe the ſame.
Another he eſpies his mate,
That was his ſchoole-fellow but late.
No *Roman* was on either ſide,
But he ſome old acquaintance ſpy'd.
Their Armes were all with teares beſprent,
Their kiſſes do in ſobbes lament.

Cæſar encourageth his Souldiers.

The two Armies take acquaintance one of the other.

And

And though no bloud were drawne at all,
Yet did they feare what might befall.
Alas! why vexe you ſo your breaſt?
What need you waile this mad vnreſt?
Theſe needleſſe teares were baniſht quite,
If you conſider but a right
That you your ſelues nurſe this deſpight.
Do you ſo much the miſchiefe feare
That your owne humors bred and reare?
Why let the Trumpet ſound his fill,
Regard it not, but keepe you ſtill:
And though the Enſignes flye at large,
From ciuill brawles your Armes diſcharge.
So ſhall you end *Erinnys* date,
And *Cæſar* then in priuate ſtate
Shall ceaſe his ſon-in-law to hate.
¶ O *Concord* with eternall grace!
That ſweetly do'ſt all things embrace:
Within this mixed maſſie ſpheare,
Worlds ſacred loue be preſent heere;
For now in danger ſtands our age,
To be diſtreſt with future rage:
Warres miſchiefes ſecretly deuiſd,
Is now diſcouer'd and deſpiſd.
The miſ-led people ſee with ſhame,
What is the cauſe of all their blame,
Each friend doth know his friend by name.
But (ah) dire *Fates*, that do aduance
With a ſiniſter ordinance,
The bloudy ſtrife that ſhall encreaſe
For this ſmall time of pleaſing peace.
Truce now in both the Campes did ſwarme,
With viſitations free from harme.
Vpon the greene turfe is their ſeat,
Where they together friendly eate.
And *Bacchus* liquor doth abound,
Huge fires they kindle on the ground.
Together they do Cabbins make,
But all the night no ſleepe doe take,
The tales they tell keepe them awake.

And exhortation to peace.

An *Apoſtrophe* to concord.

The kinde entertainment betweene the Souldiers of both Campes.

One telles how he the trench defends,
Another how his pile he bends,
With ſtrength that from his arme he ſends.
And whilſt that ſome thus brags and boaſts
What they haue done in ſundry coaſts:
Others againe will giue a glance,
And ſay that this fell out by chance.
Yet they poore ſoules doe finde content
That with ſuch faith the time is ſpent.
But (ah) this new contracted loue
Muſt greater future mallice proue.
For when *Petreius* heard report,
How both the Campes in friendly ſort
With mutuall loue each other greets,
And in ſuch kindneſſe daily meets;
Petreius violates the friendly complements between the two Campes.
He then imployes ſome truſty bands,
Who with their armed wicked hands,
Do fall on the vnarmed foe,
And ore the trenches them do throw.
Then their embracements and kinde words
They ſeparate with bloody ſwords;
So in a ſauadge brainſick mood,
He waſht away this peace with blood.
¶ Then he enrag'd with words of ire,
New fewell addes vnto old fire.
O Souldiers, that with baſe neglect,
Do thus your Countries cauſe reiect,
And with a looſe forgetfull minde,
To your owne Enſignes are vnkinde;
By this meanes you can neuer ſhowe
Petreius oration to his Souldiers.
The faith that you the *Senate* owe.
Can this league that you haue renewd,
Witneſſe that *Cæſar* is ſubdu'd
By you? and can it be maintain'd,
Your countries freedome thus is gain'd?
Beleeue me, now you rather goe
The way your ſelues to ouer-throw.
Will you become proud *Cæſars* ſlaue
Whilſt in your hands you weapons haue?
And whil'ſt the Victors happy ſtate

Depends

Depends vpon a doubtfull fate?
And whilſt your ſturdy limbes and vaines
(Not ſoak't with wounds) freſh *blood* retains?
Will you as men that ill deſerue,
Vnder condemned Enſignes ſerue?
Muſt *Cæſar* without more adoe
Now needs be ſu'd and ſought vnto?
That he would you vouchſafe the grace,
To ſerue in ſome inferior place?
And muſt we (that command in chiefe)
Of *Cæſar* ſeeke our liues reliefe?
Oh no, that ſcorne we much diſdaine,
Treaſon ſhall not our ſafety gaine,
No wicked price can vs retaine.
This ciuill warre we doe not wage
To ſaue our liues from furies rage;
Our liberties, and Countries cauſe,
Vs willingly to dangers drawes.
What need we deepe mines vndertake
For *Steele* and *Iron*, Armes to make?
Or why ſhould we our Cities wall,
And raiſe huge Ramparts therewithall?
What need ſuch troopes of Courſers braue,
As in our Campes we daily haue?
Or to what vſe ſhould we maintaine
Such towring Gallions on the maine,
If we be willing to releaſe
Our liberties, to gaine a peace?
A wicked oath our foes doth binde
To ſue theſe warres with conſtant minde.
And can you with your faiths diſpence,
That is engag'd with iuſt pretence?
Need you from guilt to be acquite,
Becauſe you for your Countrey fight?
O ſhamefull and vnmanly act!
That would ſuch heynous leagues contract.
Pompey, that art eſtrang'd by *Fate*,
From knowledge of the Cities ſtate,
And Armies doſt prepare for warre,
With aids from Kings remote ſo farre.

An *Apoſtrophe* to *Pompey*.

Perhaps

Perhaps thou buildſt vpon our truſt,
Ready to aid thy quarrell iuſt.
Thus ſaid, againe he ſets on fire,
Their mindes with wicked warres deſire.

An apt comparison.

¶ Like as the cruell ſauadge beaſt,
That long from forreſt prey hath ceaſt,
Shut vp within a cloſed cage,
More mildly bred, diſ-vſd from rage:
At length his nature being tam'd,
To humane bent is brought and fram'd.
If he againe but taſte the ſmacke
Of blood, that he ſo long did lacke;
And therewith warme his rauening Iawes,
Will then with furious ramping pawes,
Thirſty of bloud, expoſe his power
His fearefull keeper to deuoure.
So to all villany they goe,
And monſtrous treachery they ſhow.
The which vile fact they cloake with night,
Blinde *Fortunes* deed, and *Fates* deſpight.
For now behold, 'twixt bed and boord,
They brutiſhly doe bathe the ſword
VVithin their breaſts, whom they before
VVith deere embracements did deplore.
And though at firſt they moaning yearne,
So to employ their weapons ſterne:
The thirſty ſword that peace withſtands,
Offers it ſelfe into their hands.
Yet whilſt they kill, they loath the fact,
Their faint blowes ſhew their minds diſtract.

Petreius men vnwillingly betray their aduerſaries.

But now the Campe is raging hot,
All faith is brutiſhly forgot:
Their rauening hands with blood they glut,
The ſonnes their fathers throats do cut.
Yet that the Souldiers may be freed
As guiltleſſe of this heynous deed:
Before their two great Captaines eyes
They did ſhew forth this bloody prize,
VVhich ſight did them with ioy ſurprize.

¶ But *Cæſar*, though thy gallant bands

Be thus deſpoil'd with treacherous hands,
Yet thou the *Gods* doſt ſtill regard,
And didſt not ſuch reuenge award
Vpon thy foes; when thou didſt ſtand
Triumphant in *Pharſalia* land.
Nor when thou didſt on ſeas of late,
The ſtout *Maſſilian* force abate.
Nor when thou didſt in *Egypts* ſoyle
At *Pharos*, giue thy foes the foyle.
But their outrage, and thy milde courſe
Betters thy cauſe, and makes theirs worſe.
For now theſe Captaines ſpirits droopes,
They dare not with polluted troopes
Longer incampe in Champian lands,
Their Tents too neere to *Cæſars* ſtands.
But to *Ilerda* they willl flee,
VVhoſe walles they thinke much ſafer be.
But *Cæſars* horſe-men them preuent,
And in dry hilles they are vp-pent.
VVhere want of water they ſuſtaine,
For *Cæſar* did their ditches draine;
And them with Troopes incompaſt ſo,
That from their Campe they dare not goe
To fetch in water, where ſprings flow.
¶ When theſe men ſaw their *deaths* at hand
No longer now in feare they ſtand,
But carried on with raging will,
Their horſes firſt of all they kill;
VVhich now can ſerue them to no vſe,
Being thus pent vp in a muſe.
And therefore ſet aſide all hope,
Seeing to ſcape was left no ſcope.
Towards their armed foes they flye:
But when that *Cæſar* did eſpye
In them this furious deſperate vaine;
Souldiers (quoth he) your Armes refraine,
Though ruſhing thus, they you confront,
Do not receiue their head-ſtrong brunt:
I know a better way by farre,
In blood I liſt not bathe my warre.

Cæſars clemency graceth his cauſe.

Petreius minded to flye to *Ilerda*.

Cæſars aduice to his Souldiers.

He

Hee conqueſt gaines at too high price,
That ſtriues with thoſe that death entice.
Theſe laddes now weary of their liues,
Together with their ruine ſtriues,
To bring ſome wracke on vs withall;
But on our ſwords they ſhall not fall:
Though they deſire in this ſtaru'd mood
To looſe their liues, to ſpill our blood.
O this is but a madding fit!
Let them a while champe on the bit.
Barre them that death ſo faine they would,
Their courage will be quickly coold.
Hold them but lingring off from fight,
Vntill the Sunne with-draw his light,
And in the *Ocean* dip his head,
And that the skies be ouer-ſpred
With ſtarres; let *Tytan* ſiluer-bright,
Giue them but ſpace to pawſe a night.
Thus when they ſaw their Mart was mar'd,
And meanes of fight they were debar'd;
Their furious humor waxed cold,
And in their mindes more temper hold.
Like him whoſe breaſt the ſword doth pierce
With wounds, griefe doth become more fierce:
Whilſt guſhing from the nerues and vaines
Hot bloud, his ſtriuing ſpirits ſtraines
To ſhew the force that yet remaines:
And yet vntill the bones beginne
Neerer to draw the blood-puft skinne,
The whilſt the witting victor ſtands
Retyr'd, and doth with-hold his hands,
Vntill a chill numme heauineſſe
The ioynts and ſpirits doe poſſeſſe
Of this poore wounded man, at length
Who findes himſelfe depriu'd of ſtrength,
When as the gore no longer flowes,
But on the wound ſtiffe-dried growes.

Petreius Camp diſtreſſed for want of water

¶ Now want of water them conſtraines
To digge and ſearch out hidden vaines
Of ſprings & ſtreames, that haue their birth

Deepe

Deepe in the bowels of the earth.
And whilſt about this worke they ſtand,
They do not onely take in hand
The Pick-axe, and the deluing ſpades,
But do employ their martiall blades.
And toppes of hilles they deeper ſinke
Then any low-lodg'd riuers brinke.
The pale-hu'd *Myners* (that doe toyle
For gold, in rich *Aſſyrian* ſoyle)
Doe not ſinke deeper pits downe-right,
In dungeons more remote from light.
And yet for all they can deuiſe,
They cannot ſee a ſpring to riſe.
Nor any ſtreame could be deſcry'd
That vnder-neath the ground did ſlide.
Nor from the ſides of rocky hilles,
A droppe of liquor out diſtilles,
Though dig'd & pierc'd with pick-axe bils.
No drop of deaw or moiſture laues
The hollow dampiſh airy caues.
Nor in the pits of grauill ſand,
Doth any plaſh of water ſtand.
Their men thus ouer-laid with ſweat,
And fainting now twixt thirſt and heat;
Seeing that they but looſe their paine,
Raiſe them from out the mines againe.
But by this diuing vnder ground,
Whereas ſome dampiſh miſts they found,
When they come vp, can ſcarce endure
The aire, that is more hot and pure.
Neither are they refreſh't with meate,
They faint for drinke, and loath to eate.
Hunger to them beſt helpe doth giue
Their thirſty humor to relieue.
But if that any moiſty field,
Do graſſie roots, or greene turfes yeeld,
Betweene their hands the ſame they ſquees
Into their mouth, and no drop leeſe.
Or if they meet with ſtanding puddles,
Where ſlime & black mud ſtinking huddles;

The

The Souldiers there (to get a draught)
Will ſtriue, as though a world they ſought.
And ſtaruing, will contented drinke
That, which they would elſe odious thinke.
And then will take it for their feaſts,
To ſucke the vdders of bruit beaſts;
And when therein no milke remaines,
They ſucke the bloud from out the vaines.
Others freſh leaues and hearbes will pound
With dew that on green boughes is found;
But chiefly, thoſe crude ſtalkes that twines
About the tender-budding vines,
They preſſe, and ſap from yong tree rinds.
¶ O happy ſoules, full bleſt were yee,
That whilſt your barb'rous foes did flee,
They did in all the wayes they paſt
Poyſon amongſt the waters caſt,
And ſo deſtroyd you all at laſt.
Our *Roman* youths will neuer ſhrinke
Witting thoſe water ſtreames to drinke;
Though *Cæſar* ſhould the ſprings defile
With vennome, or with carrion vile;
Or wholeſome welles ſhould in deſpight,
Infect with deadly *Aconite*:
But now their bowels drowth hath fry'd,
Their mouthes reſemble parchment dry'd.
Their tongues the baked froth doth furre,
In their ſhrunke veines no bloud will ſturre:
Their lights and lungs do ſcarcely pant,
They all refreſhing humor want.
And it doth grieue them to the death,
Through their chopt pipes to draw their breath.
Their iawes wide gaping they do ſtretch,
The cooling deawes by night to ketch.
They watch when ſome ſweet ſhowres will fall,
Which but of late ore-whelmed all:
And euermore they caſt their eyes
Vpon the niggard cloudy skies;
And ſo much more it did them grieue,
Becauſe that now they did not liue

Amongſt

Amongſt *Meroens* parched plants,
Nor with the naked *Garamants*,
Nor vnder *Cancers* fiery lampe,
But their ſtaru'd Army did encampe;
Where they (like *Tantalus*) might view,
Sweet *Sicoris*, with ſiluer hue,
And *Iberus* ſo ſwift and cleere,
Both hard at hand, they nere the neere.
¶ Theſe tamed Captaines now are calme,
In ſtead of *Bayes* they carry *Palme*;
Afranius with a carriage meeke,
Peace for his guilty Armes doth ſeeke:
And ſo with all his creſt-falne troopes
(That now in ſtarued languor droopes)
Vnto the hoſtile Tents he wends,
And there at *Cæſars* feet he bends.
But though he ſue, yet holds his grace
Not with miſ-fortunes daunted face;
But carries all in fitting ſort
For his now fate, and his late port:
And with a brow ſecure and bold,
To gaine his peace, this tale he told.

Petreius & Afranius ſubmit themſelues to Cæſar.

¶ Had *Fate* ordain'd that I ſhould ſtand
Thus vanquiſht by a ſtrangers hand:
My dreadleſſe Arme I ſoone would frame
To reaue my life, and ſhun that ſhame.
But now this reaſon doth me leade
For ſafety of my life to pleade;
Becauſe thou *Cæſar* doſt beleeue
He nobly doth, that life doth giue.
Of faction we no parties are,
Our charge we held before this warre:
And to that former Martiall truſt,
Whilſt we had power, we haue beene iuſt,
To ſtriue with *Fate* we do not luſt.
Spaine we deliuer to thy hands,
We opned haue the *Eaſterne* lands:
Thoſe coaſts ſhall be ſecur'd from wracke,
That thou doſt leaue behinde thy backe:
This conqueſt now on vs ſo gain'd,

Afranius Oration to *Cæſar.*

Is not with loſſe of bloud obtain'd,
Thy hand or ſword it hath not ſtain'd.
This onely boone in thee doth reſt,
To ſpare thy foes that are diſtreſt.
It is not much that we do craue
On our miſhaps remorſe to haue.
Permit our liues that thou doſt giue,
From ciuill diſcord free to liue,
And reſt ſecure of our intent;
Theſe proſtrate *troops* their *ſpleen* haue ſpent.
It fits not with thy happy Armes,
To mingle our ſubiected ſwarmes:
Nor that our captiue Troopes ſhould dare
Triumphes with thy braue Hoaſt to ſhare,
Theſe with contentment know their fare.
Onely this grace let vs obtaine,
That thou do not our Armes conſtraine,
And force vs (conquer'd men) to be
Hereafter Conquerors with thee.

The ſumme of *Afranius* Petition.

¶ Thus ſaid, *Cæſar* (of nature milde)
With gracious lookes was reconcil'd:
All puniſhment he did remit,
And them from vſe of Armes acquit.

Cæſars clemency.

No ſooner was this grace obtain'd,
And their faith bound to be maintain'd,
But ſtraight in heapes the Souldiers flee
Vnto the riuers, then ſet free:
And on the bankes did groueling fall,
Striuing for that was free for all;
So greedily the ſtreames they ſwill,
And ſuddenly their panches fill,
As that their breath they neuer take,
Striuing their thirſty iawes to ſlake:
Whereby the aire that ſhould relieue
Their empty vaines, and comfort giue,
No paſſage to their lights can finde;
And ſo withall they life reſign'd.
This ſcorching peſtilent diſeaſe,
So ſtill doth on their bowels ceaze,
That though they ready be to burſt,

Many of the Souldiers kill themſelues with greedy drinking.

The

The more they drinke the more they thurſt.
Yet many comfort finde at length,
And well refreſht, receiue new ſtrength.
O *Luxury!* thou prodigue vaine,
That neuer canſt the meane retaine;
And thou inſatiate *Glut tonie*,
Pamper'd with ſuperfluitie,
That rak'ſt and rob'ſt both land and ſeas,
Thy wanton appetite to pleaſe.
O learne, and better do aduiſe,
How ſmall reliefe will life ſuffiſe,
For *Nature* doth exceſſe deſpiſe.
The ſtrong old wine that we do keepe
Time out of minde in Cellars deepe,
No health or helpe at all can bring
To ſickly ſowles, whom feuers wring.
They mixed liquors do not ſuppe
Delitiouſly in golden cuppe:
Freſh water, and the hearty graine,
Doth ſtrength reſtore, and life ſuſtaine.
O! with what ſtormes do they contend,
That in the warres their liues do ſpend?
The Souldier now his Armes bequeaues,
To *Cæſar*, whence he grace receaues.
And more ſecurely he doth reſt,
Then with his corſlet on his breaſt.
For freed thus from carke and care,
Vnto the Citties they repare.
And now do they that finde releaſe
From warres, by this ſo happy peace,
That bloody trade and trauaile ſcorne,
Wiſhing they neuer Armes had borne,
To haue endur'd ſuch thirſt withall,
And on the Gods in vaine to call,
For conqueſt on their ſide to fall.
The wiſhed hope of good ſucceſſe
With doubts doth ſtouteſt hearts oppreſſe.
When Armies ſterne confonting ſtriues,
Such toyles the wretched world contriues,
That *Fortune* neuer ſhould haue reſt,

A reprehenſion of *Luxury*.

A deteſtation of warre.

If ſhe ſhould tend to their requeſt,
As oft as men doe call and cry,
When they doe doubt of victory.
For through the world muſt bloud be ſhed,
Where troopes with *Cæſars* fate are led.
And therefore we may thinke him bleſt,
That knoweth where in quyet reſt
His head to ſhelter free from ſcarres,
Since all the world is ſet on iarres;
So that this wretched ciuill broyle,
Men wearied do not ouer-toyle.
And ſlumbring ſoules are not affright
When Trumpets ſound calles men to fight.
The wife may haue her deere conſort,
Parents may with their children ſport.
And lodg'd in ſimple Cotes ſecure,
Their fields may labour and manure,
Vnforc'd warres hazards to endure.
Thus *Fortune* now becomes more kinde,
And hath releaſt from cares our minde,
So as no cauſe of feare we finde.
Cæſar is founder of our reſt,
But we were led by *Pompey's* heſt.
And now this boone thereby we haue,
That whilſt theſe ciuill warres do raue,
For neither ſide ſucceſſe we craue.
¶ *Fortune* doth not her grace expreſſe
On *Cæſars* ſide with like ſucceſſe
In other coaſt, but there ſhe ſhewes
That ſhe dares croſſe him with ſome blows.
For where the *Adriaticke* maine
His waues doth on *Salona* ſtraine.
And whereas luke-warme *Iaders* ſourſe
Into ſoft *Zephyr* bends his courſe.
Antonius with his troopes reſides;
Which coaſts vpon the vtmoſt ſides,
The *Adriaticke* ſea doth bound:
There is he ſhut vp in that ground,
And truſts vnto thoſe valiant bands
That he had from the *Curets* lands.

The ſecurity and contentment that poore men liue in.

And able was his warre to wage
Againſt the force of hoſtile rage;
Had *Famine* not his campe diſtreſt,
Wherewith ſtrong forts are oft oppreſt.
This ſoyle for horſe no fodder yeelds,
Nor any graine grew in the fields.
The hungry ſouldiers from the turfe
Pluckes vp for food the heathy ſcurfe.
And with their teeth do gnabbe the greene
Of medowes, that earſt mow'd had beene.
But when theſe men their friends deſcry'd
Vpon the ſhore on th'other ſide;
And ſaw *Baſilus* Enſigne ſpred,
Vnder whoſe conduct they were led:
A new deuice they vndertake,
By ſea their ſecret flight to make;
But not with ſhips of common wont,
With ſayles or oares the waues to front:
But with vn-vſed ſtratagems,
Together they did binde huge beames,
That would a mighty fraight ſuſtaine,
And ſafely ſwim vpon the maine:
With empty Caske ſupported vp,
Which would not ſinke, nor water ſup.
Theſe bundled trees great chaines did ſtrength,
With doubled rankes combin'd in length.
Not drawne with oares on either ſides,
Vpon the waues theſe vaſte piles ſlides.
But by the floating of the beames,
They are borne vp vpon the ſtreames.
And in that ſort doth ſlily wend
With ſecret courſe not to be kend.
For neither ſailes do make them flye,
Nor any oares they doe apply:
But now they doe the tides attend,
For then the ſeas did backward bend.
And with the ebbe the ſhores and ſands
All bare and dry vncouered ſtands.
But after when the ſwelling maine
With turning flood did riſe againe,

Diſtreſſe puts men to their ſhifts.

Theſe ſtructures that they did compoſe,
Were ſlidde into the floting Oaſe;
With two ſhippes that before them goe,
And after them theſe Raffes did tow.
Theſe ſhips had turrets built vpright,
That plainly did appeare in ſight;
And on the decke the trembling maſt
Did bow, and ſtoope with euery blaſt.
But now *Octauius* Admirall,
That on the ſeas did gouerne all
For *Pompey's* part, would not in haſt
Aſſaile theſe Raffes, but ſtill ſtood faſt.
And did his nimble ſhips reſtraine
From ranging out into the maine,
Vntill the foe were in his way,
Aloofe at ſea, farre from the bay,
Securely running on his race,
Doubting no ſayles to giue them chaſe.
So doth the fearefull Hart refraine
To ſcoure or range vpon the plaine,
But ſculkes and hides amongſt the brakes,
When by the winde the ſent he takes
Of bow or ſhaft, or human breath,
Which he doth ſhun vnto the death.
Thus while the hunt with-holds the ſounds
Of his fleet-hunting wel-mouth'd hounds;
And therewithall in cooples clogges
His *Spartane*, and his *Cretan* dogges;
And ſuffers none the Chaſe to ſue,
But ſome old hound that can hunt true
On dry-foots ſent, with nuſling ſnowt;
That will not put the beaſt in rowt,
With ſpending of his open iawes;
But when the tapiſe neere he drawes,
Will ſhake his taile, and quiet ſtand,
To fit all for the hunters hand.
Now theſe huge Raffes with ſpeed they load,
And then conuey them from the road,
VVhen as the laſt of dayes twy-light
VVithſtood the firſt approch of night.

Then

Then *Cilix*, that ſame Pirate old,
That did on *Pompeys* party hold,
A ſlight deuiſd them to betray,
VVhen on the ſeas they were mid-way.
A long huge chaine there he did ſinke,
And to a rocke the end did linke
Of the *Ilyrian* cliffie ſhore,
But lets the firſt ſhip paſſe it ore,
And ſo the ſecond in likewiſe,
And then the third he did ſurpriſe,
VVith his hook't chaine, the which he drew
Vnto the ſhore, with her arm'd crew.
This land doth ſheluing hollow lye
Ouer the ſeas, ſtrange to the eye.
VVhereon a tuffe of huge trees growes,
That on the waues great ſhadowes ſtrowes.
Hither from ſhips by *North-windes* torne
Many dead carkaſſes are borne,
And in the creekes a while lye cloſd,
But after are againe expoſd:
For when the Cauernes of this bay
VVith ebbe returnes his circling ſway,
Theſe whirle-pooles ſpue vp from their maw
More then *Charybdis* gulfie iaw;
Here now this Raffe incloſed is,
Deepe laden with the Colonies
Of *Opiterge*; and then the fleet
Of enemies about them meet.
And all about the neighbour ſtrands
In Cluſters gazing on them ſtands.
Vulteius now diſcerned plaine,
That he was taken in a traine:
For of this Raffe he was the chiefe,
And ſeeing no meanes of reliefe,
Nor that this cumbrous tangling chaine
By any force would breake in twaine,
He takes his Armes with doubtfull hope,
VVhether by flight to compaſſe ſcope,
Or with the ſword a paſſage ope.
Yet in this hard diſtreſſed plight,

Valour

Valour affoords her manly might;
For being cloſed in a pownd
With thouſands that this raffe did rownd,
Which ſcarcely had aboord it than,
One Cohort full the ſame to man.
(Although not long) they maintain'd fight
Vntill at laſt they wanting light,
The fray was parted by darke night.

¶ Then did *Vulteius* ſtoutly braue
With dreadleſſe ſpeech himſelfe behaue,
And cheereth vp his ſtaggering band,
Amazed with the fate at hand.

Vulteius manly oration to his diſtreſſed troopes.

Braue *youths* (quoth he) weigh in your breaſts
This little time of night that reſts;
And do reſolue in this ſhort date,
How you will ſeeke your lateſt fate.
Scarce haue we ſo long time of breath,
With leaſure to fore-thinke our death.
More glory we ſhall giue our end,
To meet our Fate, then it attend.
Thoſe mindes do merit no leſſe praiſe,
That dare cut off their doubtfull dayes,
Then thoſe, that ſhorten doe the ſcope
Of longer yeares, that they doe hope.

A Pagan reſolution.

For he that doth with his owne fiſt,
In ſunder breake his life-ſpun twiſt;
A conqueſt to himſelfe hath gain'd,
Willing to dye comes not conſtrain'd.
To ſcape, no meanes vs hope affoords,
We are empal'd with *Romans* ſwords.
Out-face proud death, lay dread aſide,
Freely affect that muſt betide.
But let vs not (take heed withall)
Like ſlaughtred beaſts in cluſters fall,
With hoſtile hands hew'd downe and hack't,
Be in a cloud obſcurely wrack't:

Confuſed fighting in Troopes, obſcures particular valour.

Or elſe be ſlaine whilſt night doth laſt
With ſhowres of darts from our foes caſt.
For they that ſo confuſedly
Fighting, doe intermingled dye,

True

True valour ſhades from ſight of eye.
The *Gods* on vs this ſtage beſtowes
In open view of friends and foes.
The rowling ſeas, and mountaines hye,
Shall ſee our courage death defie:
This Iſland witneſſe ſhall the ſame,
And to her rockes record our fame.
The coaſts on both ſides ſhall behold
Valour vn-vanquiſht vn-controld.
O *Fortune!* we vnwitting are
What endleſſe fame thou doeſt prepare
Wherewith to glorifie our *Fates*.
For all records of future dates,
That endleſſe ages can retaine,
Our memory ſhall ſtill maintaine;
And for our ſakes repeat with ruth,
To conſtant *Mart* our ſpotleſſe truth,
Eternizing our famous youth.
And *Cæſar*, for thy ſake we know
In this too little we beſtow,
With our owne ſwords our ſelues to gore,
But thus beſet, we can no more.
This conſtant death that we will proue,
We dedicate vnto thy loue.
But enuious *Fate* our praiſe did grutch,
And from it hath detracted much;
In that our Parents and our ſonnes
With vs none of this fortune runnes.
Then ſhould they know (had we ſome aid)
What dauntleſſe ſpirits they way-layd.
And, doubtleſſe, we ſhould make them feare
To mell with vs, that ſuch minds beare.
But they may hold them well-a-paid,
That no more of our ſhips they ſtaid.
For then muſt they ſome means haue found
For our enlargement to compound;
And ſought with ſome vaine offers baſe,
Our liuing honour to deface.
O would (that now to giue our death
One glory more, ere our laſt breath)

What felicity the *Romans* tooke to acquire vnto themſelues future fame.

The affection that *Cæſars* Souldiers did beare vnto him.

They

A glorious wiſh.

They would but vs ſome offer make,
Whereby we might our pardon take:
That we with ſcorne might it forſake:
That thereby they might plainely know
How dreadleſſe we to death do goe.
And not as men in hopeleſſe mood,
With our own ſwords coole our own blood.
Let vs ſuch vertue now expreſſe,
That *Cæſar* may with right confeſſe,
That he in vs hath vndergone
A bloody loſſe worthy of mone.
Although we few are but a mite
Mongſt thouſands that for him do fight,
The reſolution of *Vulteius.*
Though fate would ſet vs free againe,
That offer yet would I diſdaine;
Deere mates, this life to me is ſcorne,
Deaths motiues do my thoughts ſuborne.
Fury diuine hath rap't rap't my minde,
The *Gods* in fauour haue deſign'd
That we to death ſhould giue our minde.
To be willing to die is a heauenly bleſſing
To others they ſuch grace deny,
To thinke it happineſſe to dye;
Becauſe here in this world of ſtrife,
They ſhould protract a wretched life.
Now are theſe noble youths on fire,
To haſte their fates with true deſire.
How much *Vulteius ſpeech* did animate his little *troope*
Who did before gaze on the skies
With heauy hearts and watry eyes,
Expecting death when ſunne did riſe.
And did behold(with grieuing feare)
The ſtooping of the greater Beare,
Before that they this ſpeech did heare.
But then they wiſht to ſee dayes light,
So free they were from deaths affright.
For now their Captaines glorious words,
Prouok't their hearts like points of ſwords.
The *Sphere* with all her lampes of night
Haſte in the ſeas to plunge their light.
The *Sunne* his parting then begins
Caſtor and *Pollux.* From out the armes of *Læda's* twins,

And

And now this lofty ſtarre him drawes
To lodge more neere to *Cancers* clawes,
And for a farewell night imparts
With vs, her two *Theſſalian* darts.
¶ The day ſpring doth deſcry abroad
How *Iſtrian* troopes the Cliffes do load.
And how the ſtout *Liburnian* fleet
With *Greekiſh* ſhips in conſort meet.
But firſt, the rage of warre to ceaſe,
They offer them to treate of peace:
And onely this contract would haue,
To yeeld themſelues, their liues to ſaue;
Except they more deſired death,
Then to preſerue a Captiue breath.
But theſe braue yonkers did diſdaine
Parlie for life to entertaine.
They were reſolu'd that their owne Armes
Should free them from all ſcornfull harmes.
Their mindes prepar'd for vtmoſt woes,
Could not be mou'd with clamorous foes.
Few hands of theirs ſuſtain'd the brunt
Of multitudes, that them affrunt
By land and ſeas on euery ſide;
Conſtant to death they firme abide.
And when they ſaw of hoſtile gore,
That they had ſhed ſufficient ſtore;
They turn'd their fury from the foe,
And with themſelues in hand they goe.
The noble Captaine led the way
Vulteius braue, that doth diſplay
His naked breaſt, and thus did ſay:
That hand amongſt you moſt of worth
My blood with glory to let forth;
Let him giue proofe by wounding me,
That he likewiſe himſelfe dares free
From captiue fate. No more he ſpake,
But therewithall ſhort worke to make,
More ſwords then one became ſo fierce,
That all at once his bowels pierce.
Yet he that on him firſt did light,

A parly offered, but refuſed.

Vulteius aſſailed on all ſides

The reſolution of the *Romans* in ſcorne of their foes.

Him

Him with like kindneſſe to requite,
His dying hand did then beſtow
On him againe a fatall blow.
Then all the Troope hand ouer head,
With mortall wounds each other ſped.
In ſuch ſort rag'd the *Dircæan* breed,
Cadmus. That did ſpring vp of *Cadmus* ſeed,
Which did preſage the diſmall fate
Oedepus two ſonnes, *Etheocles*, and *Polynices*. Of *Theban* brethrens dire debate;
Whoſe earth-bred race their linnage drawes
From that ſame waking *Dragons* iawes,
Whoſe teeth ſowne in the *Phaſian* fields,
Such cankred bloody natures yeelds;
As that the furrowes flowing ſtood
With fowle inrag'd allied blood,
Contriu'd by wrathfull *Magickes* mood.
Medea. And vile *Medea*, that theſe harmes
Did bring to paſſe with ſorcerous charmes,
Fear'd what thereof might more betide,
Becauſe thoſe ſpelles ſhe had not try'd.
In this ſort dy'd thoſe gallant laddes,
Whoſe mutuall fate each other glads.
Death to great vertue did expoſe,
To quell ſuch valiant men as thoſe.
Yet they together dye and fall;
No one mans hand did faile at all
To giue a wound, but it did bring
With dying hand, deaths deadly ſting.
Neither did they to ſtrong blowes truſt,
But *through* their *breaſts* the *ſwords* did thruſt;
And for it ſhould be throughly donne,
Vp to the hilts they did them runne.
In this blood-thirſty ſlaughtring fray,
A cruell ſlaughter. The brother doth the brother ſlay;
Sonnes fathers ſend the ſelfe-ſame way.
And yet their hands were not affright
'Gainſt natures lawes to ſhew their might.
But this was deem'd a pious deed,
With one blow and no more to ſpeed.
Now did the bowels all beſtrow

The hatches, and the bloud did flow
Ouer the ſides into the ſeas.
To ſee the light did them diſpleaſe;
But that with proud diſdainfull grace
They might looke in the victors face,
And ſcornfully their deaths embrace.
The Raffe was heap't, and ouer-ſpred
With theſe braue youths that there lye dead.
To whom the Conquerors impart
Due funerals, as their deſart.
And all the Captaines wondring ſtood,
At this braue Captaines dauntleſſe mood.
And now the fame of this deed donne,
(As matchleſſe) through the world did run.
But yet this patterne cannot make
Many baſe mindes like heart to take:
Dread will not let them vnderſtand,
That *Vertue* with her valiant hand,
May eaſily their woes releaſe,
If ſlauiſh *Fate* do them oppreſſe:
But *Tyrants* ſwords do them appall,
Their freedome vnder force doth fall,
Becauſe they do not vnderſtand
Why ſwords were fitted to the hand.
O *Death!* therefore doe not affright
The poore diſmaied coward wight;
But ſhew thy tyrant murdrous dart
Vnto the dauntleſſe noble heart.
Like courage he in *Mart* expreſt
That doth the *Lybian* fields inueſt:
For noble *Curio* leaues the rode
Of *Lilybey*, where his abode
With all his fleet, a while he made
Which now the *Ocean* do inuade.
When as a friendly *Northerne* gale
His ſhips vnto the port did hale,
Whereas the waues the ruines beat
Of great *Carthagoes* famous ſeat.
And then vnto the harbour came
Clupea hight, of noted name.

What power reſts in valour

Curio with an Army goes into *Affricke*.

Curios landing in *Affricke*.

There firſt he maketh his diſcents,
And farre in land did pitch his tents
Hard by the ſlow *Bagrada's* ſides,
That furrowes vp the ſands with tides.
Then to the hilles his Army goes,
And to thoſe hollow rockes that ſhowes
Where great *Antæus* raigned king,
As old bards do not vainly ſing.
Here *Curio* ſeriouſly deſires
To heare report of ancient ſires,
And what the peaſants of the land
Did by tradition vnderſtand;
From what occaſion that tale roſe,
That through the world this rumor blowes.

The *Gyant Antæus*.

The tale of *Antæus*

¶ Long after that ſame monſtrous brood
Of *Earth-borne Gyants, Ioue* with-ſtood,
Our *Libian* Countrey did not reare
Such ore-growne creatures as they were.
Neither was *Typhons* worth ſo much;
Nor *Tityos*, nor *Briareus* ſuch,
As in the world they glory bare;
But ſure the earth the heauens did ſpare,
That then *Antæus* was not borne,
Nor did in *Theſſaly* ſoiorne.

The Gyants that rebelled againſt *Iupiter*

A right Heathen conceite.

A man ſo deere vnto the earth,
From whom he tooke his liuing birth;
As that he neuer touch't the ground,
But his maine force did more abound.
And when his huge limbes fainting grew,
Freſh ſtrength in them it did renue.
This caue the houſe where he did dwell,
And vnder this high rocke the cell
Where he did lodge, and for his meate
The fleſh of Lyons he did eate.

Antæus the ſon of the earth.

The maner of *Antæus* life.

On wilde beaſts skinnes he would not lye,
Nor on the broad leaues ſoft and drye;
But on the bare mould he would reſt,
Wherewith his vigor ſtill encreaſt.
The people ouer all the lands
Were mangled with his murdrous hands.

Of

Of ſtrangers, that the coaſt did trade,
A ſlaughter and a ſpoyle he made.
But for a time (proud of his force)
He did the helpe of earth diuorce.
And though he were of ſo great might,
That none durſt him withſtand in fight;
Yet when the fame abroad was ſpread,
Of this foule monſter ſo a-dread,
And what great miſchiefe he had donne,
It mou'd *Alcides* noble ſonne — *Hercules.*
To paſſe to *Affricke* on the maine,
To buckle with this ſurly ſwaine.
¶ But ere his taske he did beginne,
From him he caſts his Lyons skinne,
That in *Cleonea* he had ſlaine:
Antæus likewiſe did refraine
To weare his *Lybicke* Lyons ſpoyle.
Then *Hercules*, the ſoueraigne oyle
Vpon his brawny limbes infuſd,
That in *Olympian* games he vſd.
But now *Antæus* (earſt ſo ſtout)
His proper force began to doubt;
And therefore ſtretcht himſelfe at length
Vpon the ſands, that gaue him ſtrength.
Now with their hands they hand-faſt take, — The combate between *Hercules* and *Antæus.*
And fiercely doe their ſtraind armes ſhake:
Then did they long (but all in vaine)
Each other by the collars ſtraine,
And brow they doe confront to brow,
Which neither of them both would bow:
But each of them did muſe to ſee
One that his equall match could bee.
Alcides yet forbare to ſhow
His vtmoſt vigor on his foe:
But vrg'd him ſo with cunning ſlight,
That out of breath he puts him quight;
Which by oft panting he expreſt,
With cold ſweat trickling downe his breaſt.
Then both their necks with ſtraining ſhakes
Breaſt againſt breaſt reſiſtance makes,

Whilſt their croſt arms, with ſtooping chine
About each others thighes they twine.
Then doth *Alcides* leaue that hold,
And fiercely both his armes did fold
About *Antæus* bending waſte,
And wringing girds his bowels faſt;
Whilſt he his foot with skill did ſlide
Betwixt his ſhankes, and made him ſtride.
Then with an in-turne following that,
Vpon his backe he threw him flat.
The parched earth the ſweat receaues,
And vnto him new force bequeaues:
Antæus ſtrēgth renewed by touching the earth. Freſh blood reuiueth euery vaine,
His ſinowy necke grew ſtrong againe.
His ioynts more firme and nimble were,
And with ſuch force himſelfe did beare,
That all that *Herc'les* did before,
His body now annoy'd no more.
Herewith *Alcides* grew amaz'd,
And on this ſtrength increaſing gaz'd,
For he was not ſo much affright,
Hydra. When he did with that *Hydra* fight,
That new heads for his old could dight,
In the *Inachian* plaſhie fenne,
Though he were but a ſtripling then.
Long doubtfully did they contend:
One truſts the ſtrength the earth did lend;
Th'other did on the vertue reſt
That lodg'd within his manly breaſt.
Iuno. His bitter ſtep-dame neuer had
Such cauſe as now her hopes to glad,
In ſeeing him ſo hard beſtad:
For now ſhe ſees his limbes to ſweate,
And his ſtrong ſhoulders ſtarke with heate,
Whereon he wonted was to beare
The burthen of the ſtarry ſpheare.
But now againe he did begin
His armes about his foe to cling,
Which when *Antæus* did perceaue,
He ſtraight vnto the earth did cleaue,

From

From whence new force he did receiue.
And all the helpe the earth could giue,
Her ſonne therewith ſhe did relieue;
And labours with her might and maine,
His wearied limbes to ſtrength againe.
Now when *Alcides* found at length,
That ſtill he did renew his ſtrength
By vertue of the touched earth
His mother, whence he tooke his birth.
Stand now (quoth he) and truſt no more
As thou didſt to the earth before:
I will reſtraine thee from that hope,
Within my armes ſhall be thy ſcope.
Thy heft ſhall ſtay vpon my breaſt,
Here is the place that thou ſhalt reſt.
And with that word aloft him hent,
That ſtruggling to the earth-wards bent.
But there the ground no whit auailes
Her childs cruſht cheſt, whom death aſſailes.
Thus did *Alcides* gird him faſt,
Vntill his chine he brake at laſt.
And now deaths pangues, with crazie cold
On all his limbes did lay ſure hold.
Thus he a long time did him ſtraine,
Ere he would let him fall againe.
This combate hath beene ſince the cauſe,
From whence our Countries ancient ſawes,
Admiring this great *Gyants* fame,
Vnto his mother gaue his name.
But ſince a name of greater grace,
Was giuen vnto this hilly place
By *Scipio*, that braue *Roman* knight,
That did by valor and by might,
Conſtraine the hoſtile *Punicke* powers
Home to returne from *Latium* bowers.
And here when firſt the *Lybicke* land
He did inuade, his campe did ſtand:
And in this place ſtill may you ſee
Where ramparts and huge trenches bee;
So as the fields did firſt of all,

Hercules words to *Antæus.*

Antæus kild by *Hercules.*

Scipio Africanus.

Vnto the *Roman* conqueſt fall.
Curio is pleaſd that he hath found
The chance of ſuch a lucky ground,
And thinkes the fortune of the place
His warre with like ſucceſſe would grace,
As it had done that noble Peere
Scipio, that earſt incamped heere.
And therefore on this happy land,
His hapleſſe tents he cauſd to ſtand:
Too looſely he doth range his hoſt,
And of theſe hilles the vantage loſt.
Then with vnequall force doth goe
To dare a mighty armed foe.
In *Affricke* all the *Roman* bands
That ſeru'd, were vnder *Varus* hands;
Whoſe *Latium* forces might ſuffice,
Yet he ſeekes all the beſt ſupplies
That *Lybicke* kingdome would affoord,
And ſubiects were to *Iuba's* ſword:
Who farre and neere his force did raiſe,
And ſo his ſtandard he diſplaies.
In all that continent no King
Could ſo great powers together bring.
His Territory from the weſt,
Where *Atlas* mount neere *Gades* doth reſt
Begins, and ſo forth Eaſtward runnes
Vnto the *Syrtes*, where *Ammon* wonnes:
And then in bredth takes all that coſt,
Whoſe lands the *Torrid Zone* doth toſt;
With thoſe vaſte kingdomes ſtretcht a farre,
That bounded with the *Ocean* are.
Vnto his Campe repaired theſe,
The Nation of *Antololes*,
The vagrant fierce *Numidæans*,
The ſtill prepar'd *Getulians*
That doe vnarmed horſes ride.
Then *Moores*, whoſe skins are cole-black dy'd
The *Naſamons* that riches wants,
And all the parched *Garamants*.
The *Marmaryds* ſo ſwift of foote,

Attius Varus Pompey's captaine in *Affricke*.

King *Iuba*.

With

With *Maxans*, that as strongly shoote
Those darts that from their *armes* they throw,
As *Medes* can shafts out of a bow.
And those *Massilians* that bestride
Their horses bare back't when they ride,
And neuer doth a bridle need,
But with a wand can guide his steed.
The hunting *Aphers*, that did vse
No steady dwelling house to chuse,
But rang'd in Tents from place to place,
As they pursue the Lyons chase;
And trusts not to their headed speare,
But with their clokes his eyes will bleare,
And nothing do his raging feare.
¶ Neither did *Iuba* raise his *Mart*,
Onely regarding to take part
With one side in this ciuill fight,
But was drawne on with priuate spight.
For *Curio* in his *Tribunes* time,
That had committed many a crime
Against the *Gods*, and humane right,
Did practise then with all his might,
By his owne *Tribunatian* law,
King *Iuba's* realme from him to draw:
And to disgrade him from the Throne,
By true discent that was his owne.
VVherein thou didst thy power display,
VVhen *Rome* gaue thee too great a sway.
Iuba remembring this abuse,
Did of this warre make priuate vse,
Hoping thereby that vncontrold
He should his crowne more freely hold.
The fame of this offended king
VVith feare in *Curios* Campe did ring:
For most of all the troopes he led,
In *Cæsars* Armes were neuer bred;
Nor in those *Gallicke* warres were train'd,
Nor with their blood the *Rhene* had stain'd.
But from *Corfinium* garrison
They were with-drawne when it was wonne.

A nation that ride and rule their horses without bridles.

The seuerall nations vnder *Iuba*.

A strange maner of hunting the *Lyon*.

Iubas particular malice to *Curio*.

The rumor of *Iubas* mallice troubles *Curios* Campe.

And

And to new leaders bare ſmall truſt,
As they to former were vniuſt,
Still thinking to doe what they luſt.
When therefore *Curio* plainly ſaw
Baſe feare their mindes did ouer-awe;
Whereby the trenches euery night
Were barely man'd by ſluggiſh fright:
And that his Souldiers day by day
From out the trenches fled away:
His minde theſe ill preſages mates,
And with himſelfe he thus debates.
Daring attempts doe couer dread:
My Enſignes therefore I will ſpread,
And with my Souldiers take the field,
Whilſt they to me obedience yeeld:
For Idleneſſe breeds mutiny,
But action voids conſpiracy.
Whilſt that the valiant minde is preſt,
And ſees the ſword againſt his breaſt,
His helmet then doth ſhelter ſhame;
He leaſure wants to ſcórne, or blame
His Captaines will; or to compare
How martiall cauſes ordered are.
But on which part in armes he ſtands,
There he imployes his hired hands.
So do the fencers, for rewards
Expoſe their skill and ventrous guards
Againſt their riuals in their fight,
Not led thereto with ancient ſpight.
But when they meet, their force they ſtraine,
Which of them ſhall the conqueſt gaine.
This when he had revolu'd in minde,
He to the field his hoaſt deſign'd.
And *Fortune* giues him one faire day,
Whom afterwards ſhe did betray.
For he in battaile *Varus* meetes,
And with ſuch force his Army greets;
As that he made him turne his face,
Put him in rout, and gaue him chaſe;
Who neuer turn'd his face againe,

Curio finding his Army ſtaggering, debates with himſelfe what courſe to take.

Curio ouerthrowes *Varus* in the field.

Vntill

Vntill his Campe did him conſtraine.
¶ Theſe heauy newes abrode were blowne,
That *Varus* now was ouer-throwne:
VVhich when to *Iuba's* eares it came,
He was well pleaſed with the *Fame*,
Preſuming that this warfare ſtayes
For him, thereof to win the praiſe.
And therefore ſecretly ordain'd
Great force, which he with ſpeed retain'd
For this exployt, by him conceald
With charge it ſhould not be reueald.
He onely fear'd that his intent
His foe would fearefully preuent.
Sabbura was the ſecond man
That ruled all his kingdome than;
And vnto him he did commit
A little troope that he thought fit
To march before, and with no moe
Into the field to tyce his foe:
Pretending that vnto his hands
He had committed all the bands:
Meane while the King with his huge Traine,
Lay hidden in a hollow plaine.
So doth the Serpent, enemy
Vnto the *Aſpicke*, hidden lye,
And with a ſubtile ſhadow drawes
Him neere vnto his murdring iawes:
And when the *Aſpicke* nought ſuſpects,
He ſuddenly his head reflects,
And with his teeth the throate doth ſquiſe,
Not where the lurking poyſon lies;
And therewithall this vermin dies.
VVho then his venom forth doth caſt,
But all in vaine, and all in waſt.
So fraud ſits now in *Fortunes* lappe,
For *Curio* haught with his late happe,
Did not forecaſt the deepe deceit
Of his ſtrong foe, that lay in wait.
But ouer-night he giues in charge
That all his horſe-troopes ſhould enlarge
Themſelues

Iuba glad of *Varus* ouer-throw.

A Simile.

Curio too venterous, neglecteth good aduice.

Themſelues, and range the fields about;
And in the morning he drawes out
From forth his Campe, his armed bands,
Who in the field imbatteld ſtands.
Yet he was warn'd (but all in vaine)
That cloſe his campe he ſhould containe,
And wary be of *Lybicke* baytes,
And of the *Punycke* warres deceytes.

The *Punicke* deceit in war.

But *Deſtinies* reſiſtleſſe date,
Gaue vp this yong man to his *Fate*.
And now this ciuill warre betraid
Him, that her firſt foundation laid.
His troopes and Enſignes he diſplayes,
And leades them ouer rocky wayes;
Which when his enemy eſpyde,
From hilles a farre where they recide;
With fraud they ſeeme (as men affright)
To make retrait in open ſight;
Vntill thereby they could procure
Their foe to leaue a place ſo ſure,
And ſtrong, as thoſe high mountaines were;
And that the Army did not feare
To range it ſelfe in martiall wiſe,
Where as the open Champian lies.
Now *Curio* thought his foes did flye,
And did not their deuice deſcrye;

Curio deceiued with an ambuſh.

But as a Conquerour, in haſte
His Army in the fields he plac't.
And then the *Lybicke* guile brake out:
For thoſe that fled but for a flout,
With horſe-men ceiz'd the hilles about;
And with huge troopes they did encloſe
On euery ſide, their *Roman* foes.
¶ This *Curio* ſomewhat did amaze,
His hope-loſt troopes ſtood at a gaze;
Yet ſought they not for feare to flye,
Nor ſtrong enough with force to try.
Their tired horſe, when Trumpets ſound,
Would neither ſnoring bray, nor bownd:
Nor with their *hooſes* the earth would ſtamp,

Nor

Nor ſtraine their bridles whilſt they champe
The foamy bits, nor creaſts vp-reares,
Nor with a courage pricke their eares.
Nor ſtriue amongſt the thronging troope,
But all fore-ſpent, their heads down droope.
And creſt-falne ſmoking in a ſweat,
Their mouthes are dry, and parcht with heat.
Their tongues do hang below their iawes,
Hoarſe *grones* they ſend from out their *maws*
With thick drawne winde they puffe & pant,
Their flankes doe riſe, and breath doe want.
And all their bits were ſmeared ore
With duſty dryed frothy gore.
So as they hardly could be got
With whips or wands to keepe a trot.
Nor yet with often ſtroke of ſpurre
Could they at laſt be made to ſturre.
It nought auailed him that rides,
To rent and teare their bloody ſides.
His pace he would not ſo aduance,
With force thereof to breake a launce;
Which greatly did the foe auaile,
For they the while did them aſſaile
Aloofe with darts as thicke as haile.

Curios horſe-troopes ſpen and tired.

¶ Now when the ranging *Aphers* preſt
In with their troopes amongſt the reſt,
Their trampling ſteeds ſo beat the ground,
That all the hill therewith did ſound.
And therewith raiſd ſuch duſty ſmokes,
That all the aire it dimmes and chokes.
Like as when the *Biſtonian* blaſts,
With rage whole hilles of ſands vp caſts;
Which in ſuch clouds aloft doe riſe,
As that they dimme and darke the skies.
No ſooner now their raging Mart
Vpon the foot they did conuart,
But that the fight was out of doubt.
Death ſpent the time amongſt the rout.
Forward at all they could not preſſe,
Nor vſe their Armes in this diſtreſſe.

The battaile betwixt *Curio* and *Saǒbura.*

Curio's Army oppreſſed with numbers of foes

So

So were they compaſt round with foes,
That roome they want to deale their blowes.
Their ſpeares held vpright in their hands,
Were throng'd together in whole bands.
So heapes of foes their helpe confounds,
Neither fall they alone with wounds,
And bloud; but this them death affoords,
The clouds of darts, and weight of ſwoords.
And then for laſt refuge of all,
The troopes now left that were but ſmall,
Into a little orbe did fall.
And thoſe that vtmoſt bare the ſtreſſe,
If they into the midſt would preſſe
For feare, thereby reliefe to gaine,
Hardly eſcap't, but there was ſlaine.
This battail'd Orbe now grew ſo thicke,
And did ſo cloſe together ſticke,
And foot to foot ſo preſſing ſtands,
They could not vſe their martiall hands.
Their thronged bodies ſo are preſt,
That arm'd, they cruſh each others breaſt.
The conquering *Moore* did not delight
So much to heare of their hard plight,
That *Fortune* proſtrates to his might;
Not hauing ſeene the bodies ſlaine,
Nor how the ſtreames of blood did draine,
Nor that the limbes beſtrewd the land,
For now the Orbe ſo thicke was mand,
That bodies dead vpright did ſtand.
Thus *Fortune* ſends new ſlaughtred wights
To pleaſe *Carthages* enuious ſprights:
The ſacrifice of this braue Hoſt,
May well appeaſe the thirſty ghoſt
Of bloudy *Hanniball*, and thoſe
That *Punicke* warres hath made our foes.
But (O yee *Gods*) this *Roman* ſpoyle
That now is made on *Libicke* ſoyle,
To *Pompey* cannot yeeld content,
The *Senate* will this wracke lament.
Let *Affricke* thereof make her gaines,

This fighting in an orbe was the laſt refuge that the *Romans* vſed euer in extremity.

Whoſe

Whoſe fields our *Latium* blood diſtaines.
When *Curio* ſaw his hoaſt in rout,
And that their blood ſo ſtream'd about,
As that therewith the duſt was laid,
And with the gore the land beraid;
His heart could not endure the ſight
Of his poore mens diſtreſſed plight,
Nor would he ſaue himſelfe by flight.
But on his foes he preſt amaine,
And ſo amongſt his Troopes was ſlaine.
He now diſdaines longer to liue,
Valour to him his end did giue.

Curio and his Army deſtroyed.

¶ What can the *Roſtrum* thee auaile?
Or *Forum* now, when *Fates* aſſaile?
What boots it, that in thee it lay
The armed peoples willes to ſway?
What profits it thy voyce did draw
The *Senate* to infringe the law?
Whereby the Father and the Sonne,
This hatefull ciuill warre begunne.
Sith thou to death thy date muſt yeeld,
And ſhalt not ſee *Pharſalia's* field:
Where theſe great Captaines, led with rage
To battailes chance, their ſtates engage.
For croſſe-bent *Fate* denies to thee
The iſſue of theſe warres to ſee.
So you diſturbers of the ſtate,
Make your owne ſelues a prey to fate;
And pay the price with your owne blood,
For which you ſold the common good.

He taxeth *Curio* for faction.

O happy *Rome!* couldſt thou but finde
Thy Citizens ſo iuſt and kinde,
As that the Gods their mindes would moue,
Rather to cheriſh and to loue
The publique freedome of the ſtate,
Then to reuenge their priuate hate.
O noble *Curio* 'tis thy meed,
The rau'ning *Libicke* fowles to feed;
For to thy lot will neuer fall
The honor of a funerall.

An *Apoſtrophe* to the *Roman* Lords.

But yet our lines might merit blame,
To ſilence that which for thy name
Deſerues to be in braſſe inchaſt,
That with all ages it might laſt.
I yeeld this therefore to thy ſpirit,
The due commend that it did merit.
Curio's praiſe. *Rome* neuer bred a greater wit,
That did within the *Roſtrum* ſit:
Nor more did dignifie the lawes,
Whilſt thou didſt ſtand for iuſtice cauſe.
Auarice and Bribery the ruine of *Rome* But after *Pride* and *Luxurie*,
With auaritious *Briberie*,
Poſſeſt the head-ſtrong wils of youth;
They ſwamme in ſtreames that led to ruth.
So with the times things changed then,
That age corrupt, corrupted men;
And *Curio* blaſted with the reſt,
Was chiefeſt cauſe of *Romes* vn-reſt.
For *Cæſar* did his minde inthrall,
With golden gifts of conquered *Gaule*.
Though *Sylla's* power, and *Marius* wrath,
And *Cinna's* rage bred *Roman* ſcath;
Though *Cæſars* ancient noble line,
With glory long did ſway and ſhine:
Yet for all this, their ſwords lack't might
To frame a tyranny out-right:
They all did ſtill attempt with gold,
To purchaſe *Rome*, which *Curio* ſold.

Finis Libri quarti.

Lucans Pharſalia.

The fifth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

IN Greece *the* Senate *doe decree,*
That Pompey *ſhall their leader be.*
Then Appius *doth to* Delphos *goe,*
The Oracles *aduice to know.*
Now Cæſar *hauing maiſtered* Spaine,
His mutiners ſuppreſt againe.
And then to Rome *in haſte he goth,*
There Conſull *and* Dictator *both.*
Thence to Brunduſium *he departs,*
And to Epyrus *bends his* Marts,
He raſhly venters on the Maine:
Then comes Antonius *with his traine.*
Pompey Cornelia *doth betake*
To Lesbos, *whilſt he warre doth make.*

THESE Captaines now on either ſide,
The wrackes of *Ciuill warre* had try'd,
And *Fortune* partiall vnto neither,
Mingled good lucke and bad together;
Bringing them with an equall hand,
Into the *Macedonian* land.

Fortune as yet ſtands indifferent betweene *Cæſar* and *Pompey.*

Mount *Æmus* now was thatch't with ſnow,
That from th' *Atlanticke* skies did blow.
And then the feaſt dayes onward drew,
VVhich did their Magiſtrates renew.
And that prime ſeaſon gan appeare,
That leads the vaunt-gard of the yeare.
But whilſt ſome latter time remaines
To thoſe that yet doe rule the raines,
The *Conſuls* both did then decree
The *Senate* ſhould aſſembled be,
VVith thoſe great *Lords* both farre & neare,
In Prouinces did office beare.
Epyrus the *randevous* of *Pompey's* forces,
And then *Epyrus* they did chuſe
The place for this warres *Randezvous*.
But oh this forraigne fordid ſeat!
For *Roman* Peeres was farre vnmeet.
It needs muſt be a ſcornfull ieſt,
That their high Court ſhould be a gueſt
In ſtranger lands, there to debate
The Councels of the Empires ſtate.
For who a Campe will deeme this place,
That all the *Conſuls* axes grace?
Pompey followes the *Senate*, and not the *Senate Pompey*.
The *Senates* reuerend order ſayes,
They runne not after *Pompeys* wayes.
But *Pompey* for the pnblicke cauſe,
Saith he obſerues the *Senates* lawes.
¶ Now when theſe ſad aſſembled Peeres,
VVith ſilence gaue attentiue eares:
Lord *Lentulus* from his high Throne,
In theſe words makes his meaning knowne;
Lentulus oration to the *Senators* in the Campe.
If courage ſuch your mindes doe feed,
As worthy of the *Latium* breed:
Or ancient blood boyle in your breaſt,
VVhat matter is't where *Romans* reſt:
Regard not how farre we reſide
From *Rome*, by *Cæſar* vilefi'd.
But know you now with loue and grace
Your natiue Countrey peoples face.
Firſt therefore reuerend Fathers heare,
By all your powers make it appeare

That

That you the rightfull *Senate* are,
Whoſe high decrees in peace and warre,
Nations muſt reuerence neere and farre.
For be it ſo that *Fortunes* ſway
Would carry vs ſo farre away,
As where the ycie leſſer Beare
Doth dimly twinkle in the ſpheare:
Or elſe whereas the *Torrid Zone*
Refreſhing vapours caſteth none.
But alwayes with one counterpaiſe
Equals the length of nights and dayes;
Yet whereſoeuer we ſhould roame,
There alwayes is the Empires home.
With vs we hold, as proper mate,
The ſupreame care and rule of ſtate.
So when with fire the furious *Gaules*
Aſſail'd the high *Tarpeian* walles;
At *Veia* did *Camillus* wonne, *Camillus.*
And there did *Rome* her fortune runne.
The *Senatorian* ordred ſtate
Is neuer chang'd by place or date.
Cæſar the City doth retaine,
Whoſe houſes empty do remaine.
The mourning Courts he ouer-awes,
Where Armes haue ſilenced the lawes.
The *Roman* Courts know but the face
Of *Senators* which he did chaſe
From out the Citty ſwarming than;
And him that *Cæſar* did not ban
Of that great *Senatorian* traine,
His fellowſhip we muſt diſdaine.
That fury firſt did ſcatter ſuch
As did at wicked diſcord grutch;
Who with their children and their wiues,
In peace deſir'd to lead their liues.
But yet for all this raging vaine,
Here are we now well met againe.
And all the *Gods* in recompence
Of *Italie* (though chaſt from thence)
Hath giuen vs (to cheere our hearts)

The whole worlds force that takes our parts.
And now in the *Ilirian* maine,
Vulteius and his troopes are ſlaine.
And *Curio*, that was greateſt part
Of *Cæſars Senate* in his *Mart*;
Lies foyl'd, with all his *Martiall* bands,
In *Affrickes* filthy parched ſands.
Therefore your Enſignes now diſplay,
Braue Captaines thruſt on *Fortunes* way;
In *Ioues* high grace your hopes repoſe,
Your mindes as forward now expoſe,
Againſt the forces of your foes,
As you were ready then to run,
When their approches you did ſhun.
Our power no further doth extend,
For with the yeare the *Conſuls* end.
But reuerend *Lords* your powerfull ſtate
Is not confin'd to any date.
Therefore conclude amongſt you all,
That *Pompey* be your General.
Hereat the *Senate* did reioyce,
And then decreed with one voyce,
That they would lay on *Pompey's* fate,
The publique and their priuate ſtate.
That done, to honors they prefer'd
The Kings and people that deſeru'd.
And vnto *Rhodes*, *Apollo's* ſeat,
(Whoſe power by ſea was ſtout and great)
They preſents gaue, and for their truth,
The like vnto the homely youth
Of *Taygety*; and then the Towne
Of ancient *Athens* they renowne.
And to *Maſſilians* (*Cæſars* ſpoyle)
They freely gaue the *Phocean* ſoyle.
¶ Then *Sadalen*, and *Cotyn* ſtrong,
And *Deiotarus* that had long
Beene loyall to the *Roman* ſtate,
To honors they did eleuate:
And therewithall *Rhaſipolin*,
The Lord of that coaſt whereas binne

A ſpeech of ſcorne to *Cæſar*.

Pompey choſen Generall of the Army for the Senate.

The chilly ſharpe windes foſtered;
All theſe with praiſe were honored.
Then by the *Senators* decree,
Iuba deſigned was to bee
The ſoueraigne of all *Libicke* land,
To ſway that ſcepter with his hand.
But oh dire *Fates*, thou that haſt name
Of *Ptolomey*, thou *Fortunes* ſhame!
To thee a kingdome was deſign'd,
Whoſe people were of faithleſſe kinde:
The Gods herein moſt faulty were,
To grace thy wretched head of haire
With that braue *Alexandrian* crowne,
That had from *Peleus* his renowne.
Thou boy didſt take the ſword in hand,
To rule the people of this land.
And would to God to them alone
Thy tyrant ſword had beene made knowne;
But *Lagus* Realme was giuen thee more,
And thou defil'd with *Pompey's* gore,
Thy ſiſters Crowne thou didſt depriue,
And *Cæſars* wracke wel-neere contriue.
This great aſſembly now diſmiſt,
The multitude in Armes perſiſt.
VVhilſt Souldiers and the Captaines all,
Fore-caſting nought what might befall,
Their Enſignes and their Armes aduance,
Guided by giddy *Fortunes* chance.
But *Appius* was the onely man
That did this purpoſe better ſcan:
For he did feare with raſh attempt
To hazard doubtfull warres euent;
And therefore he the *Gods beſought*
To ſhew to what end twould be brought.
VVhich done, he takes his iourney then
To the *Phœbean Delphicke* Denne,
That he this Oracle might heare,
VVhich had beene ſhut vp many a yeare.
¶ *Parnaſſus* mountaine toppe is ſpred
VVith lofty double forked head.

Ptolomey diſcended of the race of *Peleus*.

Yong *Ptolomey* king of *Ægipt*, that cauſed *Pompey* to bee ſlaine, and had almoſt betraied *Cæſar*.

Appius ſeekes to know of the *Oracles* what ſhall bee this warres euent.

And in the worlds mid way doth reſt,
Iuſt plac't betweene the *Eaſt* and *weſt*.
This ſacred hill, as eld deſignes,
To *Phœbus*, and the God of wines
With equall heſt was conſecrate,
Where they their *Oracles* relate.
His onely toppe ſurmounting ſtood
Of all the earth aboue the flood,
That in *Deucalions* time did drowne
The world with her high towring crowne,
And onely as a confine ſeene
The waters and the skies betweene.
Yet thou *Parnaßus* didſt not riſe
So high, but that one forkes poynt lyes
Vnder the water hid from eyes.
Reuenging *Pæan* there did ſhow
The vigor of his arme and bow.
Calling to minde his mothers wrong,
Whilſt he within her wombe did throng:
She from her natiue home expeld,
He with his arrowes *Python* queld,
Which yet he ſcarce had skill to weld.
This ſacred ſoyle as then did reſt
With *Trypods* vnder *Themis* heſt.
As ſoone as *Pæan* firſt beheld
The ſounding voyce theſe caues did yeeld,
Diuinely breathing out ſuch ſawes,
With windy words from earths deep iawes,
He ſecretly himſelfe with-drawes,
And in the ſacred dennes did ſhade,
There *Pæan* was a *Prophet* made.

¶ *What God* (quoth he) *is here incloſa?*
What ſupreme power (from heauen depoſd)
Vouchſafes confined thus to dwell
Within this ſolitary Cell?
What Deity of heauenly birth
Can be partaker with this earth?
Within whoſe all conceiuing breaſt,
Eternall ſecrets liue and reſt.
Whoſe high fore-knowledge hath deſcride

What

It was a little before Chriſt came that the Oracles ceaſt, as was fore-propheſied by the ſcriptures.

The *Pagans* conceit of *Parnaſſus* mount.

Themis, the Goddeſſe of *Iuſtice*.

What shall in future times betide.
That preacheth to the peoples eares,
That humane forme and nature beares.
Dreadfull and potent in his state,
And whether he doth sing of Fate,
Or do command that which he sings,
He Fate vnto perfection brings.
Perhaps of Iupiter *entire,*
A great part doth his soule inspire;
Which was vnto the earth downe sent
To sway this or by continent
With true proportion'd vpright paise,
Whereby amidst the Aire it staies.
Which power diuine, accustom'd then
To haunt in this Cyrrhæan *Denne,*
And was withall conioyned nye
To thundring Ioue aboue the skye.
This power that had such grace receiu'd,
Was in a virgins breast conceiu'd.
With humane soule it did subsist,
Sounding his voice when as him list:
The mouth he opened of the Priest,
With so great force as flaming blasts
That Mountaine Aetna's *toppe out casts,*
Or as Typhæus *ouer-prest*
With hugie weight vpon his breast,
(Whom great Inarymes *doth hide)*
Constrained (from his stomach wide)
To vomit vp, with ratling grones,
Campana's *flinty rugged stones.*
¶ *This power exposd to all mens good*
No mortals prayers hath withstood;
Onely his nature doth disdaine
To be defil'd with humane staine.
Wicked inchanters neuer dwels
Nor yet converse within his celles:
There witches mutter not their spelles.
A constant truth his speeches are,
To alter which none ought to dare.
Forbidding mortals that desire,

This seemes to hold great correspondency with the description of the incarnation and life of our blessed *Saiiour.*

Cyrrha a Citty at the foote of *Pernassus.*

His

His fauour is the iuſt mans hire.
For vnto ſuch (caſt from their ſeat)
He hath reſtored Cities great.
The Tyrrians *ſo he did relieue,*
And gaue them meanes away to driue
The threatnings proud of hoſtile Lords,
As Salaminian *ſea records.*
The barren lands he fruitfull makes,
Contagious aires away he takes,
And teacheth how the ſame he ſlakes.
This age of ours with griefe may ſay,
The Gods from vs hold not away
A bleſſed gift of greater grace,
Then was this Delphicke *ſacred place.*
Which propheſing no longer ſings,
So future feare doth hold our kings:
And in that iealous doubtfull vaine
All *Oracles* they doe reſtraine.
Yet *Cyrræn* Prophets nought lament,
That ſo their voyces are vp-pent,
Or that their Temples none frequent.
For if this God-heads ſpirit lights
Within the hearts of mortall wights,
They that this power diuine receaues,
Death vnto him thereby bequeaues
The full reward of preſent bliſſe,
Or elſe his paine eternall is.
For thoſe weake powers of humane life
Faint in the waues and vrging ſtrife,
That in this fury raigneth rife.
So can the Gods, when they doe ſtreeke,
Shake mortall mindes, and make them meeke.
Now *Appius* that ſearcheth out
To vnderſtand this lateſt doubt
Of the *Heſperian* hidden *Fate*;
Addreſt himſelfe vnto the gate
Of this ſame ſilent vncoth caue,
Whoſe *Oracles* no anſweres gaue
Long time before; nor *Trypods* draue.
There he the Prelate doth intreat

The griefe that the *Pagans* conceiued for the ceaſing of their *Oracles.*

The opinion of the *Pagans* concerning this *Oracle.*

Appius comes to the *Oracle.*

Then

Then to ſet ope his ſacred ſeate,
And to let in the fearfull *Nunne*
Phæmonoë, that now did runne,
And gadde about in ſhady woods,
And by *Caſtalio's* ſecret floods,
Where wandring careleſſe ſhe was caught,
And ſo vnto the Temple brought.
¶ The *Nunne* whom feare did now diſſwade
This vgly entry to invade,
Vſd all the Art ſhe could inuent
To hold this Lord from his intent,
Whereon his minde was ſo hot bent.
Great *Roman* Lord, I muſe (quoth ſhe)
What wicked hope inueagleth thee
To ſearch to know thy future *Fate*,
Where *Oracles* are out of date.
Pernaſſus long hath ſilent ſtood,
The *God* ſuppreſſed hath his mood:
His voyce is either dumbe or hoarſe,
Or elſe this ſeat he doth not force.
But rometh in by-waies vntry'd,
Or *Pythons Trypod*-couering hide,
Is by *Barbarians* burnt and fry'd:
Whoſe aſhes in the Cauernes lies,
And *Phœbus* paſſage ſo denies.
Or whether that the *Gods* high heſt
With *Cyrrha's* propheſies ſhall reſt,
And that the *Sibylls* old preſage
Of things to come in future age,
Which are committed vnto verſe,
Sufficiently may *Fates* rehearſe.
Or *Pæan* (that is vſd to chaſe
The ſpirits of a harmfull race)
Cannot finde out in this fraile time,
A truthfull tongue deuoid of crime.
Now in this virgins words and cheere,
Diſſembling fraud did plaine appeare.
Her guilty feare did then deſcry
She falſely did the *Gods* deny.
Her writhed fillet ſhe doth dreſſe

Phæmonoë diſſwadeth *Appius* from ſearching this *Oracle.*

Phæmonoë fearefull to enter the Cauerne of the Oracle.

Vpon

Vpon the fore-part of her treſſe.
Her lockes hung downe her backe behinde:
Vpon her crowne ſhe wreathing twinde
A garland greene of *Laurell* dight,
With *Phocian* vaile of lawne pure white;
But in the porch ſhe made a ſtay:
The prieſt then puſht her on her way.
Yet ſhe, poore ſoule, was ſore adread
Into the horrid cell to yed:
Lothing the gaſtly dennes to proue,
Nor from the Porch would ſhe remoue.
But there right doth a mùttring faine,
As though the ſpright ſhe did retaine,
And yet her breaſt he did not ſtraine.
In this ſort ſhe vntroubled ſtood,
With quiet voyce, and ſober mood;
Which ſhewd no ſacred furies guiſe
Did her diſtracted ſence ſurpriſe:
Neither could that ſmooth tale ſhe told,
With *Appius* more credit hold,
Then it was able to abuſe
The *Trypods*, or *Apollos* muſe.
No trembling ſounds doe ſtoppe her words,
The Cauerne vaſte no voyce affoords:
Her garland doth not brandling reare,
With the vp-riſing of her haire:
The Temples ſteeple no whit ſhakes,
The ſhady groue no bluſtring makes.
And ſhe poore wretch the whilſt ſtill feares,
With Oracles to truſt her eares.
This while the *Trypods* yeeld no ſignes,
And *Appius* vnto rage enclines:
Wherewith he ſaid, thou falſe for-ſworne,
That haſt both *Gods* and *Me* in skorne;
Thy fraud thou deerely ſhalt abye,
Except thou enter preſently
This cauerne, and do truths relate,
Preſume not of thy ſelfe to prate
In matters of this great aduice,
No leſſe worth then the worlds whole price.

Herewith

Herewith the *Nunne* was ſo agaſt,
That to the *Trypods* ſhe makes haſt.
And to the Cauernes being come,
She ſtands amaz'd, and waxeth dumbe.
And with an vnaccuſtom'd breaſt,
The ſpirit ſhe receiues her gueſt:
So as not any long of yore
This caue ſo fully did explore.
Then did the *Cyrrhæa* Furie runne
So fiercely through this rapted *Nunne*,
That neuer any had like part
Of this diuine *Phœbæan* Art.
Her proper wits it driues away:
Now now (quoth ſhe) heare whilſt you may
And truſt vpon the words I ſay.
Her necke ſhe whirles, and windes about,
And madding through the dens doth ſtrout.
Her phillets, and *Phœbæan* bayes,
Her vpright ſtaring lockes did raiſe.
And through each horrid vacant place,
She flings about with gaſtly face:
And where the *Trypods* ſhe doth meete,
She ouer-whelmes them with her feete.
She frets and burnes with inward fire,
Phœbus on her expreſt his ire,
Not onely with his ſtripes and threats,
But he her bowels flaming heats,
And her inſpires with ſo great skill,
That ſhe was ſtinted of her will.
For 'twas not lawfull ſhe ſhould ſhow
Thoſe wondrous things that ſhe did know,
All times beginnings, and their ends
She ſees, and fully comprehends.
And euery ages deſtiny
Within her racked breaſt doth lye.
Huge heapes of things to her appeares,
She ſwels with geſſe of future yeares,
Whoſe fates whilſt ſhe conceald doth hold,
In her did ſtruggle to be told.
The worlds laſt dayes ſhe viewed than,

Phœmonoë enters the Cauernes by the conſtraint of *Appius*.

The deſcription of one inſpired with the fury of propheſying.

With that firſt houre that it began.
The ſecrets of the *Ocean* vaſt,
Reuealed were to her forecaſt:
And therewithall ſhe vnderſtands
The iuſt account of all the ſands.
¶ So great a Propheteſſe ſome time
There liu'd in the *Euboean* Clime,
That did diſdaine her ſecret Art,
Sybilla Cumana With forraigne nations to impart.
And yet amongſt ſo great a troope
That vnder fatall bonds did droope,
With haughty hand ſhe fram'd her ſprite
The *Roman* deſtinies to write.
Phœmonoë ſo with fury fild,
Labours the like content to yeeld
To thee (O *Appius*) that ſeek'ſt out
To be reſolued of thy doubt.
But much a doe ſhe hath, God wot,
To light vpon thy ſingle lot,
Amongſt ſo many deſtinies,
As in *Caſtalia* hidden lies.
With flowing foame her *mouth* grows white,
And raptures agonize her ſprite:
She groanes, and therewith gaſping throbs,
And yelling ſhrill ſhe ſighing ſobs.
With heauy howling then ſhe raues,
Which rings throughout the vaulted caues.
Then growing tame, her worke beginnes,
And thus her lateſt words ſhe ſings.
The words of the Oracle to *Appius*. *Thou Roman ſhalt the dangers great*
Of theſe warres ſcape, that doe thee threat.
And in the vaſt Euboean ſoyle
Thou ſhalt reſt ſafe, and free from toyle.
So ſaid, ſhe did conceale the reſt,
And *Pæan* then her tongue ſuppreſt.
¶ Yee *Trypods* that the *Fates* doe keepe,
And of the world the ſecrets deepe.
And thou (O *Pæan*) that want'ſt power
To hide the future of one hower
From knowledge of the Gods on hye,

Why

Why strangely dost thou so deny
The latest ruine to relate
That shall oppresse the Empires state?
The Captaines slaine, the death of Kings,
The fall of Nations that it brings.
Whose liues the destinies thinke good,
To mingle with the *Latium* blood?
Haue not as yet the powers diuine
Resolu'd, how this wracke shall encline?
And are so many *Fates* obscur'd,
As though the starres were not assur'd
That *Pompey's* head is doom'd to dye,
Or else doe these things silent lye?
That *Fortune* may due vengeance take
Vpon that sword that makes all quake,
With chastisement his rage to slake.
And raise the *Brutes*, to quell the raigne
Of *Tyrants* that would rise againe.
Then with her breast the virgin push't
Against the gate, which open rush't.
Out of the Temple so she went,
But yet her fury was not spent:
Though not a word at all she spake,
For yet the *God* did not forsake
Her breast, but there his stay did make.
She still doth whirle her gogling eyes,
And wistly stares vpon the skies.
One while she shewes a fearfull grace,
And sometimes looke with scowling face.
A steady eye she neuer keepes,
Her lippes red flaming colour steepes.
Her cheekes were deadly pale to sight,
Not as when terror brings affright.
But bloodlesse wanniſh, and her heart
Did beat, as though her life did part.
But as the seas, when stormes doe slake,
Will swell, and hollow roaring make;
So with her many sighes out-sent,
She grew appeasd, her breast had vent.
¶ And when she seuerd had her sight,

The *Bruti*, suppressers of Tyrants.

A while from out the ſacred light,
Which had reueal'd to her all *Fate*,
She was reſtor'd to her old ſtate.
Her humane notions came againe,
And *Pæan* did her bowels baine
With water of the *Lethe* flood,
All was forgot ſhe vnderſtood.
The ſecrets of the *Gods* were fled,
And ſhe no longer prophiſed.
All future fore-caſt that inſpire,
To *Phœbus Trypods* did retire.
Downe-right ſhe fell into a trance;
But *Appius* though thy death aduance,
Thou doſt not yet a right conceaue
What doubtfull fate to thee doth cleaue;
For thou deluded with falſe hope,
The whole worlds rule tak'ſt for thy ſcope:
And with an idle miſconceit,
Doſt thinke to make thy ſafe retrait
In *Calcis* and *Euboian* land,
And fondly bearſt thy ſelfe in hand
(O foole!) with that which cannot be:
For how canſt thou from cares be free,
Amidſt this whole worlds ſtorme of ſtrife,
Except the *Gods* bereaue thy life?
And that is true; for thou ſhalt haue
Prepar'd for thee a worthy graue,
Neere to the ſtrict *Euboian* coſts,
Whereas huge rockes of marble poſts,
Chariſtos hath ſuch quarries ſtore,
And whereas *Rhamnis* doth adore
Great *Nemeſis*, that there doth keepe
Neere to the ſtraits of that vaſte deepe
Euripus cal'd, whoſe rapid courſe
With checking tides, and changing courſe:
The *Calcidonian* trading maſts
On *Aulis* wracking channels caſts.
¶ *Cæſar* meane while remoues his hoaſt
From the *Iberian* conquered coaſt,
And his victorious *Ægles* flye,

Appius miſconſtrues the words of the Oracle to his owne aduantage.

The true meaning of the *Oracle* concerning *Appius*.

Nemeſis, the Goddeſſe of Reuenge.

Vnto another stranger skye.
And then the Gods had wel-neere quel'd
That good successe which long he held.
For now whilst he no warre did wage,
He stands in doubt that mutines rage
Within his Campe would raise some broyle,
And so his plotted warfare spoyle.
Whilst that his chiefest troopes now fild
With blood, in many battailes spild:
Their faith did from their Captaine fall,
And were it that the Trumpets call
Had not of late stir'd vp their sprights,
Or that from their accustom'd fights
Their swords to scabbards now confin'd,
All martiall rage chast from their minde.
Or whether that the swaggering sway
Was to procure some larger pay.
But so it was amidst these flawes,
They curse their Captaine, and the cause;
And do accuse their proper Armes
As guilty of these ciuill harmes.
Neuer was *Cæsar* better try'd,
Then now this mutiny to guide.
He sees all in a staggeriug way,
Vncertaine how mens mindes would sway:
And like a body reft of hands,
As vnassisted now he stands:
And almost left to his owne sword,
Saw now what twas that did affoord
Him meanes such warres to entertaine,
'Gainst all the world by land and maine;
That 'twas the Souldiers ready armes,
And not the Captaines fatall charmes.
But now amazed murmure rose,
Their rage they openly oppose:
For that same cause that is of wont,
Of wauering mindes to stay the brunt,
Is when that men their priuate feare,
And his owne dread each one doth beare.
But now them all one humor drawes,

Cæsars Army returning out of *Spaine*, Mutinies.

Cæsar perplexed.

The Campe takes intereſt in the cauſe,
As tyranny againſt their lawes.
They make no ſtoppe, for all the rout
Dreadleſſe run on, and caſt no doubt.
For ſtill a generall offence
Doth with all chaſtiſement diſpence.
¶ Then one of them amongſt the reſt,
Their publicke grieſe this wiſe expreſt.
Cæſar let vs at length in peace
From wicked warre finde ſome releaſe.
By lands and ſeas thou doſt deuiſe,
To make our throats a ſacrifice.
And doſt (as vile) expoſe our blood,
To euery hoſtile raging mood.
A part of vs in *France* were ſlaine,
Many in theſe hard warres of *Spaine*;
And *Latium*, ſome with blood did ſtaine.
So all the world our Troopes deuoures,
Whilſt thou diſplai'ſt thy conquering powres.
But what are we the more of worth,
For all that bloud ſhed in the *North*?
For *Rhodanus*, and *Rhene* ſubdu'd,
Our labours are but ſtill renu'd.
And for thoſe warres both neere and farre
All our reward is ciuill warre.
Rome we haue taken, and made waſte:
The *Senate* from our Countrey chaſte.
What ſpoyles of Gods or men remaines,
For vs to aske more for our paines?
Yet ſtill with rauening ſwords and hands
Preſt to all ſpoyle our practiſe ſtands.
Patient in pouerty we pine,
O when will theſe warres haue a fine?
If *Rome* too little be eſteem'd,
What as ſufficient can be deem'd?
O now reſpect our hoary haire,
Our hands that ſcarce can weapons beare,
Our weakned arms with wounds, and ſcarres,
Our liues decayd, youth ſpent in warres.
Their death in peace let old men take,

The mutinous oration of one of *Cæſars* Souldiers.

O'tis a strange request I make,
That dying we might not of force,
Vpon the bare earth life deuorce;
And with our cold caskes crush our powles,
Whilst we are yeelding vp our soules:
And want a hand to close our eyes
When deaths last straine doth vs surprise.
No wife at all by vs to moane,
Nor yet to haue a graue alone,
But vpon heapes in ditches cast,
Let old age beded dye at last.
And some thing get by *Cæsars* fate
More then sharpe swords, and dire debate.
Why dost thou (*Cæsar*) hope to draw
Vs all as stupid vnder awe.
As though we wanted sence the while
To iudge of employments vile?
Thinkst thou, we cannot gesse aright
Vpon whom all the wracke will light?
And whose liues blood shall pay the price
Of all thy ciuill warres deuise.
What in thy *Mart* effected was,
But that our hands hath brought to passe?
We haue done all, and what I say
No law nor right can me denay.
Cæsar my Chiefetaine was in *Gaule*,
My fellow here I may him call.
The crime that doth coinquinate,
Doth likewise yeeld men equall fate.
Besides the merit of our acts,
Wrong censure now from vs detracts.
For whatsoeuer we haue wonne,
Is deem'd by *Cæsars* fortune spunne.
Yet let him know we are his *Fate*,
Though he hope *Ioue* supports his state.
For if thy Souldiers with thee iarre,
Cæsar thou may'st shut vp thy warre.
Thus said, in all the Campe throughout
Together they doe clustring rout,
And raging seeke their Captaine out.

A pittifull description of the liues of common souldiers.

The Souldier braues *Cæsar* behinde his backe.

¶ Yee Gods ſo did *Romes* forttune quaile,
When piety and faith did faile,
And wicked manners void of grace,
In ſteed thereof did come in place.
O let our diſcords raging iarres
Once make an end of ciuill warres!
What Captaine of the greateſt ſpright
Would not this mutiny affright?
But noble *Cæſar* (that dares runne
Into all *Fates*, and nothing ſhunne,
Delighting then to try his chance,
When dangerss moſt their threats aduance)
Comes dauntleſſe now with courage bold,
Not ſtaying till their fit was cold.
But in the midſt of all their rage,
Himſelfe amongſt them doth ingage.
He neuer would haue blam'd their fact
If they had Townes or Cities ſack't;
Or had they reuerend Temples burn'd,
Or *Ioues Tarpeia* ouer-turn'd.
The Matrons, and the *Senate* ſpoil'd,
Infants, and mothers great with child.
For *Cæſar* would his Souldiers haue
All cruelties of him to craue;
And that they ſurely ſhould deſire
The ſpoyle of warfare as their hire.
He onely fear'd his furious troope
With quiet hands would loytring droope.
O *Cæſar!* art thou not aſham'd,
That ſtill to warre thy minde is fram'd?
When thine owne Armes doe thee forſake,
Shall theſe their thirſt from bloud ſo ſlake?
Shall they the murdring ſteele diſdaine,
Whilſt thou doſt ruthleſſe ſtill remaine,
And proſecute this impious vaine?
Be weary, and learne without Armes,
To ſuffer, and ſhunne ciuill harmes.
Affect a life of peace at laſt,
Theſe heynous humors from thee caſt.
Cruell why doſt thou ſtill perſiſt,

The admirable vndaunted valour of *Cæſar*

An *Apoſtrophe* to *Cæſar*.

Prouoking

Prouoking men against their list?
For *Cæsar* thou maist plainly see,
This ciuill warre thy sword doth flee.
He stands vpon a little hill,
His stout lookes he retaineth still.
Deseruing to be fear'd of all,
For that no feare could him appall.
Then to this swarme his minde he breakes,
And wroth doth dictate what he speakes.
¶ Souldier that so took'st on yer-while,
And absent didst my name reuile;
See heere thou hast a naked breast
Ready for wounds, now do thy best,
And get thee hence if fault thou finde
With warres, and leaue thy Armes behinde.
Sedition that such swaggering makes,
And nothing manly vndertakes,
Discouers but a coward minde,
And such as come of crauen kinde.
These youths so pamper'd vp with pray,
Study but now to runne away;
To sloth they would themselues bequeaue,
And their victorious Captaine leaue.
Be gonne, (such abiect mindes I hate)
Leaue me to warre, and to my fate.
These armes of mine will finde out hands,
VVhen I haue cast seditious bands.
Fortune with gallants will supply
My weapons, that vn-vsd shall lye.
Can *Pompey*, whom I chast away,
Be follow'd with so great a sway
Of *Latium* ships, with him to flye?
And thinke you that my victory
VVill not my campe with troopes supplie?
Yes, and those troopes we must prefarre
To haue the honor of this warre:
And they will share away the gaines
Of all your former taken paines.
Then shall you *Veterans* relent,
To see your blood in vaine so spent.

Cæsars oration to the mutiners.

And

And when my Triumphes come in place,
Your ſelues haue nether gifts nor grace.
Thinke you that I ſhall loſſe receaue,
Becauſe that you my Campe doe leaue?
Yea all as much, as if the courſe
Of riuers, threat to change their ſourſe,
And from the ſeas their ſtreames detaine,
Were able ſo to ſlake the maine,
That ebs & floods 'twould not maintaine.
What do you now your ſelues perſwade
That you in ought my fortune made?
The Gods do not their care abaſe
To men of your inferior place.
A proud Heathen conceit. They giue no leaſure to their eye,
To ſee where ſuch men liue or dye.
Of great mens *Fate* they haue a care,
That of this world ſupporters are.
To *Spaine*, and to the *Northerne* coaſt,
You terrors were, led in my hoaſt.
But had you followed *Pompey* then,
You would haue prou'd but conquer'd men.
Labienus was a valiant knight,
Whilſt he in *Cæſars* Armes did fight.
But now (a run-a-way moſt baſe)
Doth after a new Captaine trace,
By ſea and land from place to place.
Your faiths to me no better are,
If you ſhall ſhew your ſelues in warre,
Of ſo debauſhed minds to be,
As neither foes nor friends to me.
For he that doth my Enſignes leaue,
And will not vnto *Pompey* cleaue,
Of me no fauour can receaue.
Surely the *Gods* my Tents protect,
And will I ſhould your fraud reiect.
And that I doe vnto mee call
New troopes to wage this warre withall.
O *Fortune!* how doſt thou enlarge
My weary ſhoulders of a charge?
To giue me meanes now to deſpiſe

Thoſe

Thoſe hands, whoſe *hopes* nought can ſuffiſe;
No not the whole worlds ſpoyle and pelfe,
But I will warre now for my ſelfe:
Therefore from out my Campe depart,
And thoſe braue Enſignes of my *Mart*,
Yee ſlothfull *Romans* lay them downe,
They ſhall be borne with more renowne.
And now the Authors of this rage,
Iuſtice, not *Cæſar*, doth engage.
Proſtrate your ſelues therefore with ſpeed,
And on the blocke receiue your meed:
For of this mutinous deuice,
Your faithleſſe heads muſt pay the price.
And you new Souldiers, on whoſe hands
The ſtrength now of my Army ſtands;
Behold theſe paines, learne lawes of Armes,
Know how to dye for factious harmes.
The common rout whilſt thus he ſpake,
Vnder his threatning voyce did quake.
And this great bragging factious troope,
That might haue made one head to droop,
Vnto his will with awe did ſtoope,
As though the very ſwords conſpir'd
To yeeld to what his will requir'd:
And that the ſteele it ſelfe in ſpight
Of hands, would yeeld him duties right.
Yet *Cæſars* ſelfe did ſtand in doubt,
That moſt of all the armed rout
Would haue maintain'd their cauſe in field,
And not to execution yeeld.
But yet their patience paſt the ſcope
Of their offended Captaines hope:
For they not onely held them ſtill,
But gaue their throats vnto his will.
Then did he feare that their ſterne hearts
Inur'd before to ruthleſſe parts,
Would now grow dull, vnfit for *Marts*.
Loe thus did *Iuſtice* direfull ſtroke
To former peace their mindes reuoke.
Chiefe Mutiners receiu'd their paine,

Puniſhment for the mutiny.

The awe that *Cæſars* Souldiers ſtood in of their General.

The mutiny appeaſed.

The

The reſt reſtor'd to grace againe.
¶ The Army then directed was,
Cæſars Armie goes to *Brunduſium.* Thence to *Brunduſium* to paſſe
In ten daies march, and there to meet
The *Mariners*, and *Cæſars* fleet.
Some of them cal'd from *Hydrus* bay,
And from old *Taras*, where they lay:
Others from *Leucas* ſecret ſhores,
And thoſe in *Salapin*, that *Moores*,
With ſome that did in *Sipus* ride,
Whoſe ſtreams neere to thoſe cliffes do tide
Where the *Apulian Gargan* hill
Fruitfull to husband men that till,
Stretching along *Auſonia's* ſoyles,
By North *Dalmatia* entoyles.
And on the South *Calabria* bounds,
Thence like a Promontory rounds
Into the *Adriaticke* ſounds.
Meane while doth *Cæſar* take his way
Cæſar comes againe to *Rome.* To fearefull *Rome*, taught to obay.
In peacefull gowne, the victors minde;
His armed troopes he left behind:
And there the people by requeſt,
In ſigne of loue, would needs inueſt
Him with the high *Dictators* name,
And *Conſulſhip* ioyn'd to the ſame.
Obſeru'd with ioyfull ſolemne feaſts,
And ſuffrages to his owne heſts
So generally, as that before,
Neuer was any flattered more,
With Lordly phraſe him to adore.
And for to grace with iuſt pretence
His warre, as for the ſtates defence;
The ſwords that they before him beare,
With *Conſuls* axes mingled were.
And where the *Ægles* Enſignes waue,
Cæſar made *Dictator* and *Conſull* at one time. He ioynes the Faggots ribbond braue.
And ſo vſurpes, with idle fame
Of Empires rule, *Dictators* name.
Thus markes he out that wofull time

With

With worthy Titles free from crime.
And so to giue *Pharsalia's* fight
The colour of a quarrell right.
That yeare the *Consuls* name he hends,
And publique good his cause pretends.
To solemne shewes in *Martius* fields,
A forced fained forme he yeelds;
The peoples voyces he obtaines,
For will, or nill, powre them constraines.
The Tribes he partially diuides,
With shew the *Vrne* the lots decides.
The heauenly signes no credit beares,
Thunders moues not the *Augures* eares.
They sweare the birds with good lucke flye,
Whilst dismall *Owles* are heard to crye.
So breach of lawes that high powre stain'd,
Which reuerence had so long maintein'd.
And that times names might full agree
With his designes, he doth decree
A monthly *Consull* to install,
Distinguish't with times festiuall.
And that high powre that *Latium* brights,
Should haue his Ceremoniall rites
Perform'd by Torches in the nights,
Though sacred honours scarce were due
To *Ioue*, that nought our wrackes did rue.
¶ From *Rome* then *Cæsar* hastes away,
Through those *low meads* that yeelds the hay
That the *Apulian* people makes
With handy pitchforkes, and with rakes.
And in his speed he is more swift
Then is the flash of lightnings drift,
Or *Tyger* of the female kinde,
Vntill the houses he doe finde
Of *Cretan* frames, *Brunduſium* hight,
Where with the aires tempestuous spight
He findes the hauens mouth winde-bound,
And trembling barkes within the sound,
With winters stormes like to be drownd.
But yet this daring Captaine thinkes

A monthly Consull.

No dangers must hinder *Cæsars* designes

That ſhamefully his buſineſſe ſhrinkes,
If doubts, or dreads ſhould him delay,
Or him confine within a bay.
Whilſt that he ſees the toſſing maine
Is ſcour'd by *Pompey's* luckleſſe traine,
And to adde courage to their ſprites,
His mariners he thus incites.
The Northerne sky, and winters winde
We alwayes doe more certaine finde;
Cæſar exhorts his mariners to take the ſea
And current of the Ocean vaſt,
Continue with more conſtant blaſt,
When once they take, then thoſe ſlight puffes
Which from the chopping changing huffes
Of the ſpring ſeaſon do proceede,
Either for certainty or ſpeede.
Beſides, our courſe needs not to feare
How ſore the ſeas do breake and teare:
We need not gaze for markes of lands,
Whereby to void the rockes and ſands.
But with a forth-right leading winde,
By North we ſhall our harbour finde.
And would to God this Northerne racke,
Would whirle to make the maſt to cracke,
And fill the ſailes with ſuch a gale,
To make the top-maſt ſtoope withall;
A ſtout requeſt. And bring vs to the *Greekiſh* ſhores,
That *Pompey's* Gallies, with their Oares,
May not in calmes our fleet ſurpriſe,
Whilſt in the ſeas it hulling tries.
Therefore my hearts your Anchors way,
Doe not our happy fleet delay:
For all this while we looſe but time,
Since windes and ſeas are in their prime.
¶ Now *Phœbus* falles vnto his reſt,
And brighteſt ſtarres the skies inveſt;
When *Cinthia* ſhewes her ſiluer eye,
The ſhips out of the harbour flye.
With Anchors weigh'd, and Cables coyl'd,
Amongſt the waues the Sea-men toyl'd.
They hoiſe their yards a croſſe the maſt,

And

And then to take the friendly blast,
Their climing feet their hands pursue
To cut their sailes, and spreade their clue.
But for the winde they gan to doubt,
Their top-sailes likewise they heaue out,
With all their helpes they can deuise,
To take the least breath of the skies.
Yet now more slowly slides the racke,
And all their sailes began to slacke;
Wherewith came on such slender blasts,
That sailes did flat vnto the masts.
Of land no sooner they lost sight,
But they were all becalm'd out-right. *Cæsar* becalmed.
The gale that blew off from the shore,
At sea did follow them no more.
The rowling billowes of the deepe
Were now growne calme, and still a sleepe:
The waues all smooth, were as but one,
The maine scarce felt a motion.
So *Bosphorus* doth dully stand,
Bound with the flawes of *Scythia* land.
When *Istar* cannot moue that maine
Which freezing vapours doe restraine, } An ycie sea.
That sea becomes an ycie plaine:
And ships brought thither by the windes,
In beddes of yce fast lockt it bindes.
So as the men by toyle, nor Art,
Can make a way thence to depart.
Whose waues condensed with the cold
The hugie weight of Carts do hold.
With hollow sound that thereon runne, }
And there the *Bessians* doe wonne, }
Vntill *Meotis* feele the Sunne.
With such a froward still, the deepes
A soft and sluggish wallowing keepes;
As if in slumber they did rest,
And of their nature dispossest.
And like a standing poole growne sad,
That neither spring nor motion had;
But changed from his nature quite,

Forgotten had his wonted plight.
For he will neither riſe nor fall,
Nor with his wonted roaring call;
He trembles not, nor frothing chides,
Nor *Phœbæs* influence giues him tides.
This fleet meane while with much diſeaſe,
Lay tumbling in this dead growne ſeas.
On this ſide did the aduerſe fleet
Prepare their oares with them to meet,
Whilſt they in this dead calme do ride,
And could nor moue with winde or tide.
The dangers of *Cæſars* fleet by a calme.
On th'other ſide they ſtood in dread,
And danger to be famiſhed.
So as in this diſaſterous ſtate
New feares, new praiers eleuate.
Vpon the Gods they call and cry,
That all the fury of the sky
Would bend it ſelfe to boyſterous rage,
And ſo the ſtupid waues engage,
As that the fury of the maine
Would ſhew it ſelfe a ſea againe.
But winde nor waues became ſo ſtout,
That they of ſhip-wracke need to doubt.
Yet after when the night was paſt,
The day with clouds was ouer-caſt.
The hollow ſeas began to ſturre,
And then *Ceraunia* windes did whurre,
Wherewith the fleet began to quake,
And ſo the aire the ſailes did ſhake,
At length the crooke-back't waues did riſe,
And in the ſternes the ſhips ſurpriſe,
That with full ſailes now forward plies.
Cæſar arriues with his Army at *Paleſta* in *Greece*, where *Pompey* lay encamped.
So as theſe friendly ſeas and gales,
Them to *Paleſtes* hauens hales:
Where when they ſafely were arriu'd,
They Anchors caſt, with ioy reviu'd.
¶ This was the firſt confronting coaſt,
Where theſe two Captaines hoaſt to hoaſt,
Incamped were in eithers view.
And through theſe fields two riuers drew

Their

Their pleasant streames, on *Apsus* hight,
And *Genusus*, more swift of flight.
Apsus by reason of a lake,
That into her his course did make,
With steady slye sought stealing pace,
Could shipping beare from place to place.
But swift *Genusus* head-long goes,
When as the Sunne melts heapes of snowes,
Or that the falles of showring raines,
Her swollen channels higher straines.
Yet neither of them with long race,
Within the land doth winding trace.
Fortune to this place gaue the fame
Of two braue Captaines great in name:
And here the worlds vaine hope decay'd,
That now their furies could be stay'd;
Since that the stations were so nye,
Where now they both incamped lye;
That each might others face behold,
And heare the tale each other told.
And many yeares were past betweene
Since thou great *Pompey* last had seene
That loued father-in-law of thine;
And did so neere a league combine
Of strict alianc'd blood with blood,
Though froward *Fate* the same with-stood.
When *Cæsars* daughter reft of life
His sonne-in-law made fit for strife.
And but vpon the *Nylus* shore,
He after saw thy head no more.
¶ Now *Cæsars* thoughts were much dismaid
That many troopes still lingring staid:
Which for this place were ready prest,
And (straightly charg'd by his owne hest,
With speed to meet him on that coast)
Doth vexe to see warres time so lost.
The leading of these wanting bands
Was vnder fierce *Antonius* hands.
Who now (belike) did meditate
Vpon his owne *Leucadian* fate.

Cæsars & Pompeys Campe confront each other.

Cæsar troubled with the delayes of *Antonius.*

Cæſar on him calles with intreates,
And checkes his ſtaying thus with threats.
O thou that in the world doſt cauſe
Such miſchifes by thy tedious pauſe.
Cæſars meſſages to *Antonius.*
VVhy holdſt thou both the *Gods* and *Fates*,
Suſpenced from our happy dates.
By mine owne ſpeede and proper care
All other things diſpatched are;
And *Fortune* now doth call for thee,
That thy right hand might aiding be:
The chiefeſt ſeruice to intend
That muſt our proſperous warfare end.
No *Lybicke Syrts*, nor doubtfull deepes
Vs in this ſort a ſunder keepes.
VVe doe not ſeeke with new deuice
Thy armed troopes now to entice
Into an vnknowne deſperate maine.
O no thou ſluggiſh idle ſwaine,
Cæſar bids thee to come, not goe,
I lead the way, and pierc'd the foe
Throughout theſe ſtranger ſeas and ſands,
And ſafely haue conuaid my bands.
My tents art thou afraid to ſee?
This timeleſſe hap is death to me.
Cæſar taxeth *Antonius* with backwardneſſe
My words are ſpent to waues and winde,
Yet do not thou their humors binde
That to the ſeas are well inclin'd.
For if I bee not much deceau'd,
Thy Troopes ſo truely haue bequeau'd
To *Cæſars* Armes their might and maine,
That ſhipwracks doubt they would diſdaine.
And dolours voyce now muſt I vſe,
Thou doſt thy ſelfe to much abuſe.
The whole worlds hopes twixt thee and me,
Yet in no equall ballance be;
A iealous ſpeech.
Cæſar doth in *Epyrus* Campe,
And there is all the *Senates* ſtampe:
VVhilſt onely thou (ſo vncontrol'd)
Doſt but *Auſonia's* limits hold.
VVhen *Cæſar* thus had twice or thrice

Repron'd

Reprou'd him for his loytring vice,
And saw that he so oft did spend
His treats, and threats vnto no end.
But *Fortunes* fauours thus neglects,
That his successe so much protects.
He vndertakes ('gainst this despight)
To make a strange attempt by night.
And maugre frights of seas mischance,
He dreadlesse doth himselfe aduance.
VVhilst sterne *Antonius* so did feare,
So oft commanded to be there.
For *Cæsar* saw his rash attempts
Fortune from danger still exempts:
And now he hopes with passage good,
To furrow through the raging flood,
Embarked in a Fisher-boate,
VVhen ships could scarce in safety floate.
¶ Now had the silent night with rest
From care of Armes freed euery breast,
And slumbring soules with sweet repose
Their eyes in quyet thoughts doe close.
And those most soundly take their ease,
whom lowly pouerty can please.
Now all the Campe dead silent binne,
The second watch did new beginne.
VVhen *Cæsar* with a carefull pace
Alongst the whusted guards did trace;
Not of his owne attendants heard,
VVhen his owne Tent he first vnspard.
Fortune was then his mate alone;
So through the Campe he past vnknowne,
VVho now were all possest with sleepe,
But scarce good watch the while they keepe.
And he dislik't this fault to see,
That they could so surprised be.
He romes about the crooked shores,
VVhere he a creeke at length explores:
And there a fisher-boate did ride,
That by a sturdy rope was tide.
The owner of this pelting skiffe

Fortune Cæsars friend.

Cæsar vnknown steales out of his Campe.

Negligence in a Campe.

Hard

Hard vnder-neath a craggy cliffe,
Not farre from thence had his poore coate;
The bottome of a rotten boate
Was all his roofe; and for the ſide
Twas made of platted bul-ruſh dry'd,
Combin'd with canes and fenny flagges;
And on no ſtronger proppes it ſwagges.
¶ Here *Cæſar* with his fiſt ſo knockes,
That therewithall this cottage rockes,
And did *Amyclas* frighted wake,
Who ſoundly then his reſt did take;
But now his ſoft couch doth forſake.
Whoſe there (q^th^ he) what ſhipwrackt wight
Beates at my doore this time of night?
What wretched man my helpe doth craue?
Or who can hope reliefe to haue
Of this baſe cottage where I wonne?
Great Fortune doth ſuch corners ſhunne.
Thus ſaid, he haſtes a fire to make,
And doth the heaped aſhes rake,
Some kindled ſparkles to finde out,
And them with dry leaues ſtrawes about:
And ſo with blowing kindles flame,
Whilſt he of warres feares not the name.
He knew his ſimple home was free,
His houſe no prey of worth could be
For ſouldiers ſpoyles, or ciuill ſtrife.
O ſafe and bleſſed poore mans life!
O ſweet ſecured quiet ſtate!
This pretious gift, and heauenly fate,
That on meane wights the Gods beſtow,
The mighty ones do ſcarcely know.
VVhat Cities walles, or ſtrongeſt Forts
VVhen *Cæſars* hand beates at the ports,
Could like ſecurity poſſeſſe?
But that ſome fright they would expreſſe.
His little wicket he ſets ope;
Then *Cæſar* gaue his ſpeech this ſcope:
Yong man (quoth he) aduance thy hope
Beyond the thoughts thou canſt conceaue,

A deſcription of a Fiſhermans cottage.

Cæſar knockes at the Fiſhermans doore.

Amiclas ſpeech

The happy & ſecure eſtate of poore-men

Cæſars words to poore *Amyclas*.

Fortunes

Fortunes full bounties now receaue.
If my directions thou obay,
And to *Heſperia* me conuay,
A Skippars trade thou ſhalt not need,
Nor toyle in age with hungry feed.
Spare not therefore thy wealth to raiſe,
Since that the Gods ſhew thee the wayes:
And (whilſt thou maiſt) receiue that *Fate*,
Which will for euer ſtore thy ſtate.
So *Cæſar* ſaid; for though but clad
In ruſticke habit like a ſwad,
Yet could he not his tongue conſtraine
In ſpeech to vſe a priuate vaine.
Then poore *Amyclas* thus replies,
Too many dangers vs denies,
To truſt this raging ſea by night;
For firſt I mark't the ſunnes laſt light,
When he declin'd to *Thetis* bed,
His face was nothing flaming red.
But his bright beames contracted were;
For on the middle of his ſpheare,
A foggy cloud his face did hide:
So as his beames it did diuide.
One part of them did Northward bend,
The other to the Southward tend.
And meane while in the midſt he quail'd,
And ſetting pale, his brightneſſe fail'd.
So as his beames did not offend
The lookers eyes his face that kend.
And when the Moone did mount the skies,
With ſharpned hornes ſhe did not riſe.
Nor did her hollowneſſe appeare
VVithin her Orbe right azure cleare.
Nor as ſhe wont in calmy night,
Her hornes thin toppes did beare vpright.
But (that which is a ſigne of winde)
Her colour was to red inclin'd.
And with a faintie pallid looke,
VVith dull aſpect, a cloud ſhe tooke.
Beſides the murmure of the woods,

Cæſars naturall inclination to ſpeake like a Prince.

Amiclas ſpeech to *Cæſar*, deſcribing the ſignes of foule weather at ſea

The Sunne.

The Moone.

The

Diuers signes of a tempest.

The rut and rocking of the floods
I doe not like; nor this signe neither,
The tumbling *Dolphins* boad foule weather.
The *Cormorant* me no whit likes,
That he vnto the dry land seekes.
And that he takes delight
To trust his wings with towring flight,
That naturally affects the waues:
His head the *Sea-crow* often laues,
As though that he some stormes attends,
And on the low shores ietting wends.
But if it be thine owne desire,
And vrgent cause doe haste require,
Il'e giue thee all the helpe I may,
To bring thee to thy wished bay:
And where thou bidst we land will touch,
Or windes and seas shall faile me much.
¶ He ends his tale, and therewithall
The fastned cable in they hale;
And with the winde his sailes lets flye,
But with their motion suddenly:
Not onely ouer all the deepes,
Huge flaming streames from starers downe sweepes.
Spearsing in furrowes through the skye,
But those chiefe fixed starres on hye,
That next the pole doe stand so nye,
Did sensibly appeare to shake.
Then did a blacke mist ouer-rake
The vast wilde backe of *Neptunes* maine,
And with a long stretcht rowling traine,
The threatning billowes sparkling burne,
The windes vncertainly did turne.
And by the swelling waues they finde,
The hollow seas were fil'd with winde.
Then quoth the Pilot of this barge,
See how this tempest doth enlarge.
Besides we cannot certaine finde,
Yet from what quarter blowes the winde.
Whether from out the South, or East,
In no place he doth constant rest.

Cæsar puts to the sea in a little Fisher-boate.

Amyclas words to *Cæsar*.

Againe

Againe, if we the rut doe marke
Which in the ſea doth murmuring barke,
A North-weſt winde it ſignifies,
Which flat our courſe to *Latium* ſtries.
So as no meanes we haue to tacke
That way, nor on that coaſt to wracke.
This deſperate courſe we muſt reiect,
If we our ſafety will reſpect:
And caſt about to lay the land,
From whence we now directly ſtand,
Before our Skiffe bee too much toſt,
And we too farre runne from the coaſt.
¶ But *Cæſar* ſcornes that he doth ſay,
Hoping all perils will giue way
To his attempts; and tels him plaine
No fury of the winde, or maine,
For feare ſhall make him turne againe.
If froward skies be all thy feare
For *Italy*, that fault I'le beare.
Thy onely dread and doubt doth grow,
Becauſe (poore ſoule) thou doſt not know
Who 'tis that with thee now doth ſaile,
Whom *Fortune* neuer yet did faile.
But ſhe would thinke ſhe did me wrong
To hold backe my deſires ſo long.
Therefore paſſe boldly through this rage,
Secured in my ſafe preſage.
This is but toyle of windes and ſeas,
Which ſhall no whit our barke diſeaſe.
Thy ſhip for fraight doth *Cæſar* beare,
To free thee from the *Oceans* feare.
And theſe fierce windes that blow ſo hye,
Shall be appeaſed by and by:
And euen the very raging maine,
Shall by our ſhip his quiet gaine.
Thy courſe in no caſe ſee thou change,
But from a loofe, this next ſhore range.
And then beleeue thou ſhalt attaine
Calabria coaſt, and end thy paine.
When no lands elſe beneath the skye

Cæſars anſwere to *Amyclas.*

Doth

Cæſars conceit of *Fortunes* fauours to him.

Doth for our ſhip and ſafety lye.
Thou little knowſt that all theſe threates
That ſo the waues with tempeſts beates,
Is but that *Fortune* would declare
To me her tender loue and care,
VVhen skies and ſeas moſt furious are.
The word he had no ſooner ſpoke,
But from a cloud a whirle-winde broke
The cordage and the tackling rownd,
So that the ſailes aloft did bound,
And whirle about the tottring maſt,
The ſhips ioynts open with the blaſt:
And all the perils of the earth
VVere here deliuered at a birth.
For firſt from the *Atlanticke* maine,
The billowes rowl'd with weſterne ſtraine.
And when they had this ſea ingag'd,
Againſt the rockes they roar'd and rag'd.
VVith that comes in the *Northerne* blaſt,
VVhich doth the waues repell as faſt;
So as the ſeas did ſtand at ſtay
VVhich of the two they ſhould obay.
But yet the rauing *Scithian* flawes,
Did wreſt the waues vnto his lawes.
And ſo the *Oceans* bottome rakes,
That in the ſands it path-way makes.
Neither did *Boreas* with his freate
Againſt the cliffes the billowes beate;
But euen againſt thoſe raging waues,
That with the *weſterne* Tempeſt raues.
And now the ſeas are growne ſo hye,
That waue againſt the waue doth flye,
Although the winde doe calmed lye.
But yet the *Eaſt-winde* did not ceaſe
His fury likewiſe to expreſſe:
Neither thinke I that in this ſtorme,
The South-winde did his blaſts conforme
To milder mood, with ſhowres ſuppreſt,
And ſtill in *Æols* dungeon reſt.
But that the windes from euery part,

A deſcription of a furious Tempeſt.

Incenſed

Incenſed were to ſtriuing Mart.
And that each one expreſt his moſt,
To blow the billow from his coſt,
And twixt them held the maine emboſt.
For now the leſſer ſeas likewiſe
In mutiny began to riſe.
Th'*Ægean* gainſt the *Tyrrhen* waues,
Impetuouſly reſiſting raues.
And the *Ionian* roaring veaſe,
Confronts the *Adriaticke* ſeas.
How oft that day were ſteepy rockes
Cleane ouerturn'd with whirle-wind ſhocks?
Gainſt which the billowes beate in vaine,
And could not ſuch huge mountains ſtraine,
As quite did ouer-whelmed lye,
Whoſe towring toppes did threat the skye.
Neuer (I thinke) did any ſhore,
Endure the like ſea-ſtorme before:
Nor any clime twixt either pole,
Did from her coaſts ſuch billowes role.
Theſe ſeas where they the lands ſurrownd,
In diuers parts with indraughts drown'd.
So did high *Ioue* in former times,
Weari'd with ſcourging worldly crimes,
His thunder-bolts at laſt forbeare,
And cauſd his brothers Trydent ſpeare
To helpe him vengeance due to take,
Which did a ſecond Empire make:
When Nations were in waters drownd,
And *Thætis* would admit no bound
Vnto the lands, but heauens high cope;
Neither could that haue beene her ſcope.
But to the ſtarres it would haue roſe,
If *Iupiter* did not oppoſe,
And her with weighty clouds forecloſe.
¶ This night was not the heauens night,
But helliſh darke depriuing light.
And thickned with ſuch clouds of ſhowres,
That whole vnparted downe-right powres,
So as the feared lightning flaſh,

A deſcription of enraged ſeas.

He meanes *Neptunes* and *Deucalions* flood.

Thoſe that ſaile to the weſt *Indies*, do ſometimes meet with the like falles of raine in whole clouds, wherewith ſhips are often drownd: they are called by the *Spaniards*, the *Huricanos*; and by our men, the *Spouts*.

And his ſwift brightneſſe, it did quaſh.
The clouded aire becomes obſcure,
The conuex ſpheares quakings endure.
The Axle that the world ſuſtaines,
Doth ſound aloud with cracking ſtraines.
The ioynts and ſtructures of the poles
VVith labouring motion tottring roles.
Chaos. Nature ſuſpects the *Chaos* old,
And that diſcording vncontrold
The Elements againe would warre,
And in their harmony would iarre.
Right Paganiſme. *And that with Gods, the fiends of hell*
Would now all mingled be pell-mell.
One onely ſigne ſome hope did giue,
That in this ſtorme this barke could liue.
But looke how farre the diſtance ſhowes,
Downe where the pleaſant *Ocean* flowes,
To him that on the top doth ſtand
Of mount *Leucades* lofty land:
Euen ſo the trough of ſeas appear'd
To him that now the rudder ſtear'd:
VVhen as the ſhip was borne aloft
The billowes of a wrought ſea deſcribed. With ſwelling of the billow ſoft.
And when againe ſhe did deſcend
Betweene the billowes, as they bend;
So hollow in the furrow lies,
As that her maſt is hid from eies.
Sometimes as high as clouds her ſailes,
Sometimes her keele the bottome trailes.
For where the ſea doth breake a ſunder,
The ſands are bared that lye vnder.
And when the parted billowes filles,
They riſe in heapes like mighty hilles.
¶ Feare now all hope of Art exceedes,
To guide the helme the maiſter dreads:
To port, or weare, or ſerue the ſeas,
The labouring ſhip he cannot eaſe.
Onely by this they did ſuruiue,
The waues ſo contrary did ſtriue,
As that it kept the ſhip vpright

Betwixt them both with equall might.
For as one billow downe did ſtraine,
Another check't him vp againe.
And by this meanes not ouer-ſet
With every ſurge aloft they get.
Of *Saſons* ſhelues, and lowly ſand,
Nothing at all in feare they ſtand.
Nor yet of the *Theſſalian* ſhore,
Whoſe crooked ſtrands the pibbles ſtore.
Nor yet *Ambracia's* noyſome bay,
Where ſhips ſo oft are caſt away.
But that which feares theſe ſea-men moſt,
Is the high-clift *Cæraunian* coſt.
Now Cæſar thinkes this dangerous ſtate,
Is worthy to confront his fate.
How now (quoth he) are powers Diuine
So troubled with this life of mine,
As that they ſhould ſuch care beſtow
How they the ſame might ouer-throw?
That ſailing in this trifling boat
Such monſtrous ſeas together float.
If that the glory of my end
Vnto the ſeas the *Fates* do lend,
And warres no more we muſt intend;
Yee Gods aboue, with dreadleſſe minde,
I take what death you haue deſign'd:
Although this haſtned date preuents
The finiſhing of braue euents.
But I haue done acts great enow,
I made the *Northerne* Nations bow.
The forces of my enemy
For feare of mee I made to flye.
And *Rome* it ſelfe doth plainly ſee,
Pompey a ſecond is to mee.
The fagots me by warre deny'd,
With peoples voyce to me were cry'd.
No Titles of the *Roman* ſtate,
Haue wanted to adorne my *Fate*.
And no wight now but thou alone
Fortune, to whom my vowes are knowne,

Saſon, an Iland betw en *Brundiſium* and *Epirus*.

A Citty of *Epirus*.

A mountaine in *Epirus*. that runs into the ſeas.

Cæſars braue reſolution in this tempeſt.

A briefe relation of *Cæſars* atchieueméts.

Fortune onely of *Cæſars* coũſaile.

Shall know the ſecrets of my will;
For though that I haue had my fill
Of honors, and enioy the grace
Of *Conſull*, and *Dictators* place:
And ſo to *Stygian* ſhades will trace.
Cæſar ſhewes how he deſires to dye.
O yet ris my deſire to dye
In priuate ſort, and ſecretly.
O Heauens! no funerals I craue,
Let my torne body for a graue
Be kept amidſt the weltring waue.
Both fires and mournings me deny,
Whereby my fame the more ſhall flye.
For no man witting of my end,
All coaſts with dread will me attend.
¶ So hauing ſaid, the ſurging whifts
The ſhip ten times together lifts,
And (that which wondrous is to ſay)
She on the waues top ſtill did ſtay;
And did not downe decline againe:
But with a ſweeping billowes ſtraine,
Cæſar caſt a ſhore in his boat.
The barke was caſt vpon the ſands,
Whereas their laſt forſaken lands,
Doth make a narrow hollow bay,
And there a ſhore doe ſafely ſtay.
Here at one caſt againe poſſeſt
With all his *Fortune*, ſo much bleſt:
And with ſo many ſtately Townes,
Such Cities, and ſuch Regall Crownes:
But *Cæſar* thus return'd againe,
And *Phœbus* riſing from the maine,
He could not ſo himſelfe conceale,
Cæſar returnes againe to his Campe.
As when he from his Campe did ſteale,
And all his Army did deceaue.
For now about him cluſtring cleaue
His loyall troopes, to ſee his face,
But teares a while all ioy did chaſe,
And then their Chieftaine they reproue
With ſuch complaints as grow from loue.
Stout *Cæſar*, whither now (quoth they)
Did thy raſh valour thee convey?

And to what *Fate* (when thou wert fled)
VVere we poore ſoules abandoned?
VVhy didſt thou to vnwilling waues
Thy body giue, where danger raues?
VVhen thou well knowſt how many frends
VVhat peoples ſafeties, liues and ends,
Onely vpon thy *Fate* depends.
And that the world with loue and dread,
Hath choſen thee her ſoueraigne head.
Tis inhumanity (I ſay)
Liue wilfully to caſt away.
VVas none of vs of that deſart,
VVith thee in this to ſhare a part?
Of all thy friends that yet remaine,
In this wouldſt thou no one retaine?
Dead ſleepe (alas) did vs deceaue,
VVhilſt that the ſeas did thee bereaue:
And thereof we are much aſham'd,
But muſt this cauſe therefore be blam'd,
That thou didſt ſeeke *Heſperia* land?
A deſperate deed thou took'ſt in hand,
In ſuch fierce cruell ſtormes as theſe
To truſt thy ſelfe with raging ſeas.
In moſt extreames, and laſt of all
When doubtfull wrackes we would fore-ſtall,
Then men are wont (to cut off ſtrife)
Stoutly to end a loathſome life.
But thou with all this worlds good bleſt,
The ſeas muſt be therewith poſſeſt.
Why wearieſt thou the *Gods* aboue?
Fortune hath ſhewd her care and loue
Sufficient, if ſhe do no more
But thy ſafe landing on the ſhore.
And this may ſerue, thee to debarre
From hoped fortune in thy warre.
No better vſe can *Cæſar* make
Of that great care the *Gods* do take
For his affaires, the earth that ſwaies,
And to whoſe heaſt all men obayes?
Then that ſuch grace they him behight

The cõplaint of *Cæſars* ſouldiers.

Cæſar taxed for abuſing the fauours of *Fortune*, and the care of the *Gods*.

To be a happy ſhip-wrack't wight?
But whilſt they thus expoſtulate,
The ſunne his beames doth eleuate:
And ſo breakes off this dire complaint,
The ſwelling ſeas now growing faint
With huge turmoyle; her waues depreſt,
When as the windes were laid to reſt.

Antonius brings his bands from *Italy* to *Cæſar* by ſea.

¶ And then the leaders of thoſe bands,
That lay ſo long in *Latium* lands,
Seeing the maine now ſpent with rage,
And cleanſing *Boreas* did aſſwage
The lowring guſts of ſeas and sky,
They looſd their ſhips the waues to tryc.
Which long and oft had tryall made
Twixt ſailers skilfull in their trade,
And the reſiſting ſtubborne windes,
Which ſo each other equall binde es,
That they the broad ſeas could not ſcoure,
And come to *Cæſar* with their power.
But now a boord the Souldiers get,
The ſhips in order they are ſet.
When as the night with froward gale,
Kept Mariners they could not hale
Their tackes aboord, nor ply their ſailes,
Amongſt the ſhips all order failes.
So do the *Cranes* in ſtrained rankes,
When they forſake *Strimonian* bankes,
Shunning the rage of winters froſt,
Go ſeeke their drinke on *Nylus* coaſt.
And when they firſt beginne their flight,
Their rankes ſo orderly they dight,
That diuers figures they retaine,
Whilſt they throughout the aire doe ſtraine;
Vntill at length ſome Southerne blaſt
Amongſt their wings his puffes do caſt:
Wherewith they are inforc'd to flye
A higher pitch in windy skye.
And then confuſdly do begin
To breake their order filed thin.
In cluſters ſoaring round together,

Framing

Framing their flight to ſerue the wether.
And puts the letter out of ſquare,
Whoſe forme in flying firſt they bare.
¶ But with the dauning of the day,
The winde began to beare a ſway,
Stir'd with the ſight of *Phœbus* face:
And now it hath this fleete in chaſe.
Which as it ſaild, did ſtriue in vaine,
The ſhores of *Liſſus* to attaine.
But yet that land they could not lay,
Till *North-winde* gaue the *South-winde* way.
And to *Nymphæus* port did guide
The fleet, which *Boreas* blaſt deny'd,
In keeping backe the checking tide.
Now *Pompey* ſees prouiſion made
From ſundry coaſts him to inuade.
And *Cæſars* force at point to Arme,
From euery place about him ſwarme.
So as his Campe muſt now withſtand
The daily garboyles neere at hand.
He doth reſolue to place a part
His nuptiall care, ſecure from Mart.
And vnto *Lesbos* meanes to ſend
His faire *Cornelia*, there to ſpend
This bloody time, remote a farre
From clattring Armes, and noyſe of warre.
Good God, how iuſt loue rules and bindes
Thoſe men that are of worthy mindes.
Loue ſo in *Pompey* breedes remorce,
That dread and doubt doe warres diuorce.
For now *Cornelia* is the cauſe
That he himſelfe a while with-drawes,
From hazarding the doubtful ſcarre
Of *Fortune*, in this ciuill warre,
When all the world and *Roman* ſtate
Was now expoſd to martiall *Fate*.
He now wants words to ſhew his minde,
And to delayes is whole enclin'd.
Whereby he may protract euent,
And trifle *Fate* in loue-time ſpent.

Liſſus, a Cittie of *Macedon*.

Nymphæus, a Port towne of *Macedon*.

Cornelia, *Pompey's* wife, daughter to *Scipio*.

The force of iuſt loue.

¶ Now

Now when the night was almoſt paſt,
And ſleepy reſt had lent his laſt
To ſlumbring eyes, *Cornelia* than
Sweetly embracing her good man,
Seeking withall his lippes to ſmacke,
Whoſe breaſt deep cares did ſtrain & rack
To her the whiles he turnes his back.
When wounded ſhe with blinded feares,
Seeing his eyes beſprent with teares,
Durſt not deſire the cauſe to learne,
Nor ſeeme ſhe did his teares diſcerne.
Then ſighing, thus he ſaid; Deare wife,
To me more pleaſing then my life,
Pompeys words to *Cornelia.*
Whilſt I in happy ſtate did liue;
But now doſt cauſe of ſorrow giue,
Since that the heauy day I ſee,
That our ſweet ioyes muſt parted bee.
Too ſhort a date for our delight:
Though all to long to ſtay from fight.
For *Cæſar* now is ready preſt,
And warre is onely in requeſt,
During which time, *Lesbos* ſhall be
A ſafe retiring place for thee.
Forbeare requeſts to me to make,
I haue reſolu'd this courſe to take.
And haue denyd mine owne deſire,
Thou ſhalt not long from me retire.
But things are now in deſperate chaunce,
And when as ruine doth aduance,
The greateſt ſtates muſt lead the daunce.
It may ſuffiſe thee ſtill to heare
When perils are to *Pompey* neare.
But ſure thy loue deceiues me farre,
If thou affect to ſee this warre.
How fouly I might be aſham'd
That now for Mart haue all things fram'd;
Pompey's perſwaſions to his wife.
To ſleepe ſecurely with my wife,
Sequeſtred from this ciuill ſtrife?
And when the ſounding Trumpets ſhall
The wretched world to battaile call,

That *Pompey* then with drowſie eyes,
Should from thy tender boſome riſe.
To wofull *Pompey* 'twere a skorne,
That he no preiudice hath borne
Amongſt the reſt, in ciuill ſtriſe,
Nor bard ſo much as of his wife.
But thou meane while ſhalt liue ſecure
From perils that the reſt indure.
And ſafer then great Kings can bee;
For being thus remou'd from me,
Fortune ſhall neuer thee perplex
With thoſe great cares that muſt me vex.
But if the Gods will haue it ſo,
That we be conquerd by our foe;
My beſt part yet ſhall ſafe remaine.
Or if the fates doe me conſtraine
The cruell victors force to ſhunne;
Then know I whither ſafe to runne.
The grieued dame waxt faint and pale
When ſhe had heard this heauy tale.
Her ſences rapted in a ſound,
Sorrow a while did her confound:
Vntill her voyce was come againe,
And then did murmuring thus complaine.
No cauſe (deere *Pompey*) I doe finde,
To thinke the *Fates*, or *Gods* vnkinde,
For wronging of our nuptiall bed:
Our liues haue happily beene led.
Death doth not ſeparate our loue,
Nor funerals need we to proue.
But that now (as the common ſort)
I ſhould be held from my conſort.
And like the baſe *Plebeian* rout,
From thee I ſhould be ſo caſt out
It grieues my ſoule; what muſt our foe
With his approch worke me ſuch woe?
Thy father-in-law we honor doe
To breake this league betwixt vs two.
VVhat, is the loue that I haue ſhowne
To *Pompey*, yet no better knowne?

Pompey tearms his wife the beſt part of himſelfe.

Cornelia perplexed with *Pompeys* words ſorrowfully replies.

Thinkſt

Think'ſt thou that ought ſo ſafe can bee,
As thy deere ſelfe is vnto mee?
Haue not we ſtill, with mutuall hearts,
Withſtood all ſcornes, and *Fortunes* thwarts?
And wilt thou cruell now me leaue,
And (ſep'rate from thee) ſo bequeaue
My carefull head to ruines ſtate,
And to a thundring fearefull *Fate?*
Thinkſt thou, thou doſt my life protect,
Whil'ſt my deſire thou doſt reiect?
As though to me a harme it were,
With thee in perils part to beare.
No, no; for whilſt I draw my breath,
Cornelia's deere affection to *Pompey.* I'le follow thee vnto the death.
And after thee ſo long ſurviue,
Vntill the heauy fame arriue
Vpon this farre remoued ſhore;
But after that will liue no more.
Meane while thou doſt but me inure
To *Deſtinies*, and to endure.
O pardon me (confeſſe I muſt)
In this I feare my ſtrength to truſt.
But if my prayers may take place,
Or that the *Gods* doe rue my caſe,
Cornelia's petition. Let thy poore wife know laſt of all,
What euer *Fortune* ſhall befall.
For though at laſt thou conqueſt gaine,
Perplext yet ſhall I ſtill remaine.
And *Lesbos* will hold me in awe,
Though thou thy ſword with conqueſt draw.
For I as much ſhall ſtand in doubt,
That *Cæſar* being put to rout,
Will (flying in a deſp'rate caſe)
Cornelia's doubt. Surpriſe me in this ſtrengthleſſe place.
This coaſt will now bee more of fame,
So honor'd with my noble name:
Who will not know that place the while,
Where *Pompey's* wife liues in exile?
For euery one when ſerues the winde,
Mitelen, a citty in *Lesbos.* The way to *Mitelen* will finde.

But

But now I make this laſt requeſt,
If thou in battaile be diſtreſt,
And that thy conquer'd Armes thou leaue
And ſafety muſt by flight receaue:
If thou thy ſelfe to ſeas bequeaue;
O let thy luckleſſe veſſell ſtriue,
On any ſhore firſt to arriue,
Then on this coaſt to ſeeke reliefe;
Such meeting would encreaſe our griefe.
Thus ſaid, as one diſtract with dread,
Inrag'd ſhe leaues her loathed bed,
And her prouides to haſte away,
Impatient of her griefes delay.
Her *Pompey* (ere ſhe left the place)
She did not kiſſe with ſweet embrace:
Nor yet her armes ſhe euer twinde
About his necke, with fauours kinde,
So to relieue his grieued minde.
So quail'd the laſt fruit of that loue,
Which they before ſo long did proue.
Outragiouſly they both lament,
Their ſtreaming teares their boſomes drent.
And neither of them had the heart
To ſay, *Farewell*, when they ſhould part.
Neuer had they in all their life,
Endured ſuch a ſtorme of ſtrife.
All other harmes that could betide,
With conſtant mindes they did abide.
The hapleſſe dame the place doth leaue,
And then her traine did her receaue.
And to the ſeas doe her conuay,
Where on the ſands ſhe proſtrate lay,
And to the bankes ſhe clinged faſt,
But her aboord they bare at laſt.
They did not with ſuch heauy plight,
At that time leaue their Countries ſight,
Nor from *Heſperian* coaſt depart
When *Cæſars* Armes did make them ſtart;
Great *Pompeys* faithfull wife doth this
Forſake her Lord without a kiſſe:

Cornelia's laſt requeſt to *Pompey.*

Cornelias impatient ſorrow

Pompey & *Cornelia* more troubled with this parting, then when *Cæſar* chaſed them out of *Italy.*

And

And from him flies, now left alone,
But both of them doe part in moane.
When night approch't ſhe could not ſleepe,
Cold then did her long waking keepe;
Not vſd before to widdow'd bed,
From cares ſhe could not weane her head.
Nor take her reſt alone to lye,
Her husbands ſides not being by.
How oft could ſhe (but all in vaine)
When ſleepe her tender eyes did ſtraine,
With armes deceau'd, hugge and embrace
The empty bed in *Pompey's* place?
And now forgetfull of her flight,
Did ſeeke to finde her *Pheare* by night.
For though her feruent deere deſire
Her heart and marrow ſets on fire,
Yet tooke ſhe not delight to ſpread
Her limbes throughout the cooling bed.
But ſtill that ſide reſerued free,
Fearing he ſhould vnfurniſh't be.
But oh! the Gods did not prouide
That ſo great ioy ſhould her betide.
For now the fatall day drawes neere,
That ſhe (poore ſoule) ſhall ſee her deere
Repaire to her with heauy cheere.

Finis Libri quinti.

Lucans Pharsalia.

The sixth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

VNto Dyrachium Pompey *goes,*
which guards him safely from his foes.
Then Cæsar *with a mighty wall,*
Doth Pompey's *Army round enthrall;*
But hee breakes out by open fight.
Scæua's *braue minde, and manly might.*
Then Thessalies *description showne,*
And what her old Records *makes knowne.*
There Sextus, Pompey's *worthlesse childe,*
With sorceries himselfe defil'd:
And doth Erictho's *counsell take,*
which shee learnes from the Stygian *lake.*
And doth a carkas raise, that telles
Much future wracke, and heauy spelles.
Thus hauing serued Sextus *turne,*
The speaking carkas she doth burne.

WHEN these two Campes were lodg'd so nye,
Confronting in each others eye,
Their Armes and Ensignes glittring stand,
Brauing vpon the hilles at hand:
And both the Captaines prone to fight,
Hauing assembled all their might,

The two Armies in sight of each other.

The Gods each parties then beheld,
Of forces equall in the field.
But *Cæſar* holds it in diſdaine,
The citties of the *Greekes* to gaine:
And doth his Deſtinie debarre,
To value that ſucceſſe in warre.
For nothing now could giue him reſt,
Vntill that *Pompey* were ſuppreſt.
But doth affect with what he may
To giue the world one bloody day.
And thereby all to ruine bring
That of his name the earth might ring.
The *Fates* indifferent threw the dice,
Which of their heads ſhould pay the price.
Thrice *Cæſar* all his troopes diſplaide,
Vpon the hils rang'd and arraide;
And thrice prouoking ſignes had ſhowne,
Of ioyning battell with his fone.
But when at laſt he plainly ſaw
To fight he could not *Pompey* draw,
Who in his Campe more truſt repoſde,
That with a trench was ſtrongly cloſde.
His tents and enſignes he did raiſe,
And ſecretly through buſhie wayes,
With all the haſt he could deuiſe,
He marcht *Dyrachyum* to ſurpriſe;
But *Pompey* knowing his intent,
By Seas doth this deſigne preuent.
And on a hill that *Petra* hight,
He lodge his Campe by his foreſight.
So to defend *Dyrachyum* wals,
Which *Cæſar* ſought to make his thrals,
Although this Citties towres were ſtrong
To haue repulſed any wrong.
Yet her beſt ſtrength and rampars ſtands
Not by the worke of ancient hands,
That bulwarkes fram'd by art and toyle,
With cluſtred heapes digd from the ſoyle.
(Although ſuch ſtructures mightie power
Nor war, nor time can well deuoure.)

Cæſars deſires not to winne townes but to fight once for all.

Cæſar could not prouoke *Pompey* to ioyn battell.

Cæſar remoues to Dyrachyum and *Pompey* followes him.

The deſcription of Dyrachyum.

But

But it was ſtrongly fortifi'd,
All Engines forces to abide,
By onely helpe of *Natures* hands,
And by the ſeate whereon it ſtands.
For tis almoſt incloſed round
With a maine ſea, large and profound.
And craggy ſteepe cliffes tottring hye,
'Gainſt which the roaring billowes flye:
And but by this hill hindered,
With ſea it would be Ilanded.
The walles foundations are of Rockes,
Moſt dangerous for ſhip-wracke ſhockes.
When as the *Southerne* raging blaſts,
Th'*Ionian* furious waues vp caſts.
For Temples then, and houſes ſhake,
And froth of ſeas their toppes ore-rake.
¶ Hither the haynous hopes of warre,
Drew *Cæſars* rage; his foes to barre.
But when he ſaw their troopes at large,
Diſperſt on euery mountaines varge.
He vnawares to them, aſſaies
Farre off a mighty trench to raiſe:
And brings it with a compaſſe round,
Encloſing many a mile of ground.
The lands he meaſures with his eye,
And ſo caſts vp a Rampart hye;
Not onely fram'd of earth and clay,
But hugie rockes therein doth lay.
And ſtones from flinty quarries dig'd,
The *Græcian* houſes he vnrig'd,
And goodly walles in peeces ſhakes,
Wherewith this lofty trench he makes
So ſollid, and ſo firme withall,
That it would neither ſway nor fall,
With force of battery, neere or farre,
Of *Rammes*, or Engines for the warre.
Downe go the hilles hand ouer head,
With which the vales are leuelled,
Till *Cæſars* taske were finiſhed.
Ditches he caſts vp large and deepe:

A huge trench raiſed by *Cæſar* to encloſe *Pompeys* Army.

Then mantled Towers ſquare and ſteepe,
He reares vpon his trenches toppes;
And in this ſort he rounding ſtoppes
A long fetch't compaſt monſtrous bound,
Of buſhy woods, and forreſt ground,
With plowed lands, and paſture fields,
And ſome that nought but briers yeelds:
And in this vaſt incircled ſoyle
The ſauadge beaſts he did entoyle.
So as now *Pompey's* Army needs
Nor fields, nor fodder for their ſteedes;
So large a territories ſpace,
Did this *Cæſarean* trench embrace.
And *Pompey* had ſufficient change,
From place to place his Tents to range.
Through it faire riuers tooke their ſourſe,
And in the ſeas did end their courſe.
Cæſar ſurueyes this wondrous feate,
And when he ſaw it was compleat:
He and his troopes (with toyle oppreſt)
Amidſt the large fields tooke their reſt.
Now let vs heare thoſe fables old,
That of the *Troians* walles were told,
Aſcribed to the God-heads cares,
Although but fram'd of brittle wares:
And thoſe great wonders that doe flye
Of *Babylonian* walles ſo hye,
That ſeem'd to front and threat the skye,
Made by the *Parthian* turne againe,
That flying doth his fight maintaine.
But looke what ſpacious fields and lands,
Are compaſt with fierce *Tygris* bands,
Or ſwift *Orontes* doth embrace,
From which the Kings of *Eaſterne* race
Did at the firſt with ſuddaine might,
Small kingdomes ſhare vnto their right.
Euen ſo much ground with rapted cloſe
In broyles of warre fronted with foes,
He quickly wal'd and finiſhed;
Yet thoſe, and this all periſhed.

The compaſſe of *Cæſars* trench.

Thoſe

Those hands mought with a little toyle,
Ioyne *Abidos* to *Sestus* soyle.
And with like heapes of earth haue made
The *Hellespont* a land-way trade.
And might that *Istmos* haue purloyn'd,
That *Pelops* land to *Greece* hath ioyn'd.
Or else haue made a way direct
For ships to passe without reflect
Through that long stretching *Malean* straine
That shelues so farre into the maine.
Or any part of all the earth,
Haue changed from her proper birth
Vnto some clime of better mood,
Though *Nature* had the worke withstood.
This martiall terrace frame of rage
So furnisht, doth enclose the stage,
VVhence factious strife, & bloody streames,
Shall ouer-flow so many Realmes,
Heere the *Thessalian* slaughters wonne,
And *Lybick* murdrous deeds mis-done.
And heere now flames the ciuill brand,
VVithin this compast plot of land.
¶ This worke, when first it was erected,
Of *Pompey* was no more suspected
Then are the clashings of the waues
That lowd against *Pelorum* raues,
Hard by those people, that farre wide
In midst of *Trinacry* reside.
Or then the *Britton Calidons*
Can heare the blustring motions
That *Thetis* billowes when they rake
Against the *Kentish* cliffes, do make.
But he no sooner found it out,
VVhat fields this vaste trench closd about,
But straight his troopes he did conuay
From *Petra*, where secure they lay:
And them about those hilles disposd,
That this maine Rampart had enclosd.
And this he practisd to this end,
That *Cæsar* should of force extend

Pompey neuer suspected this trench to be in hand, vntill it was finished.

Pompeys policy to weaken *Cæsars* forces.

His troopes, and weaken ſo his ſtrength,
Diſperſt to guard the trenches length.
For ſo much quantity in ground
This new-raiſd Rampart did ſurround,
As is *Aricia's* little wood,
Diſtant from *Rome*, whereas there ſtood
A ſacred Altar eleuate,
Vnto *Diana* conſecrate.
Or as the riuer *Tybris* falles
Into the ſea from *Roman* walles.
If ſo it ran ſtraight in a line,
And did not crooked trending twine,
But yet no Trumpets ſound alarmes,
Nor weapons marſhalled to harmes.
Although ſometimes (their Armes to try)
The wounding darts on both ſides flye.
Theſe Captaines now are kept a part
With greater cares from bloody Mart.
For *Pompeys* campe found penury
Of fodder for his Caualry:
That daily galloping theſe fields,
Which earſt ſuch ſtore of herbage yeelds,
Their horned hoofes ſo bare had beate,
That graſſe nor greene was there to eate.
The luſty Courſers than waxt faint,
When as their leaſe was thus attaint,
And to another feed were brought,
Where rackes with hay were fully fraught.
But then they mourn'd and pin'd away,
Chang'd from freſh graſſe to dryed hay.
And whilſt their Riders ſpurre their ſides,
And in the rings their gallop guides,
With trembling ioynts all ſuddenly
They ſinke downe right, and gaſping lye,
Till death their ſtretch't out limbes ſurpriſe,
And ſo the luſty courſer dies.
Beſides all this, there did enſue
An aire, that ſuch infection drew,
By heauens diſtemper'd foggy sky,
Wherein contagious heates did fry,

Want of fodder in *Pompeys* Campe for his horſes.

That

That through the Campe a peſt doth flye.
Such banefull *Stygian* loathſome ſents
Do riſe from out the dampiſh vents
Of *Neſis* hollow mouldy caues;
And ſuch like vapours breathing raues
From forth *Typhæus* naſty denne,
That chokes with ſtench both beaſts & men:
Herewith in heapes the Souldiers fall,
And that which plagues them worſt of all,
The poiſned waters more offend
Then all thoſe dampes the aire doth ſend:
For that their bowels ſo doth freate,
And parch them with ſuch inward heate,
As that the skinne it ſcorching ſwarts,
Their very eyes with ſwelling ſtarts;
Their faces flame with fiery hue,
Cangranes and Calentures enſue.
And thus tormented ſundry wayes,
Their heads for paine they cannot raiſe.
This raging violent diſeaſe
So forcibly doth ſtill encreaſe,
As that they do not life maintaine
In languiſhing, and dye with paine;
But all as ſoone as ſickneſſe takes
Without delay an end it makes:
And in ſuch troopes ſo faſt they dye,
That whilſt the dead vnburied lye,
With noyſome ſtench amongſt the life,
This foule contagion growes more rife.
For theſe poore ſoules haue not at all,
Any dig'd graues, or funerall.
But as they doe yeeld vp their laſt,
Out of the Campe their corpes are caſt.
Yet (that wch ſomwhat calm'd theſe wrackes)
The open ſea was at their backes,
And now and then from Northerne winde,
They ſome refreſhing blaſts did finde.
And ſo the forraigne ſtranger ſhores,
Their Campe with victuals plenty ſtores.
¶ Meane while this dull infectious aire,

A plague in *Pompeys* campe

Sudden death in *Pompey's* Campe.

The ſea a friend to *Pompey's* campe.

Did

Did nothing *Cæſars* campe impaire.
For they enioyed at their willes
The large faire fields, and lofty hilles;
Nor yet their waters noyſome were,
But ſtreaming ſweetly, freſh and cleere.
Penury and famine in *Cæſars* Army.
Although another croſſe they finde,
For famine plagues them in her kinde.
Wherewith they were as much diſtreſt
As if a ſiege did them inueſt.
The bladed corne the earth did beare,
Was not yet growne vnto an eare,
So as the Souldiers for their feaſts,
Were faine to ſhare their food with beaſts.
Gnabbing vpon the bryar buddes,
And gathering greene leaues in the woods.
And therewithall ſuch hearbes finde out,
Whoſe qualities they well might doubt.
For that vpon ſuch roots they grew,
The ſhift that *Cæſars* Souldiers make for victuals.
As neuer earſt they ſaw nor knew.
And ſome of theſe vpon the fire,
They boyle and fry with ſharpe deſire,
And ſome they chew and ſwallow raw,
Wherewith to fill the hungry maw:
And many other things they eate,
Vnknowne before to be mans meate.
Yet theſe ſtaru'd ſoules, beſieg'd and dar'd
Their foes, that with full diſhes far'd.
¶ But when that *Pompey* did deſire,
To force a way with blood and fire
Through this huge trench, wherby his bands
Might range at large in all the lands.
Pompey determines to ouer-throw *Cæſars* large trench.
He would not take the darke of night,
To cloke a baſe vnmanly fight.
For whilſt they both from Armes refrain'd,
To ſteale on *Cæſar* he diſdain'd.
But breaches large he meanes to make,
And thorough them his way to take.
The Rampart he would lay full low,
And her high Towers ouer-throw.
The ſword and ſlaughter muſt hew out

The way, to bring this worke about.
The part that did moſt fitly ſtand
For *Pompey* now to take in hand,
And of this trench the neereſt ſide,
Was one high turret dignifide
With *Scæuas* name; obſcur'd from view,
With trees that thicke about it grew.
Thither did he addreſſe his Mart,
And ſets vpon this vaſt rampart
With ſudden charge; but raiſd no duſt,
Whereby to giue the foe miſtruſt;
Forthwith ſuch noiſe of Trumpets ſounds
Throughout the fields and aire rebounds,
Such ſtore of Enſign'd Ægles blazde,
To hold the enemy amazde.
Whereby the ſword ſhould not alone
Claime all the honor as his owne.
And now to ſhow their courage braue,
That valour would due glory haue,
What place ſoeuer any tooke,
He neuer afterwards forſooke,
But did that ground with force maintaine,
Or clouds it with his body ſlaine.
This fight ſo many liues confounds,
That bodies wanted to take wounds.
And darts that flie like ſhowres of raine,
Were ſpent, and caſt away in vaine.
Then wildfire ſtreames, and flaming pitch,
Flyes on the Rampar and the ditch,
So as the turrets ſhake withall,
And totter as they meant to fall.
The rams, the engines, and the ſlings,
Their battry now with fury dings,
Whoſe often ſhockes did make ſuch wrack,
That tower and rampart gins to crack.
Then *Pompeys* men withouten ſtop,
Do mount vpon the trenches top.
And there their Ægles do diſplay,
Who hoping they had wonne the day:
Thinke now the world ſhall them obey.

Scæua's, or *Minutius* name.

Pompey's forces aſſault the trench.

A bloody fight at the trench.

That

¶ That which ſo many thouſand hands,
Nor yet all *Cæſars* armed bands,
Could not from vtter conqueſt hold:
One man of courage vncontrold,
Did change the fortune of this day,
And reft the victor of his pray.
His foes ſtill brauing in the face,
With his owne armes made good the place.
And ſtill, not vanquiſhed, nor ſlaine,
Great *Pompey's* conqueſt doth reſtraine.
And *Scæua* was this worthies name,
Who formerly had purchaſt fame
In *Cæſars* Campe; a priuate man,
Where he this height of honour wanne.
For valour all thoſe to exceed,
That *Rhene* and *Rhodanus* did breed.
There was he made for bloody hand,
Centurion of a *Latium* band.
And of that order ware the weed,
Prone to each doughty daring deede.
But yet he skilleſſe was to chuſe
Iuſt times his courage ſtout to vſe.
For valour ſhewne in ciuill warres,
Is vertue maim'd with vices skarres.
When he at laſt beholds in ſight,
His mates retiring from the fight,
Seeking out corners to recoile,
In ſafety from this furious broyle.
With manly voyce he gan to cry,
VVhither (baſe cowards) do you flye?
In *Cæſars* Armes you were not train'd,
VVith fearfull ſcornes to be diſtain'd.
O wretched beaſts, whom terror driues!
VVithout fight will you looſe your liues?
VVhat ſhame is this that you ſo droope,
To ſhift your ſelues from all the troope?
And not to couet to be found
Amongſt the dead, with honors wound.
Ought not your furies to bee ſuch,
Although no dutie did you tutch?

Scæua, one of *Cæſars* Captaines defends the trench.

Scæua's words to his flying companions.

Becauſe

Becauſe the foe this choiſe hath made,
To pierce through vs with his proud blade,
This day ſhall not be faintly tride,
Without bloud ſhed on *Pompeys* ſide.
How much more happy ſhould I die
Were I but grac't with *Cæſars* eye.
But though that Fortune ſo detracts,
His teſtimony of my acts;
Yet will I ſo ſhut vp my dayes,
That *Pompeys* ſelfe ſhall giue me praiſe.
Come, ſhew the ſignes of noble hearts,
On your foes boſomes breake your darts;
And that they may your vigor feele,
Vpon their throats retort your ſteele.
The clouds of duſt ſo high are flowne,
And this noyſe through the aire ſo blowne,
As that the verie dinne, and rage,
Doth *Cæſar* ſilent eares engage.
Deare mates we yet vnuanquiſht ſtand,
Cæſar will come with ſpeedy hand;
Whoſe powre this place will ſoone releeue,
Before our foes vs death can giue.
This onely word ſo ſtird their ſprites,
As trumpets ſounds at firſt incites
And cals men vnto Martiall fights.
The dauntleſſe valour of this man,
They all admir'd; and then they ran
With eger minds him to behold,
The youths likewiſe with ſpirits bold,
Stood faſt to know, if poſſibly
A man in ſuch extremitie,
Enuiron'd with ſo many foes,
When as the place did him encloſe,
By vertue could his life retaine:
And hold it ſafe in Deaths diſdaine.
He ſtand faſts at the Towers defence,
Thoſe that aſſaile he driues from thence.
Then carkaſſes in heapes that lie,
He trowles from off the turret hie.
And bruiſeth them with bodies fals,

The name of *Ceſar* and hope of his coming reuiueth his diſcouraged troopes.

That

Sceua's toyle and valour in defence of the trench.

That ſeeke to ſcale or mine the walles.
Then he the ruin'd ſtones convarts
To martiall vſe in ſtead of darts;
Huge timbers he ore-turnes, and frames,
Wherewith the foe he killes and lames:
And threats on them himſelfe to caſt,
Then pitchy brands, with flaming blaſt.
And thoſe that on the walles would reare,
He quels with Iron-pointed ſpeare:
And with his blade ſheares off their wriſts,
On battlements that lay their fiſts.
Their chines he cracks, & breaks their bones
With caſting down huge weights of ſtones.
And thoſe whoſe Morions are but weake,
Their ſculs in ſunder he doth breake.
Others againe he burnes and ſcalles,
With ſtreaming ſhoures of wildefire balles:
So as their cheekes, their haire and eyes,
Rapt with the flames, lowd hiſſing fries.
¶ Now when the bodies that were ſlaine,
Did riſe and mount aboue the plaine:
Off from the turrets top he leapes
Vpon the corpes, that lay in heapes.
And in the midſt of them he ſtood,
With threatning browes, and raging mood,
As if a *Leopard* ſhould skippe
Out of the *Hunters* toyle to ſlippe:
So he encloſd with trooping ſwarmes
Engag'd, repelles all force of Armes:
His looks with dread their courage charms
His ſword that like a razor cuts,
The dryed blood now blunts and gluts,
That it abated had the edge,
And turned dull like to a wedge:
So as when *Sceua* with it ſtroke,
Where as it lights, the bones it broke;
But drew nor blood, nor gaſhing wounded,
The ſteele with hewing was confounded.
On him the burthen of the fight
Did lye, and many a dart did light.

No

No hand in vaine againſt him bent,
No lauelins puſh vnlucky ſpent.
Fortune now ſees new warres in hand,
The prowes of one doth all withſtand.
The Target of this valiant Knight
Did ring, with blowes that on it light:
His hollow caske ſo crackt and bryſ'd,
That it his browes and temples ſquiſ'd.
And yet this while no mortall blow
Had he receiued by his foe;
Onely the darts were throwne ſo thicke,
That in his bones the heads did ſticke.

Cæſar in his *Cõmentaries* doth admirably cõmẽd this man, and ſaith. that in his ſhield there were 230 darts found ſticking.

¶ O witleſſe gulles! why do you ſpend
Your ſhafts and darts thus to no end?
Theſe many ſhoots that you haue driuen,
Not yet one deadly wound hath giuen.
Your mighty ſlings you ſhold haue brought
And ſo this one mans end haue wrought:
Or hugie ſtones from off the wall,
Whoſe weight on him you might let fall;
Or elſe your battering *Ramme*, whoſe force
Quickly from him would life diuorce.
Or your *Baliſta's* you might proue,
If force thereof could him remoue
From off the entrance of this port,
Where he doth ſo your force retort;
And as a mighty Bul-warke ſtands
For *Cæſars* ſide, and ſcornes your hands,
And *Pompey's* force in idle waſts.
But now thoſe Armes away he caſts
That ſhould protect his breaſt from foes,
And in his ſhield no truſt repoſe:
His left arme doth therewith diſpence
For hauing liu'd by his defence,
And naked doth expoſe his breaſt
Vnto all harmes that him oppreſt.
And in his body fixt he beares
A wood of darts, of ſhafts, and ſpeares.
Then hee with fainting ſteppes ſeekes out
Some one in all this hoſtile rout,

Whom he might cruſh, and on him fall
Like to a marine monſtrous whale.
And as the beaſts of *Libicke* ſhore,
And *Affrickes* Elephants do rore,
Oppreſt with multitudes of ſpeares,
When from their bloudy backes they teares,
And do ſhake off the pointed darts,
Which in their rugged tough hide ſmarts.
Whoſe hidden wounds not dangerous are,
But pierce the fleſh, and giue a skarre.
Nor all thoſe darts that hang ſo thicke,
Nor all the ſhafts that doe them pricke,
Can fix on them ſo deepe a wound,
To lay them flat dead on the ground.
Scæua receiues a mortall wound.
But now behold with skilfull art,
Farre off *Gortinus* thrylles his dart,
And *Scæua's* head therewith he ſmot,
And in his eye there ſtickes the ſhot.
Yet not appal'd, when he did feele
The blow, he brake the crooked ſteele;
And from the wound the ſhaft did plucke,
Whereto the tender eye faſt ſtucke.
Then on the ground he lets it fall,
And ſpurnes the dart and eye withall.
So doth the griſly *Poland* Beare,
When he is wounded with the ſpeare,
And madded with the ſticking ſteele,
Which hee with pricking ſmart doth feele;
Gnawes on the wound, and like rage ſpends
Vpon the dart that him offends.
But whilſt he flying raues and kickes,
Within his flanke the lance faſt ſtickes.
The rancor of this direfull ſhot
His viſage did moſt vgly blot:
For all his face was ſwolne, and ſmear'd
With clotted bloud, no ſhape appear'd.
Herewith ſo lowd the foes did ſhout,
The ioy that the enemies made for *Scæua's* wound.
As if from heauen ſome ſtorme burſt out.
More ioy in them could not be ſeene,
If *Cæſars* ſelfe had wounded beene,

Then

Then they expreſt; which did ſurmount
At this mans hurt, of meane account.
But he with haughty ſtedfaſtneſſe,
Hereof doth the offence ſuppreſſe
Mildly in ſhew, and with a grace,
As though in him wroth had no place.
Forbeare deere Countrey-men, quoth he,
And turne your weapons off from me:
No more wounds now my death doth need,
You haue already done the deed.
Theſe darts but pluck't out of my breaſt,
Of bloud I ſhall be diſpoſſeſt.
O take me vp, and let me lye
In *Pompey's* Campe before I dye.
Doe not your Captaine ſo betray,
To hold from him what I doe ſay.
Scæua had rather *Cæſar* leane,
Then not an honeſt death receaue.
¶ Vnlucky *Aulus* credit gaue
To thoſe falſe words that he did raue;
And to his ſword he did not liſt,
Which he held ready in his fiſt.
And as he came for to diſarme
This Captaine; (not ſuſpecting harme)
Quite through the middle of his throte,
Scæua his pointed fauchion ſmote.
Then he new courage takes againe
As ſoone as he had *Aulus* ſlaine.
And ſaid, ſo let him be embru'd,
That hopes that I am yet ſubdu'd.
Let *Pompey* know that *Scæua's* ſword
No other place will him affoord;
Vntill his Enſignes he do yeeld
To *Cæſars* will, and quit the field.
Thinke you (baſe men) that euer I
Like *Pompey's* Cowards meane to dye?
Deaths loue giues me more powerfull lawes
Then *Pompey's*, or the *Senates* cauſe.
Theſe threats no ſooner from him flies,
But that huge clouds of duſt did riſe;

Scæua's ſubtilty.

Aulus ſlaine by *Scæua.*

Scæua's proud ſpeech before his death.

VVhereby they all did then deſcry
That *Cæſar* with his troopes was nye.
¶ And he arriued in good time,
For thereby he takes off the crime
And foule diſgrace from *Pompey's* part,
That they deſerued in this Mart.
Elſe *Scæua* thou perhaps alone
All *Pompey's* troopes hadſt ouer-throwne:
For with the ending of this fight
Thy life likewiſe did take his flight.
But whilſt that any did withſtand,
The warres gaue vigor to thy hand.
But lying now ſtretcht on the ground,
Thine own friends ſwarme about thee round;
And ſtriue to whom the grace may fall
To beare thee to thy funerall.
And him withall they did adore,
As if within his breaſt he bore
Some heauenly gift, or power diuine,
That made his vertue liuely ſhine.
Then all of them did ſtraine and ſtriue,
Out of his limbes the darts to riue:
VVhich to the *Gods* they conſecrate,
To memorize his noble fate.
And with the Armes of *Scæua's* breaſt,
The God of warre they did inveſt.
But yet how bleſt had beene thy name,
And thou obtain'd more glorious fame;
If *Spaniards* fierce of thee adread
Had turn'd their backes, and from thee fled.
Or the *Cantabrian* martiall wights,
That brode ſhort glaiues vſe in their fights.
Or thoſe rough *Tewtons* bruſky ſwart,
That vſe long ſlang-ſwords in their mart.
This ciuill warre allowes no place
For *Trophies*; nor affoords the grace
Ioues Temple with thy ſpoyles to dight,
Nor Triumphes ſhowts for valours right.
O thou vnhappy, that in vaine
Didſt *Cæſar* with ſuch valour gaine!

The honour done to *Scæua* after hee was ſlaine.

¶ *Pompey* repulsed in this sort
By *Cæsars* forces from the fort,
Hauing at last withdrawne his troopes
From out this Ramparts trenching coopes,
No more was tyred therewithall,
(But to the warre a fresh doth fall)
Then wearied is the raging maine,
Whom *Easterne* winde doth hoise & straine;
When as the *waues* their *wroth* wold wreake,
The rockes resisting do them breake.
Or when some huge cliffe side it beates,
Although at first no part it freates;
Yet doth the weltring waue at length
Moulder it downe for all his strength.
For now he hath discouered plaine
A Castle, standing neere the maine,
Which of this Rampart was a part,
Whither he turnes his speedy Mart:
Which he by sea and land diuides,
And it assail'd on either sides.
Then all the quarters as he goes,
With Cohorts arm'd, abrode he strowes;
And doth at large dispose his Tents,
Now freed from former noysome sents:
This fresh aire much his campe contents.
So *Padus* channell swelling hye
Ouer his bankes with streames doth flye;
And all the lower pasture fields
Vnto her raging current yeelds;
Who with her heapes of gathered waues,
At last on all the Champian raues:
And with her torrents doth explore
New channels, neuer knowne before.
Which likewise frontier lands confounds,
From some *Lords* taking their due bounds:
And vnto others giues againe
More then they euer did retaine.
Cæsar had scarce discouered out
This plot that *Pompey* went about,
But that a *Beacon* it bewrayes,

Pompey enlargeth his roome for his campe.

That ſuddainly huge flames diſplaies.
And therewithall the duſt that flies
A Bulwarke of *Cæſars* trench razed by *Pompey*. In ſcatter'd cloudes vp to the skies;
Now laid againe, the aire was cleere:
Then to his ſight did plaine appeare
This Ramparts turret raz'd and torne,
He findes it ruin'd and forlorne,
The cold ſignes of a hoſtile ſcorne.
The place was voyd, no warre he meets,
Whereat the more he frets and greets,
That *Pompey* ſo ſhould take his reſt,
As though that *Cæſar* were ſuppreſt:
He therefore now his force prepares
To runne into all miſchiefes ſnares,
But that he would their new ioyes quaile;
And then he fiercely did aſſaile
The quarter where *Torquatus* lyes,
Torquatus, one of *Pompey's* Captaines, whom *Cæſar* ſets on. Who *Cæſars* march as ſpeedy ſpies,
As is a ſhip with all ſailes borne,
Swift driuen in a *Circean* ſtorme.
Torquatus drawes his troopes withall
Cloſely within the Ramparts wall;
And to combine his ſmall ſtrength faſt,
Into a ring he did them caſt.
By this time *Cæſars* force drew nye,
And ore the Ramparts fence they flye.
Then *Pompey* all his troopes of Armes
Calles from the hils, that come in ſwarmes;
Whoſe Army couers all the lands,
And now incloſeth *Cæſars* bands.
Thoſe people that dwell in the fields,
Where *Ætnas mount* ſuch ſparkling yeelds,
Are not with greater feare poſſeſt
When from *Encelads* boyling breaſt,
Cæſars troopes engaged and put to flight. Out of the cauernes fuming hye,
The fiery flints abrode doe flye:
VVhoſe heapes of burning cinders caſt,
All ouer, ſtrowes the Champian vaſt.
Then *Cæſars* troopes that ſaw with feares
The duſt that *Pompey's* army reares.

But

But blinde with clouds of trembling frght,
Amaz'd betooke themselues to flight.
And then amongst their foes they fall,
So feare to ruine them doth hall;
Here so much bloud might haue bene shed,
As might of force haue *Cæsar* led
To yeeld vnto a setled peace,
And so from ciuill Armes to cease:
But that milde *Pompey* now withstands
The rage of his owne armed bands,
And with his owne appeasing words,
Holds backe his souldiers forward swords.
O *Rome* how blest had bene thy fate,
How free thy lawes had held their state,
And how exempt from Tyrants mace
Had *Sylla* bene in *Pompeys* place.
Alas the greefe thereof doth smart,
And still that greefe will grieue my heart.
That *Cæsar* thou hast thus suruiu'd,
And to this impious haight arriu'd.
Because in fight thou chanst to finde,
And meete a Soninlaw so kinde.
O most accursed fatall teene,
No *Libicke* slaughters then had beene,
Nor *Spaine* had *Mundas* furie seene;
Nor yet that corps with goare polluted,
Nobler then *Egypts* king reputed;
Had so on *Pharus* shoare bene slaine,
Nor *Nilus* blusht with that blood staine,
Nor on *Marmaricks* sandie plaine
Had *Iubas* naked carkasse laine.
Nor *Scipios* blood bene shed with these
The *Punicke* spirits to appease.
Nor sacred *Cato* in this strife
So soone had left his blessed life.
But this might well haue prou'd the day
All *Romane* wracks to wipe away,
And therewithall anticipate
The dismall blacke *Pharsalian* fate.
¶ *Cæsar* thus crost by heauenly powers,

Pompey withholds the rage of his souldiers against *Cesars* troopes which he had at an aduantage.

For-

Forſakes theſe Ramparts and theſe Towers,
And with his totter'd troopes defeated
Vnto *Emathias* fields retreated.
Cæſar takes his way towards *Theſſaly* after this Defeate.
Now thoſe that fauour'd *Pompeys* part,
And all the leaders of his mart
Do him perſwade all that they may,
His forces now to turne away,
And not his father inlaw purſue,
Seeing that he his preſence flew;
Pompeys Captains perſwade him to returne into *Italy* after this defeate that he gaue *Cæſar*.
But that he would with his braue hoaſt,
Returne vnto his natiue coaſt,
For ſince no foe did him withſtand,
He well might viſite *Latium* land.
But *Pompey* flat did that deny,
And in theſe tearmes he doth reply.
Pompeys anſwer in deniall thereof.
I neuer will to *Rome* returne
As *Cæſar* did, to make her mourne,
Neuer ſhall ſhe ſee me againe,
But freed of a Martiall traine.
I could haue ſtaide in *Latium* than,
when firſt theſe ciuill iarres began,
Would I our Temples ſo betray
To make of them the ſouldiers pray,
Or in the *Forum* armes diſplay.
Nay rather then I would conuart
To *Italy* this bloody Mart,
I ſooner would purſue a warre
Vnder the freezing Northerne ſtarre,
Amongſt the *Scythes*, or in that ſoyle
Whoſe plants the *Torrid Zoane* doth broile.
Shall I for one victorious day
Now take from *Rome* her reſt away?
O *Rome* why fled I firſt ſo farre
But to preſerue thee free from warre;
And rather then Ile change that minde
Now to become to thee vnkinde,
And draw this hateſull ſtriſe on thee,
Let *Cæſar* take all *Rome* for me.
So ſaid, he then prepar'd his hoaſt
To march vnto the Eaſterne coaſt.

And

And through by wayes his army paſt,
Pearcing thoſe deſart forreſts vaſt,
That frontyer on *Candauias* ſides,
And in *Theſſalia* he abides,
The place that Fate for warre prouides.
¶ This land mount *Oſſa* doth incloſe
On that ſide where *Aurora* ſhowes
The riſing of the winters ſunne,
When he his loweſt courſe doth runne.
But when the worlds eye lookes vp higher,
The cold aire warming with his fier,
Whilſt clyming vp the loftie skies,
His beames yet ſomewhat oblique flies.
And as thoſe beames the land enuades
On that ſide *Pelion* caſts his ſhades.
But when amidſt the heauens he drawes
Chafing the raging Lyons iawes,
And makes his ſolſtice for thoſe lands
There woody *Othrys* bordring ſtands.
Then *Pyndus* frounts thoſe milder blaſts
That *Zephirus* on that ſide caſts;
And haſtens on approaching night,
With his high top ſhading the light.
And they that in the vale are bred
Where mount *Olympus* lifts his head,
Thoſe bitter blaſts neuer offends
That *Boreas* from his cauerne ſends,
Nor know they whether that the Beare
Be all night glowing in the ſpheare.
¶ Whilome this vallie, that did lie
In midſt of all theſe mountaines hie
Was fenniſh grounds, and mooriſh muds,
Still ouerwhelm'd with ſtanding fluds:
And thoſe vaſt lakes that drownd this plaine
Ranne not through *Tempe* to the Maine;
But in one pond ſtood alwayes ſtill,
And euer more did waters ſwill;
Vntill that the *Herculean* wonder,
With mightie ſtraine did rent aſunder
The *Oſſan* mount from *Pelion* hill,

Pompey purſues Cæſar.

The deſcription and ſcituation of Theſſaly.

And

And then theſe waters did diſtill,
Into *Nereus* brakiſh fields,
And ſo to *Thetis* ſonne it yeelds
Emathias kingdome; where abounds,
Pharſalos goodly champion grounds:
But how much better had it beene
A watry plaſh, then graſsie greene:
There now *Philaces* cittie ſtands,
That firſt ſent ſhips to *Ilium* lands.
The chiefe Cities of *Theſſalie.*
There *Ptelos* and *Dorion* towne,
Wailing the Muſes wrathfull frowne.
Trachin likewiſe is ſeated there,
And *Melibœa* freed from feare
By *Hercules* Artillery;
The bitter price of periury.
Lariſſa likewiſe of great power,
And noble *Argos* here did tower.
Where now the cultor ſhares the ſoyle
And plough-men dayly eare and toyle;
Here ſtood (as fables olde relates)
Echions Thebes with ſeauenfolde gates.
Whereas *Agaue* baniſhed
The *Bacchanals* ſhe worſhipped,
By *Pentheus* her kingly ſonne,
Him all inrag'd to death hath donne.
Whoſe head though caſt into the fire,
Could not appeaſe her franticke ire.
¶This hugie lake that now had vent
To let out all her waters pent,
In many parts it ſelfe deuides,
Then *Æas* with ſmall current ſlides,
The chiefe Riuers of *Theſſalie.*
But with cleare ſtreame bends to the weſt,
Till in *Ionian* ſeas ſhe reſt.
Nor yet with ſtronger courſe then this
Doth run the ſire of *Iſidis*,
Whoſe maiden ſhape high *Ioue* reſtores,
And her tranſports to *Egypts* ſhores.
So *Achelous* thence doth paſſe,
(O *Cæneus* that almoſt was
Thy ſonne in law) and then defiles

With

With ſlimie waues *Echinads* Iles.
With *Euenos* that bare the ſtaines
Of blood from *Neſſus* wounded vaines.
And with his current ſtreameth on
Through *Meleagers Calydon.*
Then *Sperchios* that with greater ſpeed,
The waues *Maliacan* doth feed.
And ſweet *Amphriſos* that doth ſweepe,
With criſtall ſtreames and channell deepe
The fields where *Phœbus* fed his ſheepe.
And ſtill *Anauros*, whence doth riſe
Nor vapours that the clouds ſupplies,
Nor airie dewes that moiſture caſts,
Nor gentle breathes of windy blaſts.
All other riuers elſe beſide,
Into the maine that do not glide
With their own ſtrength and proper courſe
Into *Pæneus* yeeld their ſource.
Then ſtickle ſtream'd *Æpidanus*,
With neuer ſwift *Enipeus*,
Till ſhe with other waters bed;
Thence doth *Aſopos* take her head;
Phœnyx and *Melas* doe the ſame,
And *Tytareſſe* that holds his name,
And waues ſo firme, and from his ſprings
A vertue takes, which neuer mings
With other ſtreame; but ſafe and ſound
A path hath on *Peneus* found,
As if it ran vpon dry ground.
And as Fame ſayes, this riuers head
Is in the *Stygian* waters bred.
And being mindfull of his fount,
Doth hold it ſelfe in more account,
Then with the common waues to mixe,
But keepes the maieſtie of *Styxe.*

¶ As ſoone as all theſe ponds were drain'd
Which erſt this tracke of land retain'd,
Bebricius with his furrowing ſhares
For tillage theſe fat fields prepare;
And all the *Lelegans* then tride

A riuer in *Theſſaly* that runnes ouerthwart another riuer without mingling.

The firſt inhabiting of *Theſſaly* after the land was drained.

How

How they the plough thereon could guide.
Thereto the ploughmen put their hands
Of *Dolop*, and *Aeolian* lands.
The *Magnetes* there their horſes ſtoares
And people knowne to *Minyen* oares.
Here did the *Centaure*, birth of clowds,
That in *Pelethron* darke dens ſhrowds,
Ingendred of *Ixions* race
Diſperſe themſelues, for dwelling place.
And thou *Moniche* didſt wonne there
That *Pholoes* rockes didſt riue and teare.
And *Rhetus* that on *Ætnas* top
Thoſe hugie trees didſt wrenching lop.
Which *Boreas* with his boyſtrous blaſt
Could hardly teare or ouercaſt.
And *Phole* in this ſoile did reſt,
Where great *Alcides* was his gueſt.
And wicked *Neſſus* here reſides
That afterwards gain'd bloody ſides.
With *Lernean* ſhafts that *Hercles* guides.
And thou O *Chiron* now growne old,
Conuerted to a ſtarre ſo cold,
Thy ſtrong *Æmonian* bow doſt draw
Againſt great *Scorpios* poyſoned maw.
So on this land in euery part
Did ſhine the direfull ſeedes of Mart.
Here firſt of all the goodly breeds
Of the *Theſſalian* fierie ſteedes,
For vſe of warre ſo prone and fit,
Did riſe, when as *Neptunus* ſmit
The flintie ſtones with Marine mace,
Engendring ſo the coarſers race,
That champs the bit with praucing pace.
And here the *Lapiths* hands firſt ſtraines
Their foaming mouths with bridling raines.
Hence gallies cut the waues with oares,
Sent from the *Pagaſæan* ſhoares;
And *Inland* men did firſt engage
To venter on the billowes rage,
And here *Ionos* that did raigne

Ouer the vaſt *Theſſalian* plaine,
Did firſt of all his ſtamps conioyne
To molten mettals, fram'd for coyne.
And maketh ſiluer run in ſtreames,
Swelting amidſt the fiery gleames.
The gold likewiſe at firſt he brake,
And thereof money he did make,
And in the boyling furnace vaſt,
The copper he did liquid caſt.
Then thence did all that garboyle ſpring,
And miſchiefe that the warres did bring,
Enticing all the world to armes
For riches gaine, the ſeeds of harmes.
Here was huge vgly *Python* bred,
In *Cyrrhan* dens lurking his head.
And then was vſde *Theſſalian* bayes,
To yeeld the *Pythian* games their praiſe.
Wicked *Alæus* broode from hence
Was ſent, that made that high offence
Againſt the Gods waging their warres,
On *Pelions* top neare to the ſtarres,
Heaping mount *Oſſa* on his backe,
Whereby heauens courſe they thought to ſlack.
¶ Now when in theſe vnluckie lands,
Both Chieftains had incampt their bands,
The doubt of future warres euents,
Their minds with equall cares torments.
For now they ſee approaching nie,
The day that muſt their fortunes trie.
And as the houre did draw more neare,
So coward minds the more did feare,
And ſtill the worſt their thoughts retaine,
But yet ſome few of theſe againe
Giues to their courage better ſcope,
By ballancing their feare with hope.
And *Sextus* now amongſt this rowte
Did ſhew himſelfe a crauen lowte.
As one that no way did inherit
The glory of great *Pompeys* ſpirit.
For he will take a Pirates trade,

Coine framed

The melting of Copper.

He taxeth *Sextus Pompeys* eldeſt ſonne.

And will the *Scycill* ſeas inuade;
Whereby thoſe Triumphs he diſtaind
That on the ſeas his father gain'd.
But now his feares ſtirres vp his mind,
To know how chances ſtood deſign'd:
And growne impatient of delayes,
Long'd to foreknow his future dayes.
The *Delos* God he doth not heede,
Nor yet conſults with *Pythias* reede.
Nor what *Dodona* ſawes relates,
That breeds the Akorne ſwyniſh cates
Which groue from *Ioues* mouth ſoundeth fates.
Nor yet the *Augures* skill he tries
Of bowel'd beaſts for ſacrifiſe;
Nor what the flying birds preſage,
Nor yet obſerues the lightnings rage;
Nor doth he ſearch to vnderſtand
The knowledge of th' *Aſſyrian* land,
By motions of the ſtarres on hie,
And how the planets qualefie;
Sextus giuen to truſt to ſorcery. Or any hidden lawfull meanes,
But he the hatefull ſecrets gleanes
Of Magicks ſpels, and them doth proue
So odious to the Gods aboue.
And wofull murdrous altars dights
To *Dis*, and the infernall ſprights
Whom he beleeues, and as deiected,
The heauenly powres he nought ſuſpected.
And now this place where he reſides
His wicked humour more miſguides,
For many ſorcerers, and witches,
Dwell there, where now his tents he pitches.
Whoſe foule illuſions fraught with lies
Doth modeſt pietie deſpiſe.
And of their art this point is chiefe
To vndertake things paſt beliefe.
¶ For *Theſſaly* on her rocks breeds
Many inchanting balefull weeds.
And ſenſibly her very ſtones
Thoſe damned ſpels did ſeale with grones.

And many charmes it eleuates,
The heauenly powres it violates.
And fell *Medea* from thoſe fields
Fetcht herbs, that *Colchos* neuer yeelds.
Their wicked charmes were of ſuch force,
That they could wreſt vnto remorſe
The Gods deafe eares, that hardned weare
Gainſt thoſe that more deuotion beare.
And nations that their heſts did feare.
Their damned voyce and helliſh cries,
Could force a way to pearce the skyes.
And with their powrefull words incite
The higher powres in heauens diſpight.
For that ſame ſupreme care diuine
How heauenly orbes and ſpheares encline
Is caſt aſide, when they haue ſent
Their charmes vnto the firmament.
For though the *Babylonian* clime,
And *Memphis* do retaine the prime,
Of all ſuch ſages as can tell
What deepe and hidden skill doth dwell
Within the ancient magicks ſpell;
Yet th'*Theſſalian* witch can bend,
Thoſe powres their altars to entend.
¶ Their charming words are of ſuch might
That thoſe hard hearts that nought delight
In ſports of loue, nor naturally
Retaine thereof the quallity
By their inchantments ſet on fier,
Shall flame in feruent loues deſier.
Yea crabbed ſires, foreſpent with age,
They will infect with luſting rage.
Nor onely noyſome potions vſe,
Nor onely do that lumpe enfuſe
Which on a young colts forhead breeds,
That ſlimie humours ſwelling feeds:
Before the louing damme do ſhare
It with her teeth, and make it bare.
But with the charmes that they do chatter,
Not vſing any poyſnous matter,

Thi ſi ly much inclined to witchcraft.

The opinion of the force of Theſſalian witches.

The opinion that ancient times held of the power of ſorcery and witchcraft.

They will the ſtrongeſt minds infeſt,
And at their pleaſure force and wreſt.
And thoſe whom diſcord hath miſled
To leaue and loath their nuptiall bed
They haue reclaim'd; and that great force
Of beautie wanting kinde remorſe,
By meanes of Magicks twiſted twine,
To gentle loue they made encline.
And things from natures courſe eſtrang'd
The daies to lengthned nights they chang'd
The firmament kept not his courſe,
The ſpheares forbeare their rapted ſource;
Their motions dully languiſhing,
Whenas their charming ſpels they ſing.
And *Iupiter* himſelfe did woonder,
Wat made the *Poles* ſo ſlowly blunder.
And why they did not turne more ſwift,
Being vrged with their woonted drift.
All things are ouerlaide with ſhowrs,
When *Phœbus* ſhines the dark clouds lowrs.
Vnknowne to *Ioue* they make it thunder,
As though the skies would rent in ſunder.
With one ſelfe voyce they cloudes diſperſe,
And then againe to raine reuerſe.
When no wind blowes, the ſeas ſhall rage,
And in huge ſtormes their wrath aſſwage.
And (moſt contrary vnto kinde)
The ſhips ſhall faile againſt the winde.
The torrent from the mountains top
Amidſt his courſe ſhall ſtay and ſtop.
The riuer ſhall run countermount,
And turne his courſe vnto his fount.
The Sommer ſhall not *Nylus* raiſe,
Meander ſtraight his crooked wayes.
The *Rhodanus* ſhall become ſlow,
And *Arar* him ſhall ouergo.
The mountains whelme their ſteepy head,
And as a plaine be ouerſpread.
Olympus vnderlooke the clouds:
Scythia from whom the Sun ſtill ſhrowds

Here the Poet ſhewes the opinion that was held of the power of Theſſalian ſorcerers.

In

In midſt of winters froſtie flaw,
Her ſnowes ſhall then diſſolue and thaw;
And with their charmes they will reſtraine
The ſetled flowing of the maine.
And force him with thoſe bonds diſpenſe
Deſign'd by *Cynthias* influence.
They will ſo ſtrike that fixed waight
The *Axe*, that bears the worlds whole fraight
That turning in the *Orbes* mid wheele,
It beckning ſomewhat ſeemes to reele.
And with one word this heaped maſſe,
And pondrous loade ſo crazed was,
That it would proſpects thorow teare,
To ſee the other Hemiſpheare.
¶ All animals of deadly natures
That Lethall beene to humane creatures,
In feare of theſe inchanters liue,
Or to their art aſſiſtance giue.
The *Tygre* with his bloodie iawes;
The *Lyon* that all ouer-awes,
On them will fawne with milde aſpect.
The water Snakes with like reſpect,
Their chilly circles will vnfould,
And ſtreatch themſelues on dewy mould,
If theſe vile hagges do them behold.
The vipers wombe, when it is torne,
By that damn'd broode that ſhe hath borne,
They will make whole; and humane breath
Shall giue the Serpent preſent death.
How are the Gods perplext with paine,
To yeeld vnto this ſorcerous vaine?
And held in awe them to diſdaine?
What contract haue they made withall?
That they can hold them ſo in thrall.
Are they oppreſt by Witches might,
Or in their charmes take they delight?
Are they deare to the *Deities*,
For any ſecret pieties.
Do they preuaile this by entreates,
Or do they vſe ſome ſecret threates?

A conceite of the Authors.

With all the Gods haue they that hand:
Or do thoſe powerfull charmes command?
Some one peculiar Deitie,
That can with ſuch facilitie
Conſtraine this world to yeeld and tend
To that which is ſo forc't to bend.
Theſe witches firſt did headlong teare
The ſtarres downe from the loftie ſpheare,
And modeſt *Cynthias* ſiluer hue
Vnto a pallid colour grew.
Infected with their venom'd phraſe,
And with ſwarth earthly face did blaze.
As if the earth had bene betweene
To barre her of her brothers ſheene.
And that his orbe with duskie ſhade
Thoſe heauenly beames kept from her glade
And with theſe charmes is ſo oppreſt
That ſhe can neuer be at reſt,
Vntill the ſlimie matter fall,
That they do oint their hearbs withall.
¶ Theſe wicked rites and charming ſpels
Practiſde whereas thoſe vile hags dwels,
Eryctho fierce ſeem'd to diſdaine,
Pretending her more pious vaine;
And into new formes would conuart
The errors of this loathſome art.
She would not lodge her damned head
In towne, or houſe, or any ſhed.
But ſtill amongſt the graues would reſt,
And tombes of corſes diſpoſſeſt.
Gratefull to helliſh Deities,
Conuerſing ſilent companies.
Life vnto her no hinderance was,
Into the *Stygian* ſhades to paſſe.
And there the ſecret will to know
Of *Dis*, that woonneth ſtill below.
Her bleaſme and megre lookes detect,
A loathſome helliſh ſwarth aſpect;
That bright dayes light will neuer ſee,
The *Stygian* ſhades her proſpects bee.

A tedious deſcription of a *Theſſalian* witch called *Erictho*.

Shee

She hath withall a gaſtly face,
And feltred lockes about it trace.
When ſhowres, or duskie clouds by night
Obſcure the ſtarres from humane ſight,
Out of the ſilent graues ſhe haſts,
And catcheth at the lightning blaſts.
Then through the fields ſhe pacing ſpurnes,
And full-ear'd corne ſhe blaſting burnes:
And with the very breath ſhe ſends,
The healthy aire taints and offends.
Vnto the Gods ſhe neuer prayes,
Nor powers of heauen to guide her wayes.
She takes no keepe of *Augures* skill,
How ſacrifice bodes good or ill:
But moſt of all ſhe doth deſire,
The funerall piles to ſet on fire;
And whilſt they burne, to filch from thence
The Spices and the Frankinſence.
¶ The *Gods* euen at the firſt requeſt,
Do grant to her each wicked heſt:
And feare to heare her twice to craue
The thing that ſhe deſires to haue.
She buries bodies yet aliue,
Before that death their ſoules depriue:
And though their date might long ſubſiſt,
In ſpight of *Fates* ſhe cuts their twiſt.
And others dead brings backe againe
From funerals, with ioyfull traine;
Reſtoring life to euery vaine.
Out of the midſt of funerall fires
She rapes, and greedily deſires
The ſmoking cinders as they lye,
And yong mens bones that flaming fry.
And raging, will not doubt nor feare
The torch from parents hands to teare.
Then all the flakes that ſhe eſpies,
Which from the *coarſe* w^th^ black ſmoke flies;
And garments vnto aſhes turn'd,
And oylie fragments ſcarcely burn'd,
Together ſhe doth ſcrape and glut;

But

But when into a Tombe they put
A ſollid body, moiſt within,
With marrow cloſd in hardned skinne,
Then will ſhe raue on all the parts;
Into the eyes her fingers darts,
And neuer digging leaues withall
Till ſhe teares out the very ball.
Then from the dryed hands ſhe rents
And gnawes the pallid excrements:
Theknots her teeth in ſunder ſhare,
Of ropes wherewith men ſtrangled are.
The hanging carkaſſes ſhe fleeces,
And then the gibbets breakes in peeces:
The wether-beaten paunch ſhe caſt
Out of the corpes,and then at laſt
She lets the ſunne thereon to ſprout,
And vn-ſod marrow ſo takes out.
Thoſe that are hang'd in Iron chaines,
Whoſe hands the ruſty fetters ſtraines
From all the ioynts,whereof diſtilles
The oylie moiſture, that downe trilles
In greaſie filth, and ſwarthy gore,
She gathers vp for poyſons ſtore.
Whilſt gnawing on the nerues ſhe files,
Faſt by the teeth ſhe hangs the whiles;
And if that ſhe by chance doe finde
A carkaſſe on the ground vn-ſhrinde,
Amongſt the rauening beaſts and fowle,
There will this Sorcereſſe ſitting ſcowle:
But will not with a knife ſelect
The fleſh,and parts ſhe doth affect:
But ſhe will onely pry and watch,
The morſels from *Wolues* iawes to ſnatch.
From murder neuer ſtayes her hands,
When as in need of blood ſhe ſtands
That freſhly flowes from wounds at firſt,
Such ſhe findes out to quench her thirſt.
Nor will ſhe ſtay her murdrous mood,
When ſhe would ſacrifice life-blood:
Or that ſome funerall rites require

The trembling intrailes on the fire.
The babes within the mothers wombe,
With gaſhing wound ſhe will vntombe
Ere nature bring it forth to light;
Her flaming Altars ſo to dight.
And whenſoeuer ſhe needs moſt
Some cruell ſturdy humor'd ghoſt,
Her ſlaughtring fiſt the ſoules prepares,
No humane life ſhe euer ſpares.
From off the chinnes ſhe rents and teares
Of flowring youths the downy haires.
And with left hand the lockes will ſhaue
Of ſtriplings, lingring to the graue.
This Witch her owne kinne hath not ſpar'd,
That death of her dire hand hath ſhar'd:
But firſt ſhe would them coll and kiſſe,
And then the head from corpes diſmiſſe.
And when that death their iawes had fixt,
She then would gnab her teeth betwixt,
And ſo bite off the labbring tongue,
That to the dry throat faſt was clung:
And with her cold lips then would babble
Of whiſpring charmes full many a rabble.
And then at laſt with ſome vile ſpell
Would ſend their ſprights to ſhades of hell.
¶ The fame that of this Witch did runne,
Had made her knowne to *Pompey's* ſonne,
Who in the depth of ſilent night,
When *Tytan* had conuaid his light
Vnto the middle of that skye,
That to our feet oppoſd doth lye;
Abrode at that time *Sextus* traces
Into the ſolitary places,
Attended by a company
Prepar'd, and true to villany:
VVho ranging vp and downe the land,
VVhere graues and Tombes did vſe to ſtand,
By chaunce a farre they ſpy'd this hagge,
Cloſe ſitting by a rocky cragge,
Neere to a path that ſtraight doth guide

Erycthо's fame reported to *Sextus.*

The

The way vnto mount *Æmus* ſide:
There ſhe ſuch charms did mũbling chatter,
That no *Magitians* knew the matter:
Nor yet the *Gods* of *Magickes* art,
Of her ſtrange ſpels knew any part:
New fictions ſhe did cunne by heart.
And fearing that this bloudy warre
VVould be transferred yet more farre,
From *Theſsaly* to other ſoyles,
VVhereby the blood that theſe garboyles
On either ſide would flowing yeeld,
Should be depriu'd *Pharſalias* field
VVhich ſhe already had defil'd
VVith ſpelles, and incantations vilde;
Did what ſhe could that might withſtand
To draw the warres from out this land.
For now ſhe hop't to glut her mood,
VVith vſe of flowing humane blood:
And that in ſuch a world of ſtrife,
She ſhould haue deaths, and ſlaughters rife;
That cinders of the *Romans* dead,
Might in *Emathia's* field be ſpread,
And bones of noble *Peeres* there ſlaine,
VVhoſe ghoſts ſhe hop't ſhould be her gain.
This was her drift, this her deſire,
VVherewith her heart was ſet on fire;
Propoſing to her ſelfe the ſpoyle
Of *Pompey's* part vpon his ſoyle.
And with like rage to raue and rampe
Vpon ſome wrackes of *Cæſars* campe.
Then to this hagge, with words full milde,
Firſt ſpake great *Pompey's* worthleſſe childe.

Sextus words to *Eryctho.*

¶ O thou that art the greateſt grace
Of Sages of *Æmonian* race,
That canſt at large to men relate
Their deſtiny and future fate:
And haſt the power to turne aſide
Euents of harmes that ſhould betide:
I thee beſeech doe me that grace
To let me know this doubtfull caſe.

What

What is the scope and certaine end
VVhereto this ciuill warre will tend.
I am not least of *Roman* heires,
That intrest haue in these affaires;
Great *Pompey* is my noble sire,
And I his sonne that must aspire
Either to be the Lord of all,
Or heire of his great funerall.
My minde doth doubtfull dread retaine,
And yet resolu'd I am againe
To carry all with courage stout,
Were I but sure what would fall out.
Doe thou therefore resolue I pray
The doubt of this vncertaine day,
That we be not surpris'd vnwares,
Nor blindly led to *Fortunes* snares.
From higher powers extort the truth,
Or on the *Gods* thou maist haue ruth;
And all the *Stygian* ghosts below
Vrge to thy power, the truth to show.
Goe search *Thessalian* fields about,
And also learne which of our rout
Death is resolu'd to him to call,
That in these ciuill warres must fall.
This labour is of no base kinde,
But worthy thy inspired minde:
A worke of glory by thee donne,
To know how so great *Fate* shall runne.
¶ This glorifide *Thessalian* Witch,
To heare her fame, for ioy did itch,
And thus reply'd; O noble youth,
Didst thou desire to know the truth
Of future chance, in lesser fate
As thou requir'st I could relate,
Although the *Gods* it disavow'd;
For so much is to Art allow'd.
For though the planets influence,
Did call some one mans life from hence;
Yet could we thereof make a stay,
And so likewise can take away

Erycthe's answere to Sextus.

VVith

With ſpeciall hearbes, his liuing houre,
That all the ſtarres vnited power
Did vnto eldeſt yeares deſigne,
And in the midſt breake off his twine.
But ſince the order of all things
From one firſt chiefe beginning ſprings,
And *Fates* do labour in this all,
And thou of that a change wouldſt call,
Whereby one onely mortall ſtroke
Might this worlds vniverſe revoke.
All our conſorts muſt needs agree,
That *Fortune* can do more then wee.
But if it may ſuffiſe thy hope,
Of one mans hap to know the ſcope,
Tis eaſie certainly to doe,
And many meanes do helpe thereto.
The earth, the aire, the *Chaos* old,
The fields with hearbes ſo manifold,
The rockes of *Rhodopeian* land
VVould ſound that we ſhould vnderſtand.
But ſince that daily there is ſtore
Of new ſlaine bodies with freſh gore,
Tis eaſie for *Emathia's* field
One head for our deſignes to yeeld;
VVhoſe carkaſſe warme, and newly ſlaine,
Doth yet a ſound of voyce retaine:
VVhoſe corpes not parched with the ſunne,
Nor warmth as yet from members runne:
This *Stygian* ghoſt not yet will ſtutter,
But to our eares will plaine words vtter.
¶ VVhen ſhe had ſaid, her ſullen head
She artificially ore-ſpread
VVith doubled darkneſſe of the night,
And with a foggy miſt bedight;
About the bodies ſlaine ſhe pries,
That in the fields vnburied lies.
And with her lookes ſhe did affray
The rauening *Wolues*, and birds of pray,
VVho from the bodies fled away.
VVhilſt that this hagge a carkaſſe prold,

And

And search't the marrow deadly cold,
Wherein the lungs and lights she found
Quite starke, but free from any wound.
Then for a voyce she seekes and pries,
Within this body where it lies.
Meane while there hung in question than
The fate of many a slaughtred man,
VVhom she againe from death would call;
For had she try'd to take them all,
That of both Armies there lay slaine,
The warres she had supply'd againe,
And silenced *Erebus* law;
For could this powerfull monster draw
From *Stygian* lake so great a crew,
Their fighting alwayes would renew.
But now a body she hath got,
That had no wound but in the throat.
Him she elects, and him doth hooke
VVith halter, and with Iron crooke,
And through the rockes the ruthlesse hagge
This miserable corpes did dragge,
That life must take, and doth it trace
VVhereas a hollow vaulted place
Vnder a lofty cliffe doth rise,
VVhere she (fell *witch*) doth sacrifice.

Erycto chuseth a slaine body to enchaunt.

¶ Here is a land not farre from hell,
VVhere lies a deepe obscured cell
Sunke vnder ground, with cauernes vast,
VVhose toppe with shades is ouer-cast;
For bowes of trees so enter-lace,
That they obscure and vaile this place,
So as no where can mortall eye
Discerne the Sunne, or glimpse of skye;
But deadly darkenesse, and long night
In this sad Denne be-clouds all sight,
And but by charmes hath neuer light.
The foggy aire within this cell,
More lothsome is then dampes of hell.
And this swarth Region on all sides,
Auernus from our world diuides.

Erycthos place of habitation.

And hither the infernall King
His ghoſts doth neuer feare to bring:
For though this witch of *Theſſaly*
The *Fates* by force can qualifie,
Yet doubtfull is it whether ſhe
From this place into hell can ſee:
Or whether perſonally this fend
Vnto the *Stygian* ſhades diſcend.
A ſmokie foule rag'd weed ſhe weares
With open face, and back-caſt haires:
The fillets that her lockes do trace,
She doth with vipers inter-lace.
And when ſhe ſaw in how great feare
Yong *Pompey* and his followers were,
As men that horror did confound,
Looking downe wiſtly to the ground.
What now (quoth ſhe) be of good cheare,
Lay doubt aſide, and do not feare,
For now you ſhall forthwith perceaue
A figure new true life receaue,
Though dread do make your ſpirits weake,
Yet may you heare him plainly ſpeake.
If I ſhould ſhew you *Stygian* lakes,
And helles bankes breathing fiery flakes,
And that you may the *Furies* ſee
Safely, ſafe-conduited by me.
And *Cerberus* with curled breaſt,
Shaking his hideous ſnaky creſt,
And *Gyants* huge, whoſe feter'd hands
Behinde their backes, are tide in bands.
VVhy ſtand you cowards in ſuch frights,
To looke vpon poore trembling ſprights?
¶ Then ſhe doth luke-warme *blood* conuay
Into the body as it lay,
And with new wounds the ſame doth gaſh,
And clotterd gore away doth waſh.
Then ſhe together working mings
All vncoth births that *Nature* brings.
The froth of mad dogges iawes ſhe takes,
That feare to ſee freſh watry lakes.

Erycthō encourageth *Pompey*, and his men affrighted.

The

The *Lynx* his bowels laid thereon,
With the *Hyena's* ioyntleſſe bone.
The marrow of a ſtagge new dead,
That hath a ſerpent ſwallowed.
And that ſame little fiſh whoſe force
Can ſo with-hold the forward courſe
Of any ſhip amidſt the maine,
When all her ſailes the winde doth ſtraine.
A *Dragons* eyes therewith ſhe preſt,
And that ſtone in the *Ægles* neſt,
That ratling ſounds, and heate doth catch
Amongſt the egges that ſhe doth hatch.
Th'*Arabian* Serpent that makes wing
The poyſnous Viper, whoſe ſharpe ſting
The red-ſea Cockle doth defend,
Wherein the pretious pearle is pen'd.
And therewithall the skinne new ſtead
From the *Cæraſtæ* but halfe dead;
With thoſe burnt aſhes that ariſe
Out of the *Phœnix* ſacrifice.
Theſe venom'd heapes ſhe workes & frames,
Diſtinguiſh't by their ſeuerall names.
And leaues ſhe addes repleate with ſpelles,
And growing hearbes, wherewith ſhe melles
The ſpittle of her driueling iawes,
And euery other poyſons cauſe,
Deuiſed by her ſorcerous ſawes.
¶ Then with a voyce that farre exceeds
The ſtrength of all hearbs that earth breeds,
She calles and charmes the *Gods* of hell,
And mutters firſt a confuſ'd ſpell
Of varying ſounds, that wiſtly iarre,
From humane language diffring farre.
She hath the barking of a hound,
And of a *Wolfe* the howling ſound.
The hollow whooping of the *Owle*,
The ſkryching of the blacke night fowle.
The bellowing of the ſauadge beaſt,
With hiſſing of a Snake expreſt.
The hollow murmures of the waues,

A rabble of ſorcerous drugges.

Erycitho's ſundry ſorts of voyces.

Beating againſt the cliffie caues;
The whiſtling of the wooddy leaues,
And thunders noiſe, the clouds that cleaues.
So many ſounds from one voyce flye,
The reſt her direfull charmes ſupply:
And with her tongue ſhe frames a ſpell,
That pierc'd downe to the depth of hell.
¶ Ye *Deſtinies*, the *Stygian* ſcourge,
That torments on offenders vrge.
And thou *Auernus* gulfe profound,
That ſwalowing canſt *whole worlds* confound
And thou that all this earth doſt ſway,
Whoſe death the heauenly powers delay,
That thereby thou for longer times
Maiſt be reſeru'd, to plague thy crimes.
O *Styx*, and yee *Elizian* fields,
That ſolace none to witches yeelds!
And thou *Perſephon* that doſt loth,
The heauens, and thy mother both.
And *Hecate* our deereſt frend
That to my tongue doſt cunning lend;
Whereby commerce and vſe I haue
Of ghoſts, and the infernall graue.
Thou Porter of infernall gates,
That doſt on bowels ſhare for cates
VVith thy deuouring rauenous iawes;
And you three ſiſters that forth drawes
And cuts in two each liuing line,
Of power to breake this worke of mine.
And thou ô Ferry-man growne old,
That haſt ſo long thoſe waues controld,
Doe not theſe ſoules from me with-hold;
But grant to me that I requeſt,
If my petition be expreſt
VVith wicked words ſufficiently,
And vowes repleat with villany:
Or if I neuer yet did charme,
But that with bloud and bowels warme
I firſt of all did breake my faſt,
And bodies full to you haue caſt.

Ericthos charme.

And if that I the braines haue daſht
That were bloud-warme,& then haue waſht,
And to your Altars, heads did giue
Of infants,that might longer liue:
Obſerue my ſuit,that doth not craue
A body ſmoldred in the graue,
Or that in darkneſſe long hath beene,
But one that late the light hath ſeene;
And newly did his ſoule diſcharge,
And ſcarce arriued at helles varge;
Let him my charmes now entertaine,
And he ſhall ſoone returne againe.
Let this ghoſt of a Souldier late,
Great *Pompey's* deſtiny relate
To *Pompey's* ſonne,if in your ſight
A ciuill warre deſerue that right.
¶ When ſhe her charming ſpell had ſed,
She raiſd her frothy mouth and head:
Wiſtly a while ſhe did behold
The ghoſt of that ſame carkaſſe cold,
That ſtood in feare,and great amaze
Vpon thoſe liueleſſe limbes to gaze;
And did that lothſome pinfold hate
That was her priſon but of late.
She dreads into that breaſt to paſſe,
That now ſo hack't and mangled was.
And in thoſe bowels to reſide,
Whoſe veins were cut with wounds ſo wide.
Ah wretched *Ghoſt* whom deaths laſt ſtroke
Could not exempt from lifes fraile yoke!
Erycthо maruailes much,and frets,
That *Fates* ſhould vſe theſe lingring lets.
And in her wroth this dead corpes takes,
And ſcourgeth it with liuing ſnakes.
Then through the earth by that ſame glade
She pries,which ſhe with charms had made.
And barking, to the ſprights ſhe ſpeakes,
Which noiſe *Erebus* ſilence breakes.
Tyſiphone thou hatefull ſpright,
And thou *Megera*, that ſetſt light

The ghoſt amazed,loath to enter into the carkaſſe againe.

Erycthо enraged, threatens the infernall powers.

By my requeſt, come tell me plaine,
When this ſad ſoule you did retaine
With you in hell, did ſhe not beare
Your torments, and your ſcourgings there?
By your true names I will you call,
You *Stygian* hagges I will enthrall,
And captiues hold in this worlds light,
And follow you with all deſpight
Through *Graues*, through *Tombes*, through *Burials*,
And baniſh you from *Funerals*.
And *Hecate* Il'e make thee knowne
In perfect ſhape that is thine owne:
Thou ſhalt no more thy ſelfe adorne
With borrowed figure, ſo to ſcorne
The *Gods*, with falſhood and decait,
When thou art cal'd on them to wait.
Thy vile pale forme I will diſplay,
Helles lookes thou ſhalt not put away.
And I (*Proſerpina*) will tell,
That vnder earths huge weight doth dwell,
What feaſts and iunketing you make,
And what diſports in loue you take;
And how you ſet your whole delight
In dalliance with the King of night:
Which life of thine, if *Ceres* kend,
Thou neuer more to her ſhouldſt wend.
To thee of wretches all moſt vile,
As iudge of this, I'le ſend the while
Bright *Tytan*, with his beames ſo fierce,
That through the chinks of earth ſhal pierce,
And all thy ſhiftings open lay,
By ſuddaine ſending in of day.
Will you aſſent my will to do,
Or ſhall I him compell thereto,
Vpon whoſe name I neuer call,
But that the earth doth quake withall?
He that with face vncouered,
Dares looke vpon *Gorgona's* head;
And with his whippes and fell aſpect,
Trembling *Erinnis* doth correct.

Meaning *Demogorgon.*

And he that can farre better tell
Then your owne ſelues the dens of hell.
His manſion vnder you he takes,
And he may ſweare by *Stygian* lakes.
¶Forthwith when ſhe had vſd her charme
The chill blood in this corps grew warme.
The black wounds now more fleſhly ſhowes
And through the veins the thin blood flowes
Strengthning withall each outward part;
The tender ſtrings that feede the hart
Vnder the cold breaſt gan to beate,
As ſoone as they did feele the heate.
The marrow that was dulled long,
Taking freſh force was grown more ſtrong
New life was mingled death among:
Then pulſes all and artyres ſtrike,
The ſinewes ſtreach and motion ſeeke.
But now the body neuer tries
To ſtreach his lims whereas it lies,
With eaſie ſtrength and by degrees;
But ſuddenly rebounding flees
From off the ground, and ſtands vpright
With eyes wide open to the light,
And yawning iawes that breathed rife,
Yet in his face was no great life.
But rather of a deadly hue,
Stiffe wrinckled and a pallid blew.
He ſtoniſht was at this worlds wonder,
His tyed tong no ſound could blunder.
His voyce and ſpeech had but in taske,
To anſwer what the witch did aske.
Tell me quoth ſhe what I require,
And for it great ſhall be thy hire.
If to the world we truths impart,
The fame of our *Æmonian* art
Will euer, after glory gaine,
And our free ſawes, as ſoothes remaine:
In ſuch a ſhrine thy lims ſhall lie,
And in ſuch wood thy corps ſhall frie.
And will ſo charme thy funerall,

The dead body begins to take life.

Erycthoſpeaks to the carkaſſe

As

Erycthos reward ſhe promiſeth the carkaſſe that takes life.

As that the ſpels of Magicks call:
Thy ghoſt ſhall neuer hire at all.
And to thy ſelfe this boone bequeaue,
For that thou didſt new life receaue.
That hearbs nor charms ſhall be of force,
Thy long ſleepe euer to diuorce,
That death receiueſt at my hand,
None do thoſe anſwers vnderſtand
That *Oracles* and *Trypods* tell,
Who Fates requires from ghoſts of hell
Shall euer in aſſurance dwell:
He valiantly to worke doth go,
That dire deaths *Oracle* would know.
I pray thee therefore do not ſpare
To ſhew things names right as they are.
Deſcribe the places, and ſpeake plaine
That I true Fates may entertaine.
¶ To this withall ſhe addes a ſpell,
Whereby the ghoſt had power to tell
What ſo of him ſhe ſought to know,
Whilſt his ſad face teares ouerflow.

The ghoſt replies to Ericho and makes his relation.

Truly I had not time (quoth he)
To marke the Fatall ſiſters three,
How they their ſpinning twiſts did guide,
I was cal'd from the riuer ſide,
So ſecretly and in ſuch haſt,
I could not know how all things paſt.
But that which I did learne was doon
Amongſt the ſoules where I did woon,
Fell diſcord and outragious ſtrife,
Amongſt the *Roman* ghoſts was riſe.
So as their broyles and armed riet,
Th'infernall ſtate did much diſquiet.
Diuers great Captains were diuided,
About their quarrell vndecided.
One part doth in *Elyſium* dwell,
Tother in thoſe darke dens of hell.
And both ſides readily inclin'd,
To trie what deſtinie deſign'd.
The bleſſed ſoules did then appeare,

But

But ſad and mournfull in their cheare.
The *Decij* both I there beheld,
The father and his worthie child.
Braue ſpirits that did expiate
The Tyranies from *Roman* ſtate.
Camillus, and the *Curij*,
There wayling ſtood with watrie eye.
And *Scylla* one amongſt this rout,
Againſt thee Fortune doth cry out.
And *Scipio* there I ſaw deplore,
That ſo the hatefull *Affricke* ſhore
Their noble blood ſhould now diſtaine,
With his owne grandchild thereon ſlaine.
And *Cato maior* of renowne,
The ancient foe to *Carthage* towne,
Did here lament his Nephewes fate,
That dy'd in ſcorne of ſeruile ſtate.
And *Brutus* in his Conſuls gowne,
That Tyranny did firſt put downe,
We here beheld in ioyfull mode,
Amongſt bleſt ſoules whereas he ſtood.
There *Catilyne* with prowd diſdaines,
Inſults amongſt his broken chaines.
And *Marius* with his bloody harmes,
Cethegi with their naked armes.
There likewiſe I the *Druſians* ſaw,
That made their libertie a law,
Reioycing in a popular loue
And *Gracchi* that great things durſt proue,
Though hampered with laſting chaines,
Whoſe liberties hell-gates reſtraines.
Yet clap their hands that plaudits yeelds
Theſe wicked ghoſts craue bleſſed fields.
Then this infernall Realmes great guide
His ſtations did enlarge more wide.
And therewithall he ſharpes the rocks,
Hard adamantine chaines and locks,
With iron links he doth prepare,
As torments for the victors ſhare.
But yet ô youth take now with thee

The ghoſt ſpeakes to Sextus.

This

This comfortable word from me,
Expect a bleſſed reſting place
For thy ſires ſoule and all his race.
For in that kingdome deepe of *Dis*
A pleaſant part reſerued is
To entertaine great *Pompeys* ſpright.
Let not the glory him delight,
Of this ſhort lifes vncertaine date,
The houre drawes neare, whoſe preſent fate,
Shall theſe great captains fortunes mixe;
In death therefore your comforts fixe.
Go proudly and with high deſires
Vnto your lowly funerall fiers,
And ſpurning ſcorne thoſe haughty ſoules
That *Roman* rites like Gods controules.
For now the ſtrife is who ſhall haue
On *Tybris* or on *Nyle* his graue,
And all the warre theſe Captaines wage
Is where ſhall be their funerall ſtage.
¶ But as for what concernes thy fate,
Do not deſire I ſhould relate,
Spare me, for though I ſilence keepe
A Prophet of more knowledge deepe,
Will let thee all things vnderſtand,
And thou in the *Sicilian* land,
Shalt haue it at thy fathers hand.
Whoſe mind as yet I do not know,
Whither he meanes that thou ſhalt go;
Or from what place thou ſhouldſt refraine,
Or what vnluckie coaſts diſdaine.
Or in which part of this worlds clime
Thou ſhouldſt abide and ſpend thy time.
But hapleſſe ye, *Europe* forbeare,
Affricke and *Aſia*, likewiſe feare,
Fortune your tombes will there diuide,
Where earſt triumphant you did ride.
O wretched houſe! the world you yeelds,
Nought ſafer then *Pharſalias* fields.
Thus hauing his relation told,
With mornefull lookes did ſilence hold.

Pompey on the one of them: and Cæſar on the other.

And death was his deſired meede,
But Magicks charmes thereto would neede,
And hearbes to make the carkaſſe fall;
For Fates could not againe recall
The ſoule that once at large did rome,
By lawes expir'd of *Stygian* doome.
Then did *Erictho* frame withall
A pile of wood for funerall,
Thus to the fire the bodie went
Which kindled, was laid downe and brent.
Where when *Erictho* ſaw him lie,
She left him in that place to die.
And ſo along with *Sextus* went,
To viſite *Pompey* at his Tent.
But now the mornings dawne drew neare,
So that the dayes peepe did appeare.
Therefore that they might ſecret paſſe
To *Pompey* where he camped was,
She did inchant the ſcowling night,
With ſable vailes to clowd the light.

Erycth o burnes the carkaſſe.

Finis Libri Sexti.

Lucans Pharſalia.

The ſeuenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

THis doth great Pompeys *dreame relate,*
And wailes withall hi hapleſſe Fate.
His eager troopes would battell haue;
Tully *the ſame doth likewiſe craue*
with filed ſpeech, to giue content,
Pompey *(though loath) yeelds his conſent.*
Prodigious ſignes appeare in ſight:
Both Armies in point to fight.
The Chieftains with couragious words,
Inuite the ſouldiers to their ſwords.
The battels ioyne, and Pompeys *hoaſt*
Is ouerthrowne, his Campe is loſt.
To ſaue himſelfe away he flies;
Cæſar *a victors Fortune tries.*
The ſpoyles he freely doth beſtow.
Pharſalias *field with blood doth flow.*

MOre ſlow then euer was his guiſe
Tytan did from *Aurora* riſe,
And contrary to Natures will,
Clymes heauily the Eaſterne hill.

He neuer more vnwillingly
Did driue his Teeme againſt the skie:
And laſily hung dragging backe.
Though fiercely rapt with ſweeping racke;
So prone he was to ſhew defect,
Vnder *Eclips* his bright aſpect
Doth labour now, and blacke clouds breeds
Not ſuch as fed his flaming ſteeds.
And all this was but to delay
From *Theſſaly* the light of day.
But now *Boötes* with his cart,
Drawes on darke night, the lateſt part
Of woefull *Pompeys* happy life;
Whom pleaſing dreames ſo free from ſtrife
Did entertaine, and fained ſhowes
His troubled thoughts did interpoſe.
It ſeemed in this dreaming fit,
That he with ſtately pompe did ſit, Pompeys dreame.
In that Theatre he did frame
At *Rome*, which carryed *Pompeys* name.
Thither the *Romane* people thrung
In multitudes, whoſe voices rung
With ioyfull ſhouts vnto the ſtarres,
To ſee him ſafe return'd from warres.
And more to ſhew how they reioyce,
They clapt their hãds with thundring noyce
Euen ſuch applauding ſhouts they raiſe,
As they did in his youthfull daies;
And with ſuch fawning him beheld,
As when he had *Sertorious* queld,
That fugitiue, in armes ſo fierce;
And when he did with conqueſt pierce
The weſtermoſt *Iberian* pride,
And did for it in triumph ride.
Then being but a youthfull knight,
Attired in a robe ſun-bright,
And in a lofty Charriot plac't,
Whom with applauſe the Senate grac't.
Now whether that this did portend
Of all his happineſſe the end,

And as a laſt retraite of ioy
Did but preſage future annoy;
Or that this ſound reuealing ſleepe
That doth our thoughts in fancies ſteepe,
Did with accuſtom'd ambages,
Expreſſe his fate by contraries.
All turn'd to *Pompeys* miſeries.
Or that *Romes* fortune did bequeaue
To him this ſight for her laſt leaue;
Knowing that he ſhould neuer more
Set footing on his natiue ſhore.
Ye that the Camping watches keepe,
Do not breake off this pleaſant ſleepe,
Let not the ſound of trumpets charmes,
Pierce through his eares with wars alarmes
The next night ſhe ſhall haue dire reſt,
And ſad ſights ſhall his ſoule inueſt.
On both ſides armed hoaſts ſhall meete,
And raging warre each other greete.
Whence then could ſouldiers free frõ care
Such ſound ſleeps, and ſuch ſweet reſt ſhare
O happy would that day haue beene
If thy *Rome* ſo could thee haue ſeene.
O *Pompey* would the Gods of heauen
That one deſired day had giuen
Vnto thy country, and to thee,
Of eithers fate aſſur'd to bee!
Whereby you mutuallie might proue
The lateſt fruits of your deare loue.
Thou *Pompey* to the warres didſt wend,
As though thy daies in *Rome* ſhould end.
And *Rome*, that knew her conſcience cleare,
(Tender of thee, to her vowes deare)
Did neuer thinke that foule offence
Had with the Fates hung in ſuſpence,
That *Rome* ſhould not the fortune haue
To giue her *Pompeys* bones their graue.
For then would youths, and aged ſires,
Vnbidden boyes with ſelfe deſires,
Haue mingled howling plaints with teares,

The euent of warre is doubtfull.

The

The Matrones with disheueled haires,
And virgins would their brests haue torne;
Euen as the people then did mourne,
When *Brutus* was laid in his vrne.
And now although they feare the hand
Of him, that doth the victor stand,
Though *Cæsars* selfe should first relate
The newes of *Pompeys* wretched fate,
Yet would they not forbeare to mourne,
Whilst *Cæsar* were in triumph borne;
And that the incense burning were,
And that to *Ioue* they Bayes did beare.
O wretched Citizens that hate
The plaints of your owne greeued Fate!
Because all could not with one haile
In full Theatre him bewaile.

That Brutus that did put downe the tyranny of the Tarquins.

¶ Now *Hesprus* wiih his dauning day
Had banisht the nights lamps away,
When in the Tents through all the rout
A secret murmuring burst out,
Where fate had drawne the world together
The wretched people trooping thither
To *Pompeys* tent, with furie driuen
Would haue the signe of battell giuen;
The most not like to see next euen.
And with huge cries the houres they hast,
Of their neare deaths that drew on fast.
Such direfull sudden rage them bends,
Headlong to runne vnto their ends.
Pompey is slow and coward cal'd,
And vnto *Cæsar* too much thral'd.
And that he kingdome did affect,
And would the world to him subiect.
Who seeing now that he could draw
So many nations to his law,
Would still his glorious powre maintaine,
And therefore did all peace disdaine.
The Kings and Nations of the East,
Complain'd the warre was turn'd to iest;
And so protracted to their wrong,

Pompeys army importune their Generall to ioyn battell with Cæsar.

Who from their homes were held ſo long.
O heauenly powres ſuch is your wills,
When you deſigne ought to our ills!
And all with vs ſhall go awry,
The blame on our owne faults muſt lie.
To miſchiefe headlong run they all,
For diſmall fight they cry and call.
In *Pompeys* campe *Pharſalias* fate,
Is vow'd to trie this dire debate.
Then *Tullius* that patron great
Of *Roman* eloquence; muſt treate
In all their names; he that of yore,
In his long robe did *Rome* reſtore
To ſetled peace; and to the law
Brought dreadfull *Catiline* in awe.
But then did he the warres deteſt.
Onely with him was in requeſt
The *Forum*, and the *Roſtrum* ſeate,
Long ſilenced with martiall heate.
His eloquence no grace doth adde
Vnto a cauſe in it ſelfe badde.

Ciceroes oration to Pompey for the giuing of battell to Cæſar.

¶ O *Pompey*, for her fauours great,
At thy hands Fortune doth intreate,
That thou to her thy truſt commend.
The nobles that thy Campe attend,
And all theſe kings, thy conſtant friends,
That to thy aide their forces lends,
Do now beſeech thee to agree
That *Cæſar* may ſubdued be.
Shall he ſolong haue meanes to finde
A bloody warre with all mankinde?
The nations that thy ſelfe hath wonne,
And didſt ſo quickly ouerrun,
VVill *Pompeys* glory diſauow,
That is ſo ſlow in conqueſt now.
VVhither is thy braue courage fled,
Vngratefull doſt thou ſtand in dread,
That heauen hath thee abandoned?
Or with the Gods dar'ſt thou not truſt
The Senate, and thy cauſe ſo iuſt?

Thy

Thy Hoast their ensignes will display
And giue the foe a bloudy day:
Vnto thy glory 'twere a taint
That thou shouldst vanquish by constraint:
Since thou by vs appointed art
The Chiefetaine, and for vs dost Mart.
Let it bee lawfull for our Host
To warre when we affect it most.
Why dost thou so by force hold backe
The whole worlds Armes frō *Cæsars* wrack,
The darts do brandle in their hands,
And all the troopes impatient stands
Whilst Ensignes do draw out the bands.
Hast therefore now thy Armes to take,
Lest thine owne Trumpets thee forsake.
The Senate craues to know of thee
Whether that they thy Souldiers bee:
Or whether they do in this Mart
As thy compeeres retaine their part.
Sighing the Cheifetaine sorrow showes,
Hee found the Gods became his foes,
And Fate did his entents oppose.

Hee vrgeth *Pompey* either to professe himselfe a tyrant, or giue way to the Senate.

¶ If such, quoth hee, bee your desires,
And that this time rather requires
Huge troopes, and many an armed band,
Then such a leader as will stand
Vpon aduantage, when hee may,
I neuer will your fates delay.
Let all to ruin head-long goe,
By Fortunes hand at one dire blow.
And let this day the last light bee
That most of vs shall euer see.
But *Rome* I thee to witnesse call,
That *Pompey* cannot do with all,
The time to him appointed was
Wherein all should to mischiefe passe.
This war might well haue ben made good,
Without a blow, or losse of bloud
Cæsar might haue beene captiued,
Without a battell hazarded,

Pompeys answere, and reasons to the cōtrary.

And wonted peace recouered.
What wicked rage (ô yee moſt blinde)
Makes you to be of this ſtrange minde?
That ſince you ciuill armes do beare,
Is victory to you a feare,
Except you rauing wound and teare?
Our foes haue now but little ſcope,
And are bereft all marine hope.
We haue compel'd the hungry bands
To eate the greene corne of the lands.
And they haue often wiſht withall,
That they vpon our ſwords might fall.
Rather then this to ſtarue and wither,
So we and they might fall together.
That warre is neare brought to his laſt,
And al' the difficulty paſt.
When to auoyde a greater fright,
New ſouldiers ſhall deſire to fight.
And with the ſpurre of valours ſhowes,
And kindled furie couet blowes,
For feare of future worſer harmes,
The minds of many ſo much charmes.
That to preuent what they ſuſpect,
All preſent hazards they neglect.
But truly valiant is that man,
That with a ſetled patience can,
Approaching perils ſo reſiſt,
As to defer them at his liſt.
Muſt I leaue ſuch ſecuritie
To Fortunes mutabilitie?
The whole worlds hap muſt we afford,
Vnto the hazard of the ſword?
You rather I ſhould hazard fight
Then conquer foes by martiall ſlight,
Fortune committed to my cares
The gouernment of *Romes* affaires,
And I deliuer to her charge
The ſame againe with powre more large,
Let her as well now play her part,
And guard them ſafe in blinded Mart.

For

For in this courſe all praiſe or blame
Pompey for his part doth diſclaime.
O *Cæſar!* with the powers diuine
Thy prayers more preuaile then mine.
Fight when you pleaſe, and fall to Armes;
But yet how many wicked harmes,
How great and many peoples wrackes
Will this next day bring on our backes?
How many Kings will ſhed their blood?
And how will *Enipheus* flood
Her Chryſtall ſtreames pollute and ſtaine
With purple gore of *Romans* ſlaine?
But firſt I wiſh the hoſtile lance
Of bloudy warre, with deaths miſchance,
Might pierce this wretched head of mine,
If that my fate might bring to fine
Theſe ruines, and with it divart
All miſchiefes from my Countries part.
The conqueſt if we do obtaine,
Cannot to *Pompey's* fame adde gaine.
If victory for vs do ſtand
By ſlaughter, and by bloudy hand,
The peoples hearts it will agriſe,
And odiouſly my name miſpriſe.
Or if that *Pompey* looſe the game,
Pompey will be a wretched name.
All miſeries the conquer'd finde,
But blame and mallice ſtil's aſſign'd
Vnto the victor as his ſhare,
That acts the warres laſt wofull chare.
So hauing ſaid, he did giue way
To Armes, and Souldiers raging ſway:
As doth a Pilot ſore diſtreſt
VVith a ſtrong tempeſt, blowne by weſt;
Leauing the helme, and leauing Art,
Doth to the ſtorme all rule impart;
VVhereby the ſhip doth heaue and ſet,
Drawne with the fury of the fret.
Now in confuſion doth this Campe
VVith fearefull tumults raue and rampe,

That a multitude left to their owne will, are like a ſhip without a Pilot.

Their

The Souldiers feare.

Their minds with horrid thoughts oppreſt,
Vnconſtant moods boyle in their breaſt.
Many with pallid lookes bewray
Of deaths approch the diſmall day,
And in their faces doe relate
A count'nance ſuiting to their fate:
And that the houre drew on with ſpeed,
When humane chance ſhould be decreed.
And in what tearms *Romes* ſtate ſhould ſtand,
Muſt in this battaile now be ſcan'd.
No man his perils deemes aright,
But greater doubts doe them affright.
For who is hee that ſees the maine
With ſurges ſwallow vp the plaine,
The higheſt mountaines ouerflowne
With billowes from the *Ocean* blowne,
The skies and *Phœbus* blazing crowne
Vnto the earth come tumbling downe,
In ſuch a publicke wracke each where
Would of his priuate ſtand in feare?
No man had leaſure now to dread
The harmes that hanged ore his head,
Romes deſtiny, and *Pompeys* fall,
Was it that did diſtract them all.

Pompeys Soulders fit their Armes.

¶ Vnto their ſwords they put no truſt,
Except new ground and ſcour'd from ruſt;
Their darts are ſharpned at the end,
With ſtronger ſtrings their *bowes* they bend.
Their quiuers alſo ſtored full
With choyceſt ſhafts that they could cull.
The rowels of the horſe-mens ſpurre
Enlarg'd, to make his courſer ſturre.
If it were lawfull to compare
Mans labours with the ſupreame care,
So *Mars* did grinde his fauchion
Vpon the rough *Cycilian* ſtone;
When the *Phlegrean* Gyants fierce
Did make attempt the skies to pierce.
So *Neptune* his three-forked mace
With fiery temper did enchaſe,

And

And *Pæan* so new steel'd againe
His shafts, when he had *Python* slaine.
So *Pallas* furbusht vp her Targe
VVith *Gorgons* head, and lockes at large:
And so to chastise those reuolts,
Vulcan then chang'd *Ioues* thunder-bolts.
¶ *Nature* did not that time refraine
By many signes to shew most plaine
The fearefull accidents at hand,
The skies the armed troopes withstand,
Marching to the *Pharsalian* land.
The tearing clouds with thunder-claps
The Souldiers on their faces raps;
Contrary flames, and pillars bright
Of scorching fire, did them affright.
Typhons commixt with sparkling beames,
That did affect the water streames,
Brake out withall; and lightning flashes
Dazled their eyes with sindging dashes;
From off their helmes it strake the crests,
And from the blades the hilts it wrests:
It also melts the headed Pile,
The sulfrie aire rusts murdring steele.
The swarming bees in clustred flights,
By heapes vpon their Ensignes lights;
So as the Ensigne-bearers might
Could not from ground raise them vpright,
The weight thereof was growne so dead,
It made them bow both backe and head.
Their publique Standards in a swet,
And *Roman Ægles* weeping wet,
VVhilst forward to the field they set.
The *Bull* brought for the sacrifice,
VVith fury from the Altar flies;
And running head-long, himselfe cast
Into *Emathias* field at last.
So as no offring could be found
To expiate that luckless ground.
¶ But what malignant *Deities*,
And *Furies* of impieties

Many prodigious signes seemed to presage mis-fortune to *Pompey*.

Typhon a kinde of fiery Meteor.

O *Cæſar* haſt thou cal'd vpon ?
What power of *Stygian* Region?
What wicked damn'd infernall ſprights,
That range about in gloomy nights,
Hath ſtir'd thee vp, and whet thy rage
This odious wicked warre to wage?
But now this doubt againe doth riſe,
Whether that feare abuſ'd their eyes,
Or that theſe monſtrous viſions ſeene,
Of Gods the Reuelations beene:
For many thought they did behold
How *Pindus* to *Olympus* rold,
And that mount *Æmus* that ſame houre
A gaping velley did deuoure.
And that throughout *Pharſalia's* ground
Strange howlings did by night reſound.
That ſtreames of bloud by *Oſſa's* hill
Did to *Bœbeida's* lake diſtill.
That they beheld in darke ſhades vail'd,
How men with force their foes aſſail'd.
The day pale dimneſſe ouer-whelmes,
Darke ſhades likewiſe incloud their helmes,
Their parents buried ghoſts did riſe,
And fluttring doe accoſt their eyes:
But this one comfort did remaine
To eaſe them in perplexed paine,
That thoſe who with a guilty minde,
Did hope the wicked meanes to finde,
Their aged fathers throats to cut,
And in their brothers blood to glut;
Reioyced at the monſtrous ſights
That with ſuch horror maz'd mens ſprights:
And hop't theſe ſuddaine furies rage,
Did vnto them ſucceſſe preſage.
But why ſhould it ſeeme ſtrange at all,
That thoſe for whom death now did call,
Should changes feele as life growes ſlacke,
And trembling fits of natures wracke?
If to the minde of man be giuen
Knowledge of future things to ſteeuen,

These prodigious ſignes did encourage thoſe that were bloudy minded.

The

The gueſt that wonnes in *Tyrian Gades*,
The *Roman* that *Armenia* trades:
And thoſe that vnder any clime
Of all the world liu'd at that time
Did grieue, and yet wiſt no cauſe why,
And tooke their griefes offenſiuely;
But little knew what they ſhould loſe
At theſe *Emathian* fatall blowes.
¶ If old Records we credit may,
Vpon *Euganeo's* hill they ſay,
An *Augure* ſitting neere thoſe ſtreames
Where *Aponus* breath-reeking ſteames
Do riſe, and ſpread their ſprings abrode,
And in *Timavas* flood vnlode,
Where was *Antenors* firſt abode.
Now comes (this *Augure* then did ſay)
A great and lamentable day,
The mighteſt things of humane ſtate,
Are like forth-with to haue their date;
Pompeys and *Cæſars* wicked Armes
Will now ruſh on to ciuill harmes.
But whether that the thunders rage,
And *Ioues* dire darts did thus preſage:
Or that he gazing on the skies,
The heauens diſcordant humor ſpies;
Or that the ſad duskt firmament
Did note to him this daies euent
By dimneſſe of th'eclipſed ſunne,
That was with darkneſſe ouer-runne.
Nature in this dayes forme expreſt
Such difference from all the reſt,
As that if men did vnderſtand
(As did this *Augure*) to haue ſcan'd
And well obſeru'd the nouell change
Of heauenly ſignes, how they did range,
Then all the world might plaine haue ſeene
(As well as hee) *Pharſalia's* teene.
O worthy wights by *Fate* reſeru'd,
Of all the world to be obſeru'd,
Whoſe deſtinies to bring to end

An *Augure* ſitting on Mount *Euganeo*, foreſaw the battell of *Pharſalia*, and that *Cæſar* ſhould ouercome *Pompey*.

The whole heauens leaſure did intend!
If after ages heare the ſame,
And to our Nephewes come their fame;
Or if to men of great eſtate
Our labours care *Time* ſhall relate,
So as their mindes it recreate;
A pretty conceit of the Authors for thoſe that ſhall read his booke.
When as theſe ciuill warres they read,
It will prouoke both hope and dread,
And draw ſuch wiſhes from their thought
As ſhall be loſt, and profite nought.
For reading, they will be diſtracted,
As though theſe were not matters acted;
But as if they were ſtrifes depending,
Whoſe *Fates* as yet had not their ending,
And all that while wiſh from their heart
The beſt ſucceſſe to *Pompeys* part.
¶ As ſoone as *Pompey's* armed bands
March't towards the *Pharſalian* lands,
The ſhining Sunne-beames bright aſpect
Againſt their armours did reflect;
So as the valleyes and the hilles
All round about with light it filles.
The order of *Pompeys* Army
They did not raſhly take the field,
The hapleſſe *Army* order held;
Lentulus had the left wing.
And *Lentulus* had for his part
The ordring of the left wings Mart,
And thoſe two Legions therewithall
That of the Campe was principall,
The firſt and fourth they did them call.
Domitius had the right wing
And vnto thee *Domitius* ſtout,
Was giuen in charge the right wings rout;
All-be-it with vnlucky hand
Thou for thy Countries cauſe didſt ſtand.
The middle battaile ſtrong compact,
Scipio had the middle.
With thick rang'd troops that were extract
Out of the *Cilician* hoaſt,
That came with *Scipio* from that coaſt:
Who heere held but a Souldiers place,
Though *Affrick* after did him grace
As chiefe Commander in the field,

The

The mountaine *Capadocians* held,
Their Cohorts rang'd in ordred rankes
On *Enipheus* riuers bankes;
And with them all alongst that flood
That *Pontus* large-rain'd horse-men stood:
In most of all the drier lands
The *Kings* and *Tetrarchs* Army stands;
And with them all the Princely swarmes,
And Tyrants with their troopes of Armes,
That to the *Romans* homage ought,
And now in *Latiums* quarrell fought.
There likewise the *Numidians* meet,
And those *Cydonians* sent from *Creet*;
The Archers from *Iturea* prest,
There mingled stood amongst the rest.
And valiant *Gaules* were there to show
Their mallice to their ancient foe.
The *Spaniards* with their narrow shields,
Did range their troopes amidst those fields.
O *Destiny* now take away
These Nations from the victors pray;
And when great *Pompey* is laid low,
Consume all triumphes at that blow!

How the rest of *Pompeys* aids were bestowed.

¶ This day (as it fell out by chance)
Cæsar his Ensignes did aduance,
And left his station in the morne,
Ranging the coast to gather corne
With all his troopes; when suddainly
He saw the armed enemy
Marching alongst the Champian plaine,
As he would battaile entertaine.
The time he now sees offred faire
For which he had made many a praire;
Whereby he might (at once for all)
Vnto an end this quarrell call.
He mourn'd these long delayes to bide
Rauisht with loue of Regall pride:
And ciuill warres began to hate,
As too slow drawing to their date;
Because he had this little time

Cæsar sending his Troopes in the morning to gather corn, discouers *Pompeys* Army marching in battaile.

Beene held off from this bloudy crime.
For now he plainly did deſcry
The hazards of them both drew nye;
And ſaw the ruine of their ſtates
Muſt be committed vnto Fates.
His fury now did ready ſtand
His conquering Armes to take in hand;
He no whit faints, nor makes a doubt
Which way the world would turne about:
His daring minde told him no leſſe,
But that he ſhould haue good ſucceſſe.
His Fate to dread affoords no ſcope,
Nor Pompeys nouriſht any hope.
Feare laid aſide, with manly words
He ſtirres his troopes to truſt their ſwords.

Cæſars oration to his Soul'diers before the battaile of *Pharſalia.*

¶ Braue Souldiers that the world do tame,
The fortune of my riſing fame,
Behold that long-deſired ſight
To yeeld you meanes to come to fight:
For that day need you wiſh no more,
With your owne Armes your fates explore;
It now doth reſt vpon your hands,
In what tearmes *Cæſars* fortune ſtands.
This is the day I call to minde
That you to me your faiths combin'd;
In truſt whereof we Armes put on,
And marched ouer *Rubicon*:
In hope that by your martiall might
We ſhould obtaine our Triumphes right,
With-held from vs with ſuch deſpight.
This is that day whoſe ended broyles
Shall fully recompence your toyles;
And ſhall againe your ſtates reſtore,
And you eſtabliſh as before
Free Citizens, by force of Mart
This day ſhall witneſſe whether part
By *Fates* iuſt doome, had beſt pretence
To take vp Armes for rights defence.
This battaile now will him conclude
As heynous moſt that is ſubdu'd.

If for my ſake you did deſire
To yeeld me right by ſword and fire,
Now valiantly performe the ſame,
Let conqueſt free your Armes from blame:
No martiall hand can guiltleſſe goe,
That ſhall be cenſur'd by the foe.
'Tis not my Priuate that I ſeeke,
But all your liberties a like;
And that you may dominion beare
Ouer all Nations farre and neare:
For I affect a private life,
Free from tempeſtious cares and ſtrife.
And as a Burger of *Romes* Towne,
Clad in a meane *Plebeian* gowne;
I nothing will refuſe to bee
So your aduancements I may ſee,
Rule all and raigne in ſcorne of me.
Much bloud you ſhall not need to ſpend
For that great hope that yee attend:
The *Grecian* youths that vs oppoſe,
Out of the Fencing-ſchooles they choſe:
And many from their fields of games,
Slow wraſtlers whom no Mart enflames;
But ſuch as neuer yet bore Armes,
Mixt barbrouſly with diffring ſwarmes;
Such as when troopes to fighting falles,
And Trumpets ſounds to battaile calles,
Will be afraid of their owne cry;
Few hands this ciuill warre will trye.
The world will ſoone be rid of moſt
Of all that rabble in their hoſt:
They will but peſter and encumber
Our *Roman* foes with ill-rang'd number.
Pierce through theſe men that are vntrain'd,
And kingdomes that ſuch fame retain'd:
And when your ſwords ſhal firſt them greet,
Throw downe their glory at your feet;
And by your valour make it plaine,
That thoſe that in his boaſting vaine,
Pompey before his Chariots lead,

(As mighty Nations vanquiſhed)
So glorioufly through ſtreets of *Rome*,
Do not deſerue one Triumphes doome.
Thinke you that any friendly loue
To warres, did theſe *Armenians* moue?
As though that they tooke any care
Of *Romes* eſtate, or her well-fare;
Or any thoſe *Barbarian* Kings
That to theſe warres their forces brings,
Would now for *Pompeys Latium* good
Be at the coſt of too much blood?
Oh no, they hate vs *Romanes* all,
And chiefly thoſe that made them thrall.
Fortune, that neuer me deceau'd,
To my friends hands hath me bequeau'd,
To thoſe with me that witneſſe are
Of many fights in *Gallicke* warre.
What Souldiers ſword doe I not know,
What trembling dart can any throw,
But whilſt that through the aire it flew,
I ſoone could tell whoſe arme it threw?
So as ſince that I you behold
Your Captaine that led you of old,
And thoſe braue Enſignes by you borne
That neuer yet receiued skorne,
Your manly lookes with courage fraught,
Your threatning eyes that terror brought,
The day is yours, and now me ſeemes
With bloudy gore that riuers ſteemes;
Their Kings vpon the earth are ſpurn'd,
The *Senators* lye toſt and turn'd:
The leaders and the Souldiers ſlaine
In ſlaughtred troopes vpon the plaine;
But now I do my *Fates* delay
Your armed hands with words to ſtay,
Giue warres approch his owne full ſway.
My heart is ouer-ioy'd with hope,
Neuer ſaw I like *Fortunes* ſcope
So neere my reach; neuer before
The Gods to me ſuch bounties ſtore

Did

Did ſeeme to giue, a little ground
Doth vs from our great wiſhes bound:
This battaile fought I am the man
That onely by my fauour can
Freely beſtow the treaſur'd gold
That Kings and many people hold.
O heauens, what planets influence,
What ſtarre this motion did commence,
That now on this *Pharſalian* land
So great a queſtion ſhould be ſcand!
This day there is for me prepar'd
Either great paines, or great reward.
Thinke but on *Cæſars* tortur'd ſtate,
The chaines that ſhall him captiuate,
His head vpon the *Roſtrum* plac't,
His members rack't, torne and defac't;
And you your ſelues will finde like feaſts,
In pinfolds pent, ſlaughtred as beaſts,
Since he with whom we warres maintaine,
A Captaine is of *Sylla's* traine:
Therefore regard your owne eſtates,
For me I will preuent ſuch *Fates*
By vertue of my dreadleſſe hand,
That at their mercy skornes to ſtand:
For he that this day ſhall not ſee
Vs victors of our foes to be,
Shall ſee this ſword of mine diuorſe
My breathing ſpirit from my Corſe.
Yee Gods that from the heauens hye
Vouchſafe to bend your carefull eye
Vnto this baſe inferior ſoyle,
To looke vpon the *Roman* toyle.
Let him the victory obtaine
That ſhall from cruelty refraine;
And will not deeme it but offence,
Except in pitty he diſpence
To take away the liues of thoſe
Whom he ſubdues, although his foes.
Though *Pompey* in his cruell mood
Did glut his ſword with *Roman* blood,

Cæſar doth promiſe himſelfe victory.

Cæſars reſolution.

Cæſars pious requeſt to the Gods.

Cæſars merciſull charge to his ſouldiers going to the battaile.

When he our troopes at vantage tooke,
Pent vp within a narrow nooke,
Who out of valor choſe to dye
Rather then from their ſtation flye.
But my braue youths I you intreate
Shew no ſuch rigor in your heate.
Kill not a man that ſhunnes your eyes,
Deeme him a Citizen that flies;
But whilſt their weapons they doe vſe,
Let not fond pittie you abuſe:
Nor be then mou'd vnto remorſe,
But flat reſiſt your parents force;
Yea on their faces turne your ſwords,
Whom reuerent yeares gray hairs affoords:
If any ſhould his kinſman finde,
And in his breaſt his ſword hath ſhrin'd;
Or elſe ſo deere a friend ſhall wound,
To whom for fauours he ſtands bound,
Whilſt they againſt you ſhew their might,
Account your ſelfe from guilt acquite,
As free as if he were a foe,
That you before did neuer know.
And now throw downe your Trenches wall,
And fill the ditches therewithall,
Whereby imbattail'd as it ſtands,
The Army may march with full bands,
And runne not out at little coopes,
Diſperſed into petty troopes:
Your owne pauillions do not ſpare,
For to that Campe wee marching are
From whence that Army doth diſcend,
Whereof we ſoone ſhall make an end.

Cæſars troopes ſally diſorderly out of their campe to the battaile.

Scarcely had *Cæſar* ſpoken all,
But each one to his charge did fall,
And ſuddainly they all did Arme
Throughout the campe, and took the larme.
Downe went the Trench and Tents in haſte,
The troopes are not in order plac't.
According to their Chiefetaines Art,
To *Fates* they doe commit this Mart.

But

But if they all had *Cæsars* bin,
And such as did affect to win
The *Roman* Empire as their owne,
By martiall art and valour showne;
They would not then haue headlong prest
To fight a Battaile for their rest.
¶ When *Pompey* saw his foes draw out,
Bending to him with all their rout,
And that the warre would no delay,
But that the Gods design'd this day.
He stood amaz'd, his heart grew cold,
The which in Armes mishap foretold,
That feare should such a captaine thrall;
Like dread did his whole host appall.
Then he a lottie horse bestrides,
And through his troops and cohorts rides,
The day (quoth he) that your braue sprights
Prest on to end all lingring fights,
Is now at hand, therefore expose
Your vtmost force against your foes.
This is the vpshot now for all,
One houre will vs together call.
He that his countries cause respects,
Or his deare household Gods affects;
He that his children and his wife,
And all deare pledges of his life,
Doth seeke to haue and hold againe,
Must with his sword the same obtaine.
For all is now by God prouided
In this one field to be decided.
And we must hope, that haue the right,
The heauenly powers for vs will fight;
They so will guide our weapons fierce,
That they shall *Cæsars* bowels pierce;
It is their wills that with his blood,
Romes sacred lawes should be made good.
Had they design'd to *Cæsars* fate
The world and all the *Romane* state,
By Destinies and their decree,
My elder yeares might shortned be.

Pompeys oratiõ to his soldiers before the battaile.

But ſince the Gods by their high doome,
Both of the people and of *Rome*,
Haue *Pompey* plac't as leader chiefe,
Tis no ſigne of their wroth or griefe.
All means that may bring victorie,
We haue prouided ſeriouſly.
And many a Prince and noble Lord,
Our fortunes run with free accord.
The ancient bands of martiall wights,
With graue aduice on our part fights.
And if vnto our later yeares,
Fate had reſeru'd thoſe worthy peares,
The *Curij*, and *Camilli* ſtout,
The *Decij* that did make no doubt
Freely to ſacrifice their blood,
Thereby to gaine their Countrie good,
All theſe on our ſide would haue ſtood.
The nations that are farheſt Eaſt
Vnto this ſeruice now are preſt.
And many cities of account,
So as our forces do ſurmount
All other armed troopes by farre,
That euer yet attempted warre:
The whole worlds ſtrength at once we haue
The ſouldiers and the leaders braue,
That both the *Tropicks* do containe
From Southerne pole to Northerne waine.
We able are (our wings ſtretcht out)
To cloſe our enemies about.
Few hands to conquer will ſuffiſe,
Our troops will dant them with their cries.
Ceſar with his bare feeble hoſt
To fight with vs can be but loſt.
Thinke that vpon *Romes* walls there ſtands,
With dangling locks, and caſt vp hands,
The *Roman* Matrones in your ſight,
Calling on you brauely to fight.
And thinke the Senate, thoſe graue Peeres
Vnfit for Mart through aged yeeres,
Following our Campe, do at your feete

Proſtate

Prostrate their siluer haires with greete.
And that *Romes* selfe you do encounter,
Fearing a Tyrant should surmount her.
Thinke that the *Romanes* of these dayes,
And those that future times shall raise,
With one voyce altogether praise,
In freedome to receiue their birth,
And so returne vnto the earth.
And after these so deare respects,
If *Pompey* might mone your affects,
He and his children, and his spouse
Would at your feete cast selfe same vowes.
If lawfull twere reserued free,
The Empires sacred maiestie.
And lest we conquer them in fight,
Pompey is but a banisht wight.
And but his father-inlawes base scorne,
And to your shame a man forlorne.
My elder yeares I now should hate,
And longer loath to draw my date,
To bring hoare haires to seruile state.
The heauie words their captaine vsde
Hath all their minds with rage ensusde
The *Romane* valour it doth moue
Rather a present death to proue,
Then those suspects should true be found
That in his speech he did propound.
Then both the armies rusht together,
With equall furie shew'd by either.
Feare doth one side to courage straine,
The others hope to rule and raigne,
And now their hands do that destry
Which no age can againe supply.
Nor euer any humane paine,
Will be of powre to raise againe.
Although from armes they still refraine.
For this one onely battell day,
Will future Maurood much decay,
And will those peoples births destroy
That after worlds might else enioy.

A compassionate speech.

So

So as the noble *Latine* name
Will be a by-word of defame,
The *Albane* and *Laurentine* bowres,
The *Gabine*, and the *Veian* towres,
And *Coram* rotted all with ruſt,
Will not be ſeene for ruines duſt.
The Country voide and deſolate;
So as the *Senatorian* ſtate,
Vnwillingly will their remaine,
Longer then night ſhall them conſtraine.
And that to do they oft repine,
Though one of *Numas* lawes diuine,
But tis not age that this hath done,
Nor putrifaction ouerrun
Such mighty frames, but ciuill broyle
Hath laide ſuch citties with the ſoyle.
What is become of all the ſtore
Of humane races but of yore,
That in the world were borne and bread?
The townes are vnrepleniſhed?
The champian vninhabited?
One citie now vs all containes,
The fields manur'd by ſlaues in chaines.
The mouldy howſes neuer airde
With their foundations vnrepaird,
Do euerie minute mouldring fall:
Whilſt in them no man dwels at all.
The *Romane* walls do not embrace
The citizens of her owne race.
The ſcum of euery nation
There now takes vp his ſtation.
Theſe ſlaughtring warres hath this affected;
And now it needs not be ſuſpected,
That *Rome* is able in long time,
To act againe a ciuill crime.
For theſe harmes thanke *Pharſalias* field,
To it may bloody *Cannas* yeeld,
And *Allias* calamities,
Long kept in *Latium* memorie.
Rome leſſer harmes in *Annals* ſets

He deplores the miſerable eſtate of the Romane Empire.

But willingly this day forgets.
O griefe! the desolation,
That comes by aires infection,
That pestilent diseases breeds,
That from dire famines rage proceeds:
Or Townes with rapting fiers burning
Or fearefull earthquakes ouerturning
Whole cities, all such great decayes
These men might well repaire and raise.
Whom Fortune brought frō euery quarter,
In this fell warre to slay and martyr.
And laid them prostate in this field
That many yeares did breede and yeeld,
Of souldiers and of captains braue,
That in these armies so did raue,
And by their wracks did shew withall,
How great *Rome* was, when she did fall.
For by how much her powre was spread
Ouer huge nations vanquished,
The faster her prosperitie
Now ranne vnto calamitie.
Her warres each yeare to her did giue
Nations did that her store relieue.
Tytan as he his chariot roles,
Thy Empire sees in either Poles.
And of the East small deale remain'd
That by thy conqueſt was not gain'd.
So as the circuit of thy might,
Was alwaies vnder day and night
The wandring Planets in their rounds
Did neuer passe the Empires bounds.
But now *Emathias* dismall day,
Her glorie did so prostrate lay,
As that on wracke to ruine brought
What many yeares had set aloft.
For by that day to passe it came
That *Iudea* dreaded not our name,
Nor that the *Dakes* would giue consents
To liue in Townes and leaue their tents.
Nor that our Consuls guirded round,

The largenes of the Roman Empire.

Should

Should guide the plowſhare on the ground
To cut *Sarmatian* cities bound.
Nor that we could due vengeance haue
On *Parthians* as their ſcorns did craue.
And that our libertie in dread
Of ciuill Tyrannie is fled
Beyond the *Tygris* and the *Rheine*,
Without hope to returne againe:
Although by vs ſo often ſought
With our liues blood to haue bin bought:
A good denyed vs to gaine
Which *Scythes* and *Germans* do retaine,
But neuer more will turne her face
To looke vpon the *Romane* Race.
I would our ſtate had neuer knowne
That Augurie by vultures ſhowne,
When firſt with their ſiniſter flight,
Our wals foundation deepe was pight
By *Romulus*, that did ſurround
A diſmall groue within their bound,
But that *Romes* fate had bene held backe,
Till after this *Theſſalian* wracke.
¶ O Fortune needs I muſt complaine,
How *Brutes* their valours loſt in vaine!
Why with ſuch reuerence and ſuch awe
Haue we obſeru'd our ancient law?
And euermore, as new yeares came,
Did ſtile them by the Conſuls name?
Ye *Meads*, and *Arabes* are bleſt,
With all the nations of the Eaſt,
That haue bene vſde perpetually
Vnto the rule of Tyranny.
For now mongſt thoſe of any age,
That kings haue held in vaſſalage,
Our deſtenie is to be laſt,
And ſeruile ſhame our glory blaſt.
There are no Gods to be obaid;
The world is but by blind chance ſwaid:
Tis falſe that men of *Ioue* haue ſaid.
Could he (from out the lofty skie)

These slaughters see of *Thessaly*,
And hold from them his thundring might,
When he *Pholoen* so will smite?
And *Oeton* scorch with lightning flame.
And *Rhodops* groue, so free from blame?
How doth he blast the stately pine?
What must this worke be brought to fine
By *Cassius* hand? and must he quell
The Tyrants head that so doth swell?
The starres denide to lend their shine
Vnto *Thyestes* odious line:
And *Argos* cittie reft of light,
Beclowding it with sodaine night,
And will the heau'ns daylight afford
Vnto *Thessalias* bloody sword?
Whereas so many brethren meete
With blood that do each other greete,
And children that their parents slay,
No mortall harmes the Gods do way.
Yet of reuenge, so much we hope,
As heauen can to the earth giue scope.
These ciuill warres shall Deifie
New powres, like to the Gods on hie.
These Images shal be set out
With blazing starres, that beames do sprout
About their heads, and in their hands
Ioues thunderbolts and flaming brands.
And in the Temples *Rome* shall sweare
By *Cæsars* ghost with sacred feare.

This is spoken in derision of the Cæsars that were so Deified and called *Diui*.

¶ Now whilst both armies face to face
With speedy march shortned the space
That sundred them from fatall blowes,
And were so neare as each one knowes
Which way his deadly pyle should straine,
And what hand threatned bane againe,
They saw that then was come the time
That needs must act a monstrous crime.
The sonnes against their fathers stands,
Brothers confront with armed hands,
No man that time his place would change

Craſſine the firſt man that charged at this battell.

And yet withall a faintneſſe ſtrange
Did them ſurpriſe; which pittie made,
And cold blood did their hearts inuade
So as the cohorts on both parts
Forbeare to throw their ready darts.
Craſsine the Gods on thee beſtow
An end that may no ending know.
Not ſuch a death as all men trie
But death that liuing ſtill ſhall die.
That with a lance from thy ſtrayn'd arme
Didſt firſt begin this ciuill harme,
And with the blood of *Roman* wound,
Didſt firſt diſtaine *Pharſalian* ground.
O heady rage and murdrous minde,
Who would haue thought a hand to finde
So prone to bloud, or elſe ſo bold
Whilſt *Cæſars* ſelfe his hands did hold.
Now with ſhrill noyſe the aire doth ring,
The Cornet her ſtrain'd notes did ſing,
The Trumpets to the battell ſounds,
The clamorous cries confuſde rebounds
From earth vnto the vaulted skie,
Whereas the clouds do neuer flie,
Nor where the thunders do engender;
And then theſe ſhouts thēſelues do render
Vnto the vales nere *Tempes* groues,
And thence againe it fleeting roues
With doubling ecchoes, that lowd raues
From hollow vaults of *Pelian* caues,
So as therewith mount *Pindus* grones,
And trembling ſhooke *Pangean* ſtones,
Oeteus hil doth houle likewiſe
And ſo the furie of theſe cries
Doth all about thoſe quarters flie
That their owne noyſe them terrifie
¶ A multitude of darts are caſt,
And with them diuers wiſhes paſt,
Some hope that they their foes ſhal wound
Others wiſh they may fall to ground:
And that no blood ſhould ſoyle their hands

All

All now on hap and hazard ſtands.
Vncertaine Fortune leades the dance,
The guiltie now are made by chance.
Of thoſe that fall, how great a part
Are ſlaine with flying ſhafts and dart?
Now muſt the ciuill hate be ſhowne,
But by the murdring ſword alone.
The *Romane* blood is onely ſhed,
With their owne glayues embowelled.
Pompey now his battalions flankes
With thicke and double filed rankes.
Poldron to poldron faſt combin'd,
And Targateeres vnto them ioyn'd.
So as they ſcarſe had roome the whiles
To vſe their hands or caſt their piles.
They fear'd they were ſo nearely preſt,
That their owne ſwords would them infeſt.
But *Cæſars Veterans* withall
Headlong on theſe thicke troopes do fall:
And through this preſſe of armed foes,
They hew a paſſage with their blowes.
Eu'n where their habergions and maile,
Moſt ſafely did their bodies vaile.
For (notwithſtanding thoſe ſtrong coates)
They pierc't their bowels and their throats.
So as amongſt theſe troops of armes,
Each one partaker is of harmes.
One army doth ſuſtaine the fight:
The other doth expreſſe his might.
The ſwords are cold on *Pompeys* part:
But *Cæſars* ſteeme in bloody mart.
Neither did Fortune long delay
The ballance of theſe broiles to ſway:
But like a torrent reuell keepes,
And multitudes in moments ſweepes.
¶ But herewithall foorth *Pompey* brings,
His troopes of horſe ſtreatcht out in wings:
And plac't them on his battaile flankes,
And after them diſperſed ranks
Of light-arm'd bands, to giue ſupply,

Who on the foe with furie flie.
And all his nations preſsing hither,
Their weapons mingled then together.
And now the *Roman* blo od is ſought
VVith fire, ſtones, darts, much ſcath is wro ught,
And through the ſpatious aire there flies
The bullets that with motion fries.
Then the *Arabians*, and the *Meades*,
And *Ithyrans* their ſtout troops leades
Vnto the fight with bended bowes,
That to their ſhafts no leuell ſhowes:
But onely ſhoote vp to the skies,
Which then with deaded force down flies:
So as the head is ſeldome found
To do great harme or make deepe wound.
Of pyles the deadly blowes they feele,
The aire is arched all with ſteele.
The darts and ſhafts ſo thicke do haile,
That on the feeld they draw nights vaile.
Then *Cæſar* did begin to doubt
His vantguard might be put to rout.
Therefore to ſtrength his front prouides
Some cohorts from thoſe oblique ſides
That were behind the enſignes plac't,
And thoſe he thither drew in haſt.
The Barbarians firſt put to flight by Cæſar.
VVhere the *Barbarian* horſemen ſwayd,
VVhom his vnlookt for troops aſſayd,
His wings ſtood faſt not diſarayd,
Theſe men he quickly put to flight,
Amazde they had forgot to fight.
And cowards ſhame they nought regarded.
No care was euer well awarded,
Nor charge in any ciuill harmes
Vnto *Barbarian* fearefull ſwarmes.
No ſooner did their palfries feele,
VVithin their breſts the ſticking ſteele,
But in a rage their riders flings,
And with their feete their brains out dings.
Then all the horſe troops took their heeles.
Squadrons of youths together wheeles,

And

And from the foe they turne their heads,
And their owne footmen ouertreads.
The ſlaughter now exceeded meaſure,
Reſiſtance was no more at leaſure.
The warre held now vnequall lots,
One ſide was ſwords, the other throats.
But *Cæſars* hoaſt was much too ſlight
To ſlaughter all thoſe troopes outright,
That he ſubdude and put to flight.
O would this goare that in thee lies
(*Pharſalia*) might thy thirſt ſuffiſe,
That theſe *Barbarian* breaſts haue ſhed,
And no more ſtreames of blood be ſpred!
And that their bones (in heapes ſo ſtroad)
Might be enough thy fields to loade.
Or if that thy deſire be more
To glut thy ſelfe with *Romane* gore;
O then ſpare theſe *Barbarians*,
The *Galates*, and *Syrians*,
The *Gaules*, and *Capadocians*,
Th' *Armenian*, and *Cicilian* realmes,
The *Spaniards* in the worlds extreames!
For when theſe ciuill warres are dated,
Theſe ſhall be *Romans* then created.
So now this little feare begunne
Doth through all *Pompeys* army run.
And now the Fates a courſe prouide,
That *Cæſar* all may rule and guide.

The vantguard of the army in a rout.

¶ For now the fight was come at length
To *Pompeys* greateſt troope and ſtrength,
Where his maine battaile ranged ſtood.
The former ranks (with mazed mood)
About the fields were ſcattring ſcard,
But here awhile the warre went hard.
And *Cæſars* fortune ſtood debard.
The youths (that in this battell ſtands)
Were no auxiliary bands,
The kings to this aſſiſtance brought.
The *Roman* hands and ſwords then fought.
One finds his brother in this place,

The maine battell reſiſts awhile.

Another ſees his fathers face.
Here rage and furie now exceeds,
Here *Cæſar* are thy hainous deeds.
O let this pageant of the warre,
Be from my mind eſtranged farre!
Let it to darknes be deſign'd,
No age ſhall in my Poeme find,
Diſcourſes of ſo wicked kind,
To teach hereafter and to ſhow
What ciuill warre can ouerthrow.
And rather let all teares be loſt,
And all complaints at ſo deare coſt.
Therefore ô *Rome* what did betide
In this laſt conflict, I will hide:
Cæſar, that thunderbolt of rage,
That ſpur, that furie doth engage,
Did heare about the cohorts ride,
Leſt any miſchiefe of his ſide
Should be to ſeeke or left vndone,
Incenſing thoſe headlong to run
To bold attempts, whoſe hote deſiers
The rage of warre already fiers.
Their murdring fauchions then he eyde,
Which of them moſt in blood was dide:
And which of them but ſlightly baynd,
And onely at the point diſtaind.
What hand the ſword did trembling trie:
What darts or piles do faintly flie,
And what were throwne couragiouſly:
Who onely by compulſion fights:
And who in ſlaughtring wars delights:
Who did relent his bloody vaine,
When he a Citizen ſaw ſlaine.
Thus ouer all the field he flies,
Where ſlaughterd bodies heaped lies,
And many of his men he found,
Whoſe ſtreaming blood guſht from the wound
When he himſelfe would then aſſay
With his owne hand the blood to ſtay.
VVhich way ſoeuer that he went,

Cæſar whets on his ſouldiers.

He

He ſeem'd the likeneſſe to preſent
Of ſterne *Bellona*, that did ſhake
Her bloody whip, that makes men quake.
Or as if *Mars* were in the field,
Arm'd with the ſtrong *Palladian* ſhield,
With boyſtrous batton in his hand,
Vrging a fierce *Biſtonian* band,
Whereas the whirling Charrets ſtand.
Here ſlaughters riſe, and cruell fight,
That dimmes their eyes like miſty night.
Here now are hear'd huge grones and cries,
With ſounds from claſhing Arms that flies,
As men fall on each others backes,
Whilſt faulchions, faulchions hews, & hacks.
And *Cæſars* ſelfe with his owne hands
Supplies with ſwords and darts their bands:
And bids them (as they deale their blowes)
Strike at the faces of their foes.
He faſter then drew on his troopes,
And ſtirres them vp that fainting droopes.
And thoſe that dragge he makes aduance,
Puſhing them forward with his lance.
The common rout he biddes them ſpare,
And ſhewes them where the *Senate* are.
He knowes the Empires chiefeſt blood,
And where her nobleſt members ſtood.
Who vanquiſht, *Rome* was then his owne,
And her laſt freedome ouer-throwne.
Then ſecond rankes of Peeres he boords,
Piercing their reuerent breaſts with ſwords.
The *Lepidi* fall in this place,
And thoſe of the *Metellan* race:
The *Coruins* likewiſe taſte the ſame,
And the *Torquati* Kingly name.
The leaders and the chiefe are ſlaine,
Whilſt *Pompey* yet did ſafe remaine.
¶ O *Brutus* (that thy head didſt maske
But with a meane *Plebeian* caske,
And ſo wert to thy foes vnknowne)
With what ſword was thy valour ſhowne?

Why *Cæſar* would haue his Souldiers aime at the Senate.

Alluding to the ſword that after ſlue *Cæſar*.

Thou

Thou glory of the Empires ſtate,
Chiefe hope of *Senatorian* fate,
Laſt of that race that baniſh't Kings,
Whoſe name throughout all ages rings;
O do not here (with too great ſpright)
Againſt thy foes expreſſe thy might:
Doe not thereby thy end aduance
Before the dire *Philippian* chance.
In thy *Theſſalia* thou muſt fall;
Becauſe that the fields of *Philippi* are in *Theſſaly*.
Here canſt thou doe no good at all,
Although thy ſword for *Cæſar* wait,
He is not yet come to his haight;
Nor to that ſupreme humane pride
That will all honour ouer-ſtride.
Then will his noble death beſeeme
The *Fates*, that him ſo worthy deeme.
O let him liue, and proudly raigne,
And then by *Brutus* ſword be ſlaine.
¶ Here now our Countries glory dies,
Here in a heape confuſed lies
The maine battaile loſt.
The old *Patrician Roman* gore,
Mixt with *Plebeian* bloudy ſtore;
And yet amidſt this butcherie
Of Heroick Nobilitie,
Domitius ſtout that death of thine
Aboue the reſt moſt cleare did ſhine;
Whom fate did oft oppreſſe and toſſe:
For *Fortune* ſtill did *Pompey* croſſe,
Where thou madſt one, and ſtill hadſt loſſe.
So often wert thou *Cæſars* pray;
But now haſt cloſ'd thy lateſt day
With liberty preſerued free,
Which makes thoſe many wounds to thee
Pleaſing, whereof thou now muſt dye,
And no more *Cæſars* pardons try.
Cæſar inſulteth ouer *Domitius* at the poynt of death.
But *Cæſar* chanc't that way to paſſe,
Where he in gore blood wallowing was,
And tauntingly vnto him ſpake;
Domitius, thou that foughtſt to take,
My charge from me, and gouerne *Gaule*,

Pompey thou canst not serue at all,
Without thee this warre we shall trye.
No more he said; Then to reply,
His panting breast him life affoords,
And thus pronounc't his dying words;
Cæsar thou hast not yet the meed
Of thy accursed wicked deed.
Doubtfull as yet doth stand thy fate,
And lesse in shew then *Pompeys* state.
I one of *Pompeys* traine doe goe
Freely vnto the shades below:
And safely thither doe I wend;
And yet (by that these warres haue end)
I well may hope, when I am dead,
Wracke shall befall thy wretched head;
And vengeance due shall on thee light,
And yeeld both me and *Pompey* right.
So hauing said, did life resigne,
And deaths darke hand clos'd vp his eyne.
¶ In vaine alas what should I shed
Teares here vpon the thousands dead
Of those, that from the worlds each part
Did finde their ends in this dire Mart?
Or why should I but single out
Some priuate fates in this huge rout,
Whose bowels pierc't with deadly wounds
Their lateſt liuing dayes confounds?
Or who on earth dead bodies spurnes?
Or who their bloody swords poynts turnes
Vpon their breast, that gasping lye
To free their soules that lingring dye?
Or who at one blow downe is cast?
Or who with hewd limbes standeth fast?
Or who with darts doth bodies wound?
Or with his launce nailes men to ground?
Or whose veins piere't whence *blood* flies out
Into the aire, and doth besprout
The Armour of his murdring foe?
Who slaies his brother at a blow,
And, as a stranger, doth him spoyle,

Domitius last words to *Cæsar*

Cuts

Cuts off his head, and in the ſoyle
Doth hide the ſame to hide his guilt;
Or who his fathers bloud hath ſpilt:
And mangled hath his face the while,
The lookers on ſo to beguile:
And doth it with ſuch ragefull ire
As twere ſome foe, and not his ſire.
No one mans death can claime lament;
To waile men now no time is lent.
The ſlaughters of *Pharſalias* field
Is nothing ſuch as others yeeld.
There priuate *Fates* the warres attends:
Here *Rome* and all her people ends.
There warre to death doth ſouldiers call;
But here at once whole Nations fall.
The *Grecian* peoples bloud here ſtreames,
The *Ponticke* and *Aſſirian* realmes:
And now the bloud of *Romans* ſlaine,
In torrents fleets on that againe;
And with her ouer-flowing ſtore
Sweepes from the fields *Barbarian* gore.
More people in this battaile ſlaine
Then our age can ſupply againe.
Tis more then life and health that's loſt;
It hath the whole world ruine coſt.
The ſword vpon thoſe bodies rages,
That ſhould haue ſerued future ages.
What haue our children yet miſdonne,
That they to ſeruile ſtate muſt runne?
Or what fault in poſterity,
Borne to be thralles to tyranny?
Haue we ſo cowardly borne Armes,
And offred vp our throats to harmes?
The burthen of anothers feare,
Vpon our ſhoulders muſt we beare?
O *Fortune!* if thou needs wouldſt call
Our ſonnes to be a tyrants thrall,
Thou ſhouldſt haue giuen them warres withall,
¶ Now doth vnhappy *Pompey* finde
The *Gods*, and *Roman Fates* vnkinde:

And (ere the fight was throughly ended)
His curſed fortune he condemned.
Whilſt in the field hee ſtood on hye
Vpon a hill, and thence did eye
The ſlaughters and the troopes ramuerſt
Throughout *Pharſalias* field diſperſt.
The which the fight before did hide,
He multitudes ſees on his ſide
Of weapons, and of bodies loſt,
And his owne wracke, at their blouds coſt;
Yet did he not (as wretches will)
Deſire the whole with him ſhould ſpill.
Nor in his ruine wrap them all,
But on the heauenly powers did call,
That yet the greateſt part might thriue
Of *Latium* blood, and him ſuruiue:
This is his comfort in annoy.
O Gods (quoth he) doe not deſtroy
So many Nations at a clappe:
The world may ſtand free from miſhappe,
And *Rome* may many ages flouriſh,
Although that *Pompey* ſinke and periſh.
But if it ſo your likings pleaſe,
More woes on me to heape then theſe;
My wife and children yet ſubſiſt
For *Fates* to do with what they liſt.
Hath not this ciuill warre coſt deere,
If I and mine muſt periſh heere?
May not ſuch wounds be deemed wide,
Though all the world eſcape beſide?
O *Fortune!* why doſt thou ſo racke
And labour to bring all to wracke?
Nothing is mine, I all things lacke.
So hauing ſaid, he rides about
The Enſignes, and the Armes in rout.
And in each part throughout the lands
Sees how his ſquadrons broken ſtands:
Whom he retraits, and doth reſtraine
From running to their deaths amaine.
He values not himſelfe ſo much,

Pompeys praier to the Gods.

That

That for his ſake harme ſhould them touch.
And yet his courage did not faile
The ſwords and weapons to aſſaile,
Or put his life to hazards chance,
Or vnto death his breaſt aduance.
He fear'd if *Pompey* there ſhould dye,
The Souldiers would no dangers flye,
But on his body heaped lye.
Beſides, he fouly did deſpiſe
To lye a ſcorne to *Cæſars* eyes.
Yet if thy father-in-law affect
To caſt his eyes on that proſpect,
Thy head to him will be preſented,
It cannot be by place preuented:
And thou his wife wert partly cauſe
Why from this ſlaughter he with-drawes
To ſee thy face; for *Fates* ordaine
That in thy ſight he ſhould be ſlaine.
Pompeys flight. Then he a Courſer ſwift beſtrides,
And poſting from the battaile rides.
Feare makes him not to turne his backe,
His heart did neuer courage lacke:
In moſt diſtreſſe his minde was ſtout,
Nor plaints nor teares he powreth out;
But ſuch a reuerent griefe expreſt
As with a Maieſty fits beſt
For him, at that time to beſtow
On *Roman* fortune brought ſo low:
And with like conſtancy beheld
The downe-falles of *Emathia's* field.
Nor proſperous wars could make thee proud
Nor ouer-throwes thy courage cloud,
That faithleſſe *Fortune* (flattring thee
With glorious pompe in triumphes three)
Thou now doſt ſcorne with leſſe account,
And makes thy minde her force ſurmount.
Securely thou from hence doſt part,
Freed from the cumbrous cares of Mart.
And now at large thou leaſure haſt
To ruminate thy glories paſt.

Ambitious

Ambitious hopes (neuer suffis'd)
From thee are fled, and now despis'd
Now maist thou ken thy fortunes scope;
Fly warres, and in the Gods haue hope.
None now (that Armes doe vndertake)
Will spend their liues for *Pompeys* sake.
Whether it be of *Affricke* soyle
The lamentable bloody broyle,
Or *Munda's* battaile stain'd with gore,
Or slaughters on *Aegyptian* shore,
Yet after thee there will remaine
A great part of *Thessalian* traine.
And *Pompey* will not haue his name
So popular with worldly fame,
As for thy sake like warres to wage.
But from hence forth (in euery age)
The faction of the warre will be
Twixt *Cæsars* state and libertie:
And though that thou the warres dost flee,
The *Senate* to the death will fight
To hold their owne and freedomes right.
¶ Canst thou in this finde no reliefe,
That thus repulst thou shunst the griefe
To see the slaughtred heapes that lye?
Looke backe againe, and cast thine eye
Vpon the riuers crimson staine,
Clotted with gore of bodies slaine:
Be-pitty then proud *Cæsars* vaine.
Thinke what remorse will straine his breast
When he shall enter *Rome*, oppress
With griefe, for her deare people lost,
Gain'd to *Pharsalia* at her cost:
When thou therefore thy selfe shalt see
Banisht in forraigne Realmes to bee,
What euer fortunes thou shalt finde,
Endure it with a manly minde:
And whatsoeuer misery
(Vnder the *Pharian* tyranny)
Shall thee befall, with patience dure:
And in the Gods thy hopes assure.

They are more vnhappy that offer an iniury, albeit with ſucceſſe: then thoſe that repell an iniury, although with loſſe of their blood.

And as the *Fates* affoord their grace,
Beare with the changes of times ſpace.
The conqueſt would haue harm'd the more:
Do not therefore thy hap deplore.
Forbid the people to lament;
All teares and lamentations ſtent.
The world will *Pompey* as much good
In his low ebbe, as in his flood.
O doe not now (with lookes deiected)
Behold thoſe Kings thou haſt ſubiected:
Suruey the Citties wonne by thee,
And kingdomes that thou gau'ſt in fee.
Ægypt and *Lybia* thou maiſt trye;
Chuſe out the land where thou wouldſt dye.
¶ *Lariſſas* Citty was the place,
That firſt beheld thy noble face,
After this foyle by *Fortunes* ſcorne:
Yet ſaw thee not as one forlorne;

The *Lariſſans* loue to *Pompey*.

Her Citizens and chiefe eſtates
With all their force paſſe through their gates
To meet thee, as thy loyall frends,
And wayling many preſents ſends:
Their houſes and their Temples vaſt
They did ſet open as he paſt:
And wiſh't that they had partners beene
With him, in all his bloody teene.
So as a great deale yet remain'd
Of that great name he earſt retain'd.
Though leſſe now then thy ſelfe alone,
Thy power may once againe be ſhowne:
And Nations with thee led from farre,
So to reſtore thy ſtate by warre.
But oh! (quoth he) what ſhould a man
Whom *Fates* from victory do ban,
The aid of men or Townes receaue?
Vnto the Conquerour bequeaue
Your faiths, and to his fauours cleaue.
¶ But *Cæſar* thou doſt ouer-ſtride,
And march as yet on euery ſide
Vpon the bowels and the breaſts,

As

As they in heaped slaughters rests
Of thine owne Countries wofull fall;
Thy son-in-law now quits thee all.
Away the Courser *Pompey* beares,
Follow'd with many sighes and teares;
And on the cruell *Destinies*
The people powre out curssed cries.
Now *Pompey* dost thou truly finde
The faith that thy deserts did binde:
For now the fruits thereof they show,
Prosperity no loue can know.

¶ When *Cæsar* saw of *Latium* gore
The fields did flote with ample store;
He bids them now forbeare their swords,
And to poore soules he grace affoords:
For all was subiect to their hands;
Twas vaine to kill those hope-lost bands
That for their liues at mercy stands.
But lest the standing Campe might be
A safe retrait to those that flee;
And to enioy the quiet night
VVithout alarmes, or new affright;
He meant to vndertake the venter
On *Pompeys* Campe, and it to enter
VVhilst fortune now was hot in blood,
And all in maze aud terror stood;
Not doubting but his men were prest,
Herein to yeeld vnto his hest,
Although that they were all growne faint
VVith long fight, and with heate attaint.
But souldiers small perswasions need
To lead them to receiue their meed:
Or to prepare them to a pray;
Yet *Cæsar* thus to them did say:
Souldiers (quoth he) your valiant proes
Hath wonne full conqueſt on your foes:
And for the blood drawne from your vains,
Rewards and Honors now remaines.
VVhich to performe, I hold my part,
Yet that which due es to desart

Cæsar entreth *Pompeys* campe

I will not tearme a gift to bee:
Each one ſhall giue himſelfe his fee.
Behold the Tents before your eyes,
Where gold and ſiluer heaped lies;
Here is lockt vp (in many a Cheſt)
The treaſure taken from the weſt;
The pretious Eaſterne Implements
Doth ſtuffe and cloy their glorious Tents:
The *Fortunes* that are gotten hither
Of *Pompey*, and of Kings together,
Doe but attend to be a pray
Vnto the victor; haſte your way
To come before them to the place,
Whom now you following haue in chaſe.
He ſaid no more, but their deſire
Whom greedy gaine had ſet on fire,
Did head-long driue them without feare,
Thorow the ſwords their way to teare;
And on their fathers bones to tread,
Spurning the Captaines that lay dead.
What Ditch or Rampart could ſuffiſe
To hold them out whom ſuch a prize
And booty of the warre inuites?
They now wold know to eaſe their ſprights
The gaines of all their bloody fights.

¶ And here lay lodg'd (to maintain mart)
Many great treaſures ſet a part,
Heap't vp together in a whoord,
Spoyles that the whole world did affoord.
Yet for all this, they could not finde
Sufficient to content their minde.
What gold is found in *Ibers* ſands,
Or *Tagus* caſts vpon her ſtrands:
Or all thoſe heapes of pretious graines
Dig'd out of *Arimaſpus* vaines,
Is made their ſpoyle, and yet they thought
It not enough, but deerely bought.
For now their conquering hopes deuoures
The ſpoyle of the *Tarpeian* Towers,

All the rich ſpoyles that *Cæſars* Soulidiers found in *Pompeys* camp could not content their greedy minds.

And promise to themselues a day
That *Rome* and all shall be their pray.
But yet therein they are deceiu'd,
The Tents are to their spoyle bequeau'd.
The wicked souldiers, and base Slowches
Do sleepe on the *Patrician* Couches.
The Kings pauillions, and their beds
Are roomes for slaues to lay their heads.
Their brothers Cabins some inuested,
Some where their fathers lately rested
Their slaughtring bloody members nested
And those whom rauing slumbers haunts,
And frightfull dreames in sleeping daunts,
Doe tosse in their afflicted sprights
The cruell late *Pharsalian* fights:
Their bloody facts possesse their eyes,
The rage of Armes their mindes agrise:
And without swords about them goes
Their hands, as they were dealing blowes.
¶ A man would thinke the very fields
And balefull lands, those visions yeelds:
And that some apparitions strange
Of ghosts, that putred aire did range:
And that by night the fearfull shapes
Of *Stygian* sprights their sences rapes.
This victory with heauy straines
Requites the victors worthlesse paines.
Hissing of Serpents in their dreames,
And firie flames cast forth huge streames:
Slaine Citizens to them appeare,
And each one hath his priuate feare.
One sees in sleepe an old mans face,
And other lusty youths in place:
One doth his brothers corps behould
Pale and dis-figured on the mould;
Another in his dreame discernes
His fathers wounds, whereat he yearnes.
And all these sprights, and hellish feares
Then *Cæsars* guilty conscience teares

Terrible dreames affright *Cæsars* souldiers in their sleepe.

No leſſe then did thoſe hagges of hell
Within *Oreſtes* ſpirits dwell,
That with affrights his viſage vrg'd,
Till *Scythian* Altars him had purg'd.
Nor yet *Pentheius* in his minde
More furious gaſtly fits did finde;
Nor mad *Agaue* in her kinde.

Cæſars feareful apparitions in his dreames.

¶ For all the ſwords that bloud did ſtaine,
Now ſhed on the *Pharſalian* plaine;
And thoſe reuenging ſwords withall,
That ſhould in future on him fall
By force of *Senatorian* ſpight,
In dreames oppreſſed him this night;
So doe the furies him affright.
How liues this wretched man in feare
That doth ſuch guilt in conſcience beare,
That in his dreames he ſeemes to ſee
The *Stygian* ghoſts about him flee,
With all the foule infernall traines
Whilſt *Pompey* ſtill aliue remaines?
Yet this no whit his conſcience ſtraines.
But when cleare day (with ſhining beames)
Bewraid *Pharſalia's* bloody ſtreames,
The horror of that vgly ſight
Did not his gaſping eyes affright,
Nor turne them from thoſe lothſome lands,
But lookes how thicke the riuers ſtands
Clotted with gore, and how likewiſe
As high as hilles the bodies riſe,
That on the Champian heaped lies.
Of *Pompeys* men a tale he takes,
And in that place a feaſt he makes.
He pries amongſt the bodies there,
What faces knowne vnto him were;
And herein great contentment found.
He could not ſee *Emathias* ground,
Nor caſt his eyes vpon the plaine,
Hid with the bodies that lay ſlaine.

There

There saw he how his fortune stood,
And all his Gods clothed in blood.
And for because he would not lose
This pleasing prospect on dead foes,
Still madding in his wicked ire,
He would not giue them funerall fire.
But let them rotting there to rest,
Emathias aire so to infest.
He might haue learn'd by *Hannibal*,
That gaue our Consull funerall:
And how he humane rites bestowes,
(In *Cannas* fields) vpon his foes.
With pyles of wood to burne the dead,
Which *Lybicke* torches kindled.
But that sterne wroth that him enrag'd
The slaughter had not yet asswag'd.
For he remembred in his minde
The *Romans* were to him vnkinde,
But now we do not here desire
For euery one a single fire:
Or any glorious funerall:
Bestow but one fire on them all.
We do not seeke that they should burne
In parted flames and shared vrne.
Or if thou *Pompey* more wouldst spite,
All *Pindus* woods then hew downe quite,
And the *Oetean* oakes lay wast,
And make of all one pile so vast,
That he may from the seas descrie
Pharsalian flames streame in the skie.

An inuectiue against Cæsar for not allowing Pompeys slaine souldiers a funerall fire.

Hanniball buried Marcellus his enemy with great magnificence.

¶ This rage of thine auaileth nought,
By whatsoeuer meanes tis wrought,
That these dead bodies may consume
For be it with a fierie fume,
Or else with time that they do rot,
And turne to dust it skilleth not.
For nature (in her louing wombe)
Doth freely mortals all intombe.
All bodies that do breath and liue,

Their

Their end to her as debt muſt gine.
And though that Cæſar, *in diſdaine,*
Their funerall fire from them detaine;
Yet when the Earth and Ocean vaſt
Shall be conſum'd with flames at laſt,
One common fire the world ſhall haue,
And ſtarres with humane bones engraue.
And vnto whatſoeuer place
Fortune thy flitting ſoule ſhall chaſe;
Theſe ſoules the ſelfe-ſame way ſhall wend:
No higher ſhall thy ghoſt aſcend,
But lodge in *Stygian* ſhade below;
No better manſion ſhalt thou know.
From Fortunes freakes death frees vs all,
What earth doth yeeld, earth doth recall;
And he that lies vnburied,
With heauens high cope is couered.
And thou that doſt whole nations wrong
From burials, that to them belong;
Why doſt thou loth theſe ſlaughtred bands,
And ſhunne theſe ſoild contagious lands?
Cæſar doe thou theſe waters drinke,
In this aire breath that ſo doth ſtinke.
But theſe corrupted bodies ſlaine
Doe take from thee *Pharſalia* plaine:
And in deſpight do hold the place,
And thence the conquerours do chaſe.
¶ But to this carnage for their food
Thither repaires with rauening mood
The *Thracian* wolues, that vent from farre
The bloud of this *Æmonian* warre:
The Lyons come from *Pholoen*,
And doe forſake their haunted denne
To quench in gore their thirſting iawes,
Whom ſent of ſlaughter thither drawes.
The griſly Beares do leaue their caues,
And on theſe feſtred bodies raues:
The filthy dogges forſake their homes,
And all about theſe fat fields romes:

Lucans opiuion of the laſt diſſolution of the world.

And whatsoeuer else by kinde,
With senting nose can sauors winde,
When as the aire is putrifide
With carkasses long mortifide.
And hither flocks of fowles do throng,
That both the camps had followed long.
And those same birds that change the aire
Of *Thracian* cold, and do repaire
Vnto the gentle Southerne blast,
Where they the streames of *Nylus* tast.
So many vultures thither flie,
As neuer earst did clowd the skie.
With other rauenous foules of pray,
Which euery wood sent day by day.
And to the branches, boughs, and leaues,
The clotterd gore and bowels cleaues
That these birds brings, and oft withall,
Vpon the victors heads doth fall.
And on those wicked ensignes borne,
The flesh and guts that they had torne,
Which from their weary talents slip,
Hauing got more then they could grip.
Neither could they so sharke and share
The flesh, whereby the bones were bare.
All was not made a pray to beasts,
They were so glutted with these feasts,
As that they now began to loath
The inwards and the marrow both.
And onely on choise morsels feede,
Most of the lims of *Latium* breede.
Vnto long time to wet and heate
They left to rot and would not eate.
So as whole troops in heaped bands,
Lay festring there, and dung'd the lands.
O Most vnhappy *Thessaly!*
How hast thou wrong'd the Gods on hie,
That thou shouldst be so pestered
With cruell slaughters and bloodshed?
What future age or tract of time,

May well repaire this bloody crime,
Or lodge this in obliuous graue?
VVhat corn bringſt thou that ſhal not haue
(Vpon his blade) a bloody ſtaine,
To ſhew theſe ſlaughters in thy graine?
VVhat plow-ſhare can here furrows rend
But they will *Roman* ghoſts offend?
And yet new armies here ſhal meet,
And with like rage each other greete:
Before that euer thou canſt drye
The blood, that in thee now doth lie.
Should we our ſires ſepulchers rake.
And of their tombes a ruine make?
Searching the depth to find the cheſt,
And lay all open where they reſt?
More cynders yet there would be found
Turnd vp in the *Æmonian* ground,
By force of crooked cultors ſhare,
VVhen as the plowman tilleth there,
And more bones ſpuing out their marrow,
Cruſht with the iron-toothed harrow.
No marriner though tempeſt toſt
VVould euer anchor on this coaſt.
No tilſman would plow vp theſe fields,
That vnto *Romans* buriall yeelds.
Their ghoſts wold cauſe the peaſants quake
The droues the paſtures would forſake.
The ſhepheards durſt not be ſo bold
Their fleecie flocks to feede and fold
That they their hunger might ſuffiſe
On graſſe, that from our bowels riſe.
But thou *Emathia* as forlorne
VVouldſt humane races hold in ſcorne.
As if thou wert that torrid ſoyle.
That *Phœbus* beams doth alwaies broile.
Or elſe that frozen ycie land
That vnderneath the pole doth ſtand.
Vnknowne ſo wouldſt thou lie vnman'd.
Had this bene but thy firſt wars blame,

Not

Not ſeconded with like defame:
O Gods if that we may deteſt
A land were wickedneſſe doth reſt!
Why doth this ſoyle the world oppreſſe,
And ſo bring mankinde to diſtreſſe?
The bloudy battell fought in *Spaine*,
The horrors on *Pachinus* maine,
Mutinas, and the *Lucan* fleetes
Do wipe away *Philippos* greetes.

Finis Libri Septimi.

The

Lucans Pharſalia.

The eighth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

POmpey *repulſt and put to flight,*
By ſecret waies in great affright,
Himſelfe firſt at Lariſſa *ſhowes,*
And then by ſeas to Lesbos *goes.*
Where all that people him bewailes,
Thence with his mournfull wife he ſailes
Vnto Cæli cia, *whither came*
His ſonne, and other Lords of name.
There they conſult what land to ſeeke,
Accurſed Ægypt *beſt they like.*
Where he no ſooner did arriue,
But king and Councell did contriue
His preſent death; and to that end
They thaiterouſly Achilles *ſend,*
Who in the preſence of his wife,
And of his ſonne, bereft his life.
Codrus *his ſeruant with his hands*
Scrapes him a graue amongſt the ſands.

NOw *Pompey* forward haſting poſts
Ouer the *Herculean* coaſts
Then thorow *Tempes* woody waies
Æmonian forreſts he diſplaies,

And

And deſart paſſages aſſayes.
His ſteede, though ſtroken with the ſpurre,
Would ſcarcely forward go or ſturre.
So was he ſpent and ouer heate
With running long, and faint with ſweate.
Beſides amaze him ſo did fright,
That he ſtood doubtfull in his flight,
What courſe to take, or where to reſt,
But in and out his way doth wreſt.
The murmuring that the winds doth make
Amongſt the woods when leaus did ſhake
Cauſde him for very feare to quake.
His traine that follow him behind
A terror are vnto his minde.
And thoſe that gallop by his ſides,
Perplexe him alſo as he rides.
For though he were from that high place
Throwne downe, and out of Fortunes grace
Yet therewithall he vnderſtood,
That no baſe priſe was worth his blood.
But mindfull of his former ſtate,
He knew twas yet at ſo hie rate
That *Cæſar* would giue for head,
As much as he then valued
The price of *Cæſar* to be ſlaine,
And would beſtow his head to gaine.
But now he finds no ſecret place
Could ſerue to hide his honoured face.
For many that do take his part,
Now comming to *Pharſalias* Mart
(The fame as yet not being blowne,
That all was loſt and ouerthrowne)
Were much amazed in their mind,
Pompey in that ſame place to find.
And ſcarcely would beleeue the truth
That he himſelfe relates with ruth.
But grieuous was all company
To him in this calamity,
No peoples concurſe he deſir'd
But from the world to liue retir'd.

Pompeys feares and ſuſpitions in his flights

The iealouſly of feare.

Pompey affects a retired life hating all popularitie.

In safetie with obscured name:
But Fortune that vnconstant Dame
On him poore man her frowns doth cast
To blanch her many fauours past,
So as the waight of his renowne,
His happinesse doth more presse downe,
And with the more offensiue hate,
His former blisse doth exprobate.
The remembrance of former felicities is grieuous in aduersitie.
For now he thinks his honors past,
Were heaped on him too too fast.
And doth accurse those *Syllan* bayes,
The glory of his youthfull dayes.
It irkes him now, deiected wight,
To thinke vpon his Nauall fight,
And those braue ensignes that he wonne,
In *Pontycke* kingdome ouerrunne.
Long life doth manly courage bate,
And he that in empiring state
No man happy but in his end.
Hath alwaies liu'd, except withall
In blisse he close his funerall.
And doth with speedy death preuent,
The change that fortune would present.
He hath but liu'd to see his shame,
And hath outliu'd his honors name.
For who would fortunes fauours trie
Except he can resolue to die.
¶ Now hath he to the shore attain'd
Peneius riuer that runs betweene Olympus and Ossa.
Whereas *Pæneius* streame distain'd
With blood of the *Pharsalian* fields,
Her Tribute to the Ocean yeelds.
There fearefully he takes a boate
Vnfit in winds and waues to floate.
Which scarcely safe did him conuey,
Vpon the riuer, to the bay.
For yet she coasted with her oares,
Corcyras and *Leucades* shoares,
This *Cylicke*, and *Lyburnicke* Lord,
In those lands earst so much ador'd,
Embarks him here with mickle feare,
Into a little *Passenger.*

And

Pompey em-
ba ks himſelfe
for the Iſle of
Lesbos.

And with a mind fraught full of cares,
His courſe for *Lesbos* he prepares.
Where thou *Cornelia* didſt reſide
And there more heauy dayes hadſt tride,
Then if thou hadſt encamped laine,
With *Pompey* in *Pharſalias* plaine.
Preſages great of future ill,
Her vexed thoughts do fright and fill.
And in in her ſleepings heauineſſe:
Oft trembling fits did her oppreſſe
She ſees *Theſſalia* field by night.
And when that *Phœbus* ſpreads his light.
Vnto to the loftie Cliffes ſhe hies,
And to the ſhore that vtmoſt lies
Where on the maine ſhe caſts her eyes,
And if ſhe will firſt of all diſcouer:
If any ſayles do that way houer.
And yet to aske ſhe is a dread,
How *Pompey* in the warre hath ſped.

Corneliascare
of Pompeys

¶ But now behold his ſhip doth ſtand
Full with the hauen of this land,
And with all ſayles doth hither preſſe,
Thogh with what news thou canſt not geſſe.
Till at the length greefe to reuiue,
Thy conquered husband doth arriue.
The heauie meſſenger of warres,
The Harrold of hearts-wounding ſcarres.
Why doſt thou now loſe time to wayle,
When thou maiſt weep, feare doth preuaile
But as the ſhip drew neare at hand,
In haſt ſhe rnns vnto the ſtrand.
And there ſhe quickly did deſcrie,
The cruell blame of Deſtinie.
Her Lords diſcolloured deadly face,
Whoſe hoarie haires about it trace,
Rough and vnkombt; and his attire
Daſht and beſprent with duſt and mire.
Wherewith this poore aſtoniſht wight,
Was ouercome with deaths darke night,
That from her eyes depriu'd the light.

Pompey after
the ouerthrow
arriues at Leſ-
bos where
Cornelia was.

Cornelia fals into a ſwoone with ſorrow.

Faint ſorrow did her ſprites inueſt,
Downe right ſhe ſinkes life leaues her breſt.
Her lims were ſtarke, her heart grew colde,
A deadly trance her hope doth holde.
By this their Anchors being caſt,
Were with their cables mored faſt.
Pompey beholds the vacant ſand,
Where as his faithfull ſeruants ſtand.
Who ſecretly their griefs do ſhow,
Amongſt themſelues with inward woe,
And mournfull ſighs which they beſtow,
Such as well ſorted with his fate.
And therewithall they eleuate
In vaine their miſtreſſe from the ground,
That there halfe dead lay in a ſound.
Whom *Pompey* colleth in his armes,
And her lims with embracements warmes.
¶ Then as the blood return'd againe,
And did begin to ſtrength each vaine:
Her husbands hand ſhe felt withall,
And to her mind his face did call.

Pompey comforts Cornelia with a braue ſpeech.

He wils her not to ſtoope to fate,
Nor yet her griefs to aggrauate.
O why ſhouldſt thou a woman borne
Of ſo great blood, like one forlorne?
Thy noble heart and comfort breake,
With the firſt blow of Fortunes freake,
A meane is offered now to raiſe,
Thy glory to all future daies.
The praiſe wherein thy ſex hath part,
Is not for letters, nor for Mart.
Thy honor is thy conſtancie,
Vnto thy ſpouſe in miſerie.
Lift vp thy ſprites with pious thought,
Set all the ſcornes of fate at nought.
Me (though ſubdude) loue as before,
Thy glory ſhall be ſo much more.
Now that my honors all are fled,
And that I am abandoned.
Of all the Senates ſacred troope,

And of great kings that late did stoope
Vnto my hest; Now be thou knowne
Pompeys deare constant frend alone.
Too much thou greeu'st with Pallid face,
Since that thy husband is in place.
Thy sorrow now is at that height
As greater cannot vexe thy spright,
But to bewayle thy *Pompey* so,
Should be the last loue thou shouldst show
Vnto him dead; as yet no harmes,
Accrewes to thee by ciuil armes.
Pompey in health doth liue as yet,
Though fortunes fauours from him flit.
To that therefore thy loue was bent,
For which thou mak'st so great lament.
¶ VVhen these words in her ears did sound
Her faint lims scarse she lifts from ground.
VVhen as her voyce at last she strains,
And in this sort her state complains.
VVould God I had bene destined
To *Cæsars* wracke; in mariage bed.
Then had not both my nuptiall ioyes,
Twice wrongd the world with these annoies
Erynnis first in wedlocke state,
To *Crassus* did me consecrate:
And so deuoted to his hands,
I brought the wracks of *Parthian* lands,
Amongst the *Roman* martiall bands.
Now ciuill harmes do follow me,
And thy iust cause; the Gods do flee
By my default; O worthy Pheere,
My hapless match thou boughtst too deare.
Had Fortune power to shew such spight
Vpon so great and braue a knight.
Accursed wretch, why did I match
My selfe to thee, these harmes to hatch,
Now let me thereof bide the paine,
VVhich I will take without disdaine,
And that the seas may be more milde,
And faith of kings rest vndefilde.

Meaning for the losse of his glory.

Cornelia replies to Pōpey

This was Crassus sonne, a braue yong nobleman slaine in the Parthian wars with his father the rich Crassus a Roman Senatour.

And all the world to thee ſtand faſt,
Into theſe deepes my body caſt.
For would my head were damn'd to die,
So thou mightſt conqueſt gaine thereby
Now *Pompey* make thy loſſes knowne,
And *Iulia* let thy ſpight be ſhowne.
Where ſo in ciuill camps thou haunt,
And on my bed thy vengeance vaunt.
Be preſent here me to torment,
Let thy wroth on me wretch be ſpent.
Thy *Pompey* ſpare: ſo hauing ſaid,
Her grieued head againe ſhe laid
Vpon her husbands wofull breſt,
And in his armes awhile did reſt.
Theſe words cauſd many a waterie eye,
Amongſt the troops of ſtanders by.
And *Pompeys* heart euen duld with cares,
For ſecond ſorrow now prepares.
Thus *Lesbos* from his eyes did ſtraine,
Teares, that *Pharſalia* could not gaine.

Iulia the daughter of Cæſar, Pompeys late wife.

¶ By this from *Mitilen* great ſtore
Of people came, that fill'd the ſhore.
And ſaid to *Pompey* in this wiſe,
Great honour muſt to vs ariſe
For euermore, and to our ſtate,
So to be truſted with the Mate
Of noble *Pompey*, as whoſe thrals
We now deuote our eitty wals
With ſacred vowes; and do thee pray
That thou one night with vs wouldſt ſtay,
And vs vouchſafe thy hoſts to be,
Our houſhold Gods ſhall welcome thee.
O *Pompey* by this grace of thine,
Make vs to future ages ſhine.
That *Roman* gueſts that ſeeke this ſhore,
May for thy ſake loue vs the more.
No cittie in this conquered ſtate,
Now better ſorteth with thy fate.
All places now in hope may ſtand,
For fauour at the victors hand.

The oration of the citizens of Mitilen to Pompey.

Already we haue run the race
That vs hath brought in his disgrace.
What though our Isle lye in the maine;
Can *Cæsars* Nauy vs constraine?
Of Senators the greatest part
Some certaine place will hold for Mart.
Thou maist againe repaire thy fame
In some one coast of noted name:
The treasures of our Temples hold,
Our Gods to thee shall giue their gold.
Our men and ships as thou shalt please,
Shall be imploy'd by land or seas.
And *Lesbos* worth what it can make,
Vse as thy owne and freely take.
And lest that *Cæsar* it possesse,
Take it to thee in thy distresse.
And this suspect take from our land,
That haue desir'd it at thy hand.
That as when thy estate was hye,
Thou in our faith didst trust affye.
So now in thy aduersity
Seeme not to doubt our loyalty.
This deere deuotion of their part,
Did greatly comfort *Pompeys* heart;
And vnto him no little ioy,
To finde such faith in most annoy.
No land that's vnder heau'n (quoth he)
Hath deerer been then yours to me.
And such my trust I did approue:
With this great pledge of my hearts-loue,
For I to *Lesbos* trusty state
Committed my deere spoused mate:
Here was my sacred mansion,
And Gods of my deuotion.
Another *Rome* to me this was;
And when my ship to seas did passe,
To this place first I tooke my flight,
And on no other shore would light.
Now since I know that *Cæsar* hath
Against this state conceiued wrath,

Because

The *Mitelens* hopelesse of *Cæsars* fauour.

Mitelen wholly deuotes it self to *Pompey.*

Pompeys answere to the *Mitelens.*

The considéce that *Pompey* had in the *Mitelens.*

Becauſe that during this our ſtriſe,
You ſafely guarded *Pompeys* wife.
Thinke you that I would now refraine
To put my truſt in you againe,
As though that now you ſtood in awe,
Cæſars diſlikes on you to draw?
When as I know that for our ſakes,
Already he as foes you takes.
No, now about the world muſt I
New forces ſeeke, and fortunes try.

Pompey acknowledgeth the *Mittilens* to be in *Cæſars* diſgrace for his ſake.

¶ Alas! how happy *Lesbos* name,
Will through all Ages flye with fame?
Whether by thy example led,
I ſhall by Kings be ſuccoured:
Or elſe that *Lesbos* hath alone
To *Pompey* ſo great kindneſſe ſhowne.
For now I haue reſolu'd my minde
To trye where I may comfort finde,
And who to me will be vnkinde:
And if that any Gods there be,
That the protection takes of me:

Lesbos famous for faith to *Pompey*.

Pompeys requeſt to the Gods.

To them my laſt petitions are,
That they the peoples hearts prepare,
As faithfully to me to ſtand,
As doe the people of this land.
That though I now be put to flight,
Yet for all that in *Cæſars* ſpight,
Their gates may be reſerued ſtill
For me to come and go at will.
So hauing ſaid, euen with that word,
His wofull wife he takes aboord:
The *Mitelens* ſuch mone then make
That one would thinke they did forſake
Their natiue ſoyles; for on the ſtrands
They cry and waile, and wring their hands.
But *Pompeys* fortune leſſe they mournd,
Then hers that with them had ſoiourn'd
So long in all this ciuill broyle,
So as the people of this ſoyle
Lamented, as if they had loſt

The griefe of the *Mittilens* for *Cornelias* departure.

A Citizen they loued moſt.
The Matrons all held her ſo deere,
That had ſhe gone vnto her Pheere
In happy ſtate, with conqueſt gain'd,
Yet had they not from teares refrain'd.
So had ſhe with her kinde reſpects
Oblig'd to her their deere affects,
Her vertue and her modeſt grace,
Her milde aſpect and louely face
In all their hearts had tane ſuch place.
For ſhe was of ſuch humble cheere,
Though wife to ſuch a mighty Peere,
That ſhe to them gaue no diſlike,
But liued as a gueſt full meeke;
As though that ſhe for ſuccour came,
And not as noble *Pompeys Dame*
Left there when he his fortunes ioy'd,
But as the wife of one deſtroy'd.

The loue and honour that the *Mitelens* bare to *Cornelia* for her ſweet behauiour.

¶ *Tytan* began now to decline,
So as one halfe of his bright ſhine
Was hid from vs within the ſeas;
The other halfe th'*Antipodes*
Did then behold; ſo as nor wee
Nor they, could then his full eye ſee.
But *Pompey* now could take no reſt,
So many cares torment his breaſt.
Sometimes he calles vnto his minde,
How many Cities were combin'd
By league vnto the *Roman* ſtate,
How many Kings confederate
Of diuers humors, tooke their part,
Whom he might draw againe to Mart.
Sometimes he thinkes vpon the South,
Whoſe lands the Sunne hath parch't with drouth.
And thus a world of cares and toyle
In his perplexed breaſt doe broyle.
Sometimes in hope to leuy Armes:
Sometimes in dread of future harmes.
Then with the Maiſter he confarres
About the motions of the ſtarres;

Cares impediments to quiet ſleepe.

Pompey conferres with his Pilot about his courſe.

And

And how the Coaſts and lands doe lye,
The ſignes of weather in the skye,
And when 'tis fit to hull or trye:
Or elſe with ſailes to cut the deepes,
What ſtarre the *Syrian* quarters keepes;
Or what ſtarre in the waine beſt ſtands,
To guide a courſe for *Lybian* lands.
¶ This skilfull Pilot that had oft
And long, theſe Nauall Courſes ſought,
And ſecret myſteries of the skies,
In this ſort vnto him replies:
The Pilots anſwere to *Pompey*. We neuer (wretched Mariners)
Do make our recknings by thoſe ſtarres
That wandring ſtill rowle to and froe,
We might be much deceiued ſo.
But ſuch as do not range nor role,
But are ſtill fixed neere the pole,
And neuer in *Neptunus* deepes
His fiery twinkling torchet ſteepes:
But alwayes ſhines in one ſet place,
By it we doe direct our race:
And when this ſtarre aloft doth tend,
And that the leſſer Beare is kend,
Iuſt poynting on my maine yards end.
The *Boſpheros* maine we doe explore,
And Seas that Circle *Scythias* ſhore.
But if *Arctophilax* diſcend,
The Pilots obſeruations. The leaſt poynt from our Top-maſts end,
And that the little Beare appeare
Vnto the ſeas ſomewhat more neere,
For *Syrias* ports our courſe we ſteere.
But with *Canopas*, South we runne,
For he the Northerne clime doth ſhunne.
Or if he keepe our Larbord ſide,
And ſo our helme for *Pharos* guide:
Then in the middle of that maine,
Our ſhips vpon the Syrts might ſtraine.
¶ But now I would be glad to know
Your will, and whither you would goe:
And what coaſt fits beſt your anaile,

Accordingly

Accordingly to set our saile.
Pompey to this vnconstantly
With doubtfull humour doth reply.
Alwayes (quoth he) for our behoofe,
See in those seas you keepe aloofe
That are from *Thessaly* remote,
And neere *Hesperia* do not flote.
Shunne you those seas or shores to finde,
Commit the rest vnto the winde.
My wife aboord with me shall stay,
From *Lesbos* I tooke her away;
Thither I did a due course bend,
But *Fortune* now a port must lend.
Thus hauing said, the Pilot hailes,
The Marriners do cut their sailes.
The sheats that equally inclin'd,
But spooned iust before the wind.
He veares now to the larboord side,
One tacke vnto the prow he tide,
The other on the sturne belayes,
And to *Assinas* coast assaies;
And where the surging billow shockes
Alongst the Isle of *Chyos* rockes.
Now angry *Neptune* frothing chides,
Whilst that the ship thus stemmes the tides;
And all the while she holds her course,
He roring fometh worse and worse,
With no such ease and speedy change
The Coach-man can his Charret range
From right hand to the left hand side,
When he his trampling steeds would guide:
And circling wheeles about doth trend,
First to attaine his races end.
Phœbus vnto the world giues light,
And dimmes the stars that shines by night.
When those that now did scattring flye
From this late storme in *Thessaly*;
With all speed after *Pompey* runne,
And on the seas he meetes his sonne;
Yet scarce cleare of the *Lesbian* coast,

Prmpey directs his Pilot what coasts to shun

Vpon the construction of this *Simile* all the Commentators do vary & are doubtfull.

And

And then more Princes of his hoaſt,
That earſt to him had faithfull bin,
And in this ſtate he now was in;
A fugitiue and ouer-throwne,
Did ſtill to him their loue make knowne.
And many Kings with martiall traines,
That in the Eaſterne clymats raignes,
And other Lords of powerfull ſtates,
For all his wracked exil'd fates,
Stood firme his faithfull conſtant mates.
King *Deiotarus*, one of thoſe
That ſcap't away with *Cæſars* foes,
Did follow *Pompey* in his flight,
And was employ'd to raiſe new might.
To him his charge in theſe words giues;
Thou faithfulſt king to me that liues,
Since that the *Roman* power and hoſt
In the *Æmathian* fight is loſt;
Go try the fauour of the Eaſt,
As thoſe that need feare *Cæſar* leaſt:
The Nations that the waters drinkes
Of *Euphrates* and *Tygris* brinkes.
To *Pompey* it ſhall be no griefe
In this diſtreſſe to craue reliefe
Of *Medes*, whereby to wage new warre,
And *Scythians*, though remote ſo farre;
But vtterly to change our clyme,
And vſe requeſts in this hard time
To proud *Arſaces* for his aid,
And if old leagues be not decay'd,
But ſtill in memory are borne:
Then by that God that I haue ſworne,
The thundring *Ioue* of *Latium* land,
And by that holy reuerent band
Of *Magi*, that your oathes did binde,
Prepare your ſelues in warlike kinde:
Your quiuers fill with ſhaft and dart,
And your *Armenian* bowes for Mart,
Bended with ſtrings of *Getan* Art:
And if (ô *Parthians*) heretore

The Eaſterne Princes ſtand firme to *Pompey* in his diſtreſſe.

Pompeys words to king *Deiotarus.*

To warre on you I haue forbore:
When I did range the *Caspian* maine,
And with my Army did constraine
The fierce *Alani* to my yoke,
And neuer did the *Parthes* prouoke.
None did destroy, or seeke their soyle,
Nor did enforce them to entoyle
Themselues, their children, and their wiues,
For safe-gard of their goods and liues,
Within the *Babylonian* walles,
Nor euer sought to make them thralles.
But when I conquer'd *Persean* Realmes,
And the *Caldean* vtmost streames.
Swift *Ganges* and *Hydaspis* fierce,
That through the Eastern lands doth pierce,
Wasting *Nyseas* ancient walles,
And so into the Ocean falles;
Where *Phœbus* lifts his shining face,
I neerer *Parthes* then *Persia* was.
Yet when I had subdu'd all these,
My Armes in nought did them disease.
Nor yet were they, mongst all the rest,
For honour of my triumphes prest.
They onely were exempt by me
Of all the Easterne Kings as free:
With such desert I did them binde,
And shall I *Parthes* vngratefull finde?
Nay more then this *Arsaces* race
At *Pompeys* hand hath found like grace.
For after that same bloody strife,
Where *Crassus* lost his host and life,
What *Romans* could their hands containe
From *Parthes*, that all our host had slaine?
Oblig'd to me by such desarts,
Let them the like shew on their parts.
Now let the *Parthes* with Trumpets sounds
Breake out in force beyond their bounds:
And *Zeugma* that same *Palean* Towne,
Let them surprise, or batter downe.
Yee *Parthes* for *Pompey* conquest gaine,

Pompeys fauor to the *Parthians.*

Pompey for reuenge would ioyne with the *Parthes* the most inueterate enemies of the *Romans* state.

To conquer *Rome* is worth your paine.
The King did no refuſall make
This hard requeſt to vndertake;
But preſently aſide did lay
His Royall Robe and rich array:
And in the habit him attires
Of one of his inferior Squires.
Tis ſafe for Kings in ieopardie
To counterfeit baſe pouerty.
How much therefore doth lowly need
For ſafety greateſt Kings exceed,
Freer from dangers and from dreed?
The King in this ſort ſet on ſhore,
Pompey then plies both ſaile and oare,
Till he th'*Icarian* cliffe had paſt,
From *Epheſus* he bends his maſt;
And *Colophonas* pleaſant waues,
And *Samos* rockes that foaming raues.
And then a gentle puffing gale
His ſailes from *Coös* coaſts did hale.
Gnydon he leaues, and *Rhodes* doth ſhunne,
That voue their Altars to the Sunne.
Then that great bay *Telmeſydos*
Aloofe he flies, and ouer-goes:
And from the middle of the maine
Pamphilias coaſt appeared plaine.
But yet he would not make aduenter
Within a walled towne to enter.
Little *Phaſelis* was the coaſt
That *Pompey* firſt did make his oaſt.
The ſlender habitation there
Made him the leſſe the place to feare:
The empty houſes people needed,
His ſhip their troope by farre exceeded.
From hence againe his courſe he bends,
And ſees how *Taurus* mountaine trends,
Whence *Dypſas* to the ſeas diſcends.
¶ Would *Pompey* euer this ſuſpected
When he the Pyrates force ſubiected,
Or euer in his minde haue thought

Pompeys nauigation, his wife beeing with him.

Phaſelis, a little Iland in the Mediterane.

That

That to this ſtreſſe he ſhould be brought
For ſafety ſo to range the maine,
In one poore ſhip with ſo ſmall traine.
But now the Senates greateſt part
Eſcaped from *Pharſalias* Mart,
Together met, though put in rout,
And at the length found *Pompey* out;
At anchor in the little port
Calendrys hight, where great reſort
Of ſhipping paſſeth to and froe,
As *Selyns* ſtreame doth ebbe or flow.
Pompey at length with heauy cheere,
Deſired them theſe words to heare;
Companions deere in warre and flight,
The modell of our Countries right:
Although that now to this bare coaſt
By wretched *Fortune* we be toſt,
Conſulting on *Cylicias* ſtrands,
Not guarded with our armed bands:
Yet now we muſt begin againe
New proiects, warres to entertaine.
To your braue mindes good comfort yeeld,
All fell not in *Pharſalias* field:
Nor am I ſo with fate oppreſt,
But that I can raiſe vp my creſt,
And ſcorne the blow that vs diſtreſt.
Could *Marius* in the *Lybicke* ſoyle
Repaire againe his bitter foyle,
And win to him a Conſuls ſtate,
And fixe his fame in *Roman* date?
And thinke you I through *Fortunes* ſpight
Will be ſuppreſt with leſſer might?
In *Grecian* ſeas for my auaile
I doe retaine a thouſand ſaile,
And haue as many Captaines more
That will attend me on the ſhore.
Our force this battaile rather parted
Then any way the ſame ſubverted.
My fame that is of ſuch account,
Can eaſily this loſſe ſurmount.

The Senators eſcaped from the battaile, come to *Pompey*.

Pompeys oration to the *Roman* Lords that eſcaped from the battaile.

The whole worlds force I ſoone will moue,
My onely name ſo much they loue.
Do you conſider and aduiſe
What Realmes or States moſt fitteſt lies
Pompey deſires them to giue their opinions for aids to bee ſought.
To ſerue vs now for our availe,
Whoſe force and faith will not vs faile:
Whether that *Lybia* be the place,
Or *Ægypt* now as ſtands the caſe,
Or *Parthians* friendſhip we embrace.
Which of all theſe you eſtimate
Worthieſt to aid the *Roman* ſtate.
For me, my Lords, I will diſcloſe
In my conceit what I ſuppoſe:
Pompey ſets down his conceit for ſuccours.
And all my reaſons lay downe flat
That leads my minde to this or that.
The *Nylus* King is but a youth,
And that makes me to doubt his truth;
For conſtant faith more ſure doth reſt
Within a graue and manly breaſt.
The *Moore* I do no whit applaud,
We all do know them full of fraud.
And how that wicked *Carthage* race
Hath alwayes practiſ'd *Romes* diſgrace
We right well know; and that there reſts
More *Hanniballes* yet in their breaſts.
And as for the *Numidian* Kings,
That now from baſtards races ſprings,
Whoſe murdrous hands the blood diſtaines
Of their true lawfull ſoueraignes;
And did of late with ſo great pride
Varus that led our force, deride;
Meaning king *Iuba*.
Who ſought his aid, and with diſgrace
Alotted *Rome* a ſecond place.
This makes me thinke tis beſt we proue
Our friends by Eaſt, and truſt their loue.
Great *Euphrates* with his vaſte ſtreames
Diuides and boundeth many Realmes.
The *Caſpian* ſea hath limits large,
And harbours ſafe within his varge.
In other ſort the heauens aſpects,

Th' *Aſſirian*

Th'*Assirian* dayes and nights directs.
That sea is of another staine,
And flat secluded from our maine:
Their people conquering humors beare,
And for the warres large Coursers reare.
VVith stronger bowes they battaile wage,
The yong and old, and euery age
Affects his vigrous draught to show,
Each arrow giues a deadly blow.
The *Parthes* were first that brake the rankes
Of *Alexanders* piked flanks.
And *Bactra* that same Citty great
VVonne from the *Medes*, their Regal seate,
And *Babylon* with walles so hye,
That doth *Assiria* dignifie.
Our Piles the *Parthians* holds slight,
And in the field with vs dare fight:
And with what force *Scythes* arrowes flye,
Crassus defeat too well did try:
They haue not onely heads of steele,
VVhose piercing force their foes do feele;
But poyson on those heads they fixe,
So as if any place it prickes,
The smallest wound death with it brings,
And all the blood with venome mings.
¶ VVould God no cause did me encline
To trust to proud *Arsaces* line.
These *Parthes* with their subsisting fate
Our Empire still did emulate:
And all the heauenly powers with grace
Haue lookt vpon the *Parthian* race.
But I would also send for bands,
And valiant troopes from other lands.
The furthest East I would incite
To send to vs their Martiall might.
But if the Easterne faith refuse,
So as their aid we cannot vse,
And the *Barbarian* leagues doe faile,
Let *Fortune* strike my ship-wracke saile,
And me conuay to vnknowne coasts,

Crassus extols the *Parthian* forces.

The *Parths* enemies to the *Romans*

Pompey ſcorns to ſeeke to thoſe Nations that he hath triumphed ouer.

Neuer ſubdu'd by *Roman* hoaſts.
I neuer baſely meane to pray
Their aid, that earſt did me obay.
Twill comfort me when as I dye,
That in ſtrange climes my limbes ſhall lye,
Whereby proud *Cæſar* ſhall not haue
The power to grace or wrong my graue.
And I will onely meditate
The glory paſt of my liues fate,
Which that worlds part did celebrate.
What was beyond *Meotis* lake,
And what ſcope *Tannais* did take
With her ſtreames trending in the Eaſt,
So farre hath my renowne encreaſt.
To what lands hath my name more runne
For famous conqueſts by me wonne?
Or elſe from whence hath my deſarts
More triumphs gaind then from thoſe parts?
¶ O *Rome!* my enterpriſe now guide,
VVhat greater boone can heauens betide
To thee, then in this ciuill Mart
To ſee the *Parthians* beare a part;
So to conſume them with our Armes,
And mix their wrackes amongſt our harmes.
For when that *Cæſars* forces ſtands
Encountring with the *Parthian* bands,
Fortune muſt me the victor make,
Or elſe for *Craſſus* vengeance take.
Thus ſaid, he ſaw the Senates minde
Stood not to his aduice enclin'd.
But *Lentulus* amonſt the reſt
VVhom vertues courage forwards preſt,
And noble griefe for *Roman* fate
He holding then the Conſuls ſtate,
His worthy voyce did eleuate.
¶ Hath ſo this late *Theſſalian* blow
Thy minde deiected and brought low?
Hath one dayes fate the world oppreſt?
Muſt we amongſt our ſelues conteſt?
Now after this *Æmathian* wound,

Pompey famous in the Eaſt parts of the world.

A reaſon why to take aid of the *Parthes*.

A braue oration of the Conſull *Lentulus* in anſwere of *Pompey*.

Doth

Doth that all hope of helpe confound?
Hath Fortune *Pompey* all bereft,
That he in *Parthians* hands is left?
Why ſhouldſt thou as a runnagate,
So range the world to mend thy fate?
In forraine climes, and in ſuch lands
As to our ſtate malignant ſtands?
And ſtars that vs no good lucke bods
Wilt thou adore Chaldean Gods?
And with *Barbarian* rites polluted,
Be now the *Parthians* thrall reputed?
Why did we firſt to armes diſcend,
Our libertie but to defend?
O wretch thou didſt the world delude
If thou canſt liue in ſeruitude.
Shall *Parth* that thee beheld with hate,
A ruler in the *Roman* ſtate?
That ſaw thee from *Hyrcania* leade
Great kings thy captiues, and with dread
Beheld the *Indians* conquered.
See thee deiected and caſt downe,
And baſely yeeld to fortunes frowne.
Whilſt they puft vp in mind with pride,
Do but the *Latium* name deride.
And value *Rome* leſſe then their ſtate,
To ſee thee ſo degenerate.
O *Pompey* in thy ſpeech we finde,
Nought ſuting with thy worth or mind,
The *Parth* that doth not vnderſtand
The language of the *Latium* land,
When thou of him doſt aide requeſt,
By teares thy mind muſt be expreſt.
Shall we this wounding ſcorne endure,
That *Parths* ſhall our reuenge procure?
Rather then *Rome* with her owne armes
Shall remedy *Heſperias* harmes.
Did ſhe for this thee chieftaine make,
That thou no more regard ſhouldſt take,
But ſpread abroad with ſuch diſgrace,
Her maymes vnto the *Scythian* race,

Lentulus reprooues Pompeys humour to the Parths.

Abaſe reproch to Pompey.

And

And ſecret ſcarres; her to deface.
What wilt thou teach the *Parthian* ſwarmes,
The way to vexe vs with their armes?
Hath *Rome* the hoped comfort loſt,
Of ſuch a warre and ſuch an hoſt?
Becauſe no kings ſhe would obey,
But that her Citizens ſhould ſway?
And wilt thou now the wide world range,
To bring whole nations fierce and ſtrange
To ranſacke *Rome*? that will diſplay
Thoſe enſignes that they wonne away
From *Craſſus*, when they vanquiſhed,
And muſt from *Euphrates* be led,
And here to our diſgrace be ſpred?
That king that vs his aide denide,
When as our Fortune was vntride,
And came not to *Emathia* field,
To vs will he now comfort yeeld,
And ſo prouoke the victors ſpight,
Whom he doth heare to be of might.
And now will *Pompeys* fortunes runne;
Such truſt with them did neuer wonne.
The nations of the Northerne climes,
Where fals the dewes and foggie rimes,
Are ſtout in warre and feare not death,
But thoſe that in the Eaſt take breath,
And leade their liues in warmer ſoyles,
Luld in ſweet aire, hate martiall broyles.
You ſee what looſe attires and vailes
Their men do weare that flit like ſailes,
The *Parth* vpon the *Median* fields
And *Sarmates* downes that large ſcope yeelds
And on thoſe plains by *Tygris* bankes,
VVhen they in length may ſtreach their ranks
And at their pleaſure come and goe,
Cannot be vanquiſht by a foe,
But where the ſoyle is full of hills
Theſe horſmen come not by their wills,
Their roaming bow can make no fight,
In buſhie ſtraights, or in the night

The vnlikelihood of Parthian aides.

The nature & manner of Parthias fight.

In

When need requires they neuer guides
Their horſe to ſwim from ſides to ſides,
Nor with their armes ſtem ſtreaming tides.
Nor yet will they their fight make good,
When as their bodies bathe in blood:
Nor yet endure the parching heate,
Nor in the duſt to toyle and ſweate.
They haue no engins for the warre,
For rams they know not what they are,
They want the art a trench to fill,
And he the *Parth* repulſeth ſtill;
And as a wall doth him oppoſe,
That can keep out weake arrowes blows.
His battell weake, his warre is flight,
His troops ſtill ranging and but ſlight,
A ſouldier fit to quit a place,
But not to put his foe to chace.
His armes defilde with poyſons art,
He dares not come to handy Mart,
A farre off he his ſhafts doth dart.
VVith euery blaſt of wind they flit
And as it blowes they miſſe or hit.

The Parths no ſouldiers diſciplined.

¶ The ſword is of more great import,
And beſt with valiant men doth ſort,
The Fauchion ſharpe; but the firſt fight
Diſarmes the *Parths* of all their might,
For when their quiuers emptied are,
They do retire and end their warre,
They neuer truſt vnto their hands,
In poyſned ſhafts their furie ſtands.
O *Pompey* in the chance of warre,
Thinkſt thou it doth nor make nor marre,
VVhether the ſouldier do prouide
A truſty ſword girt to his ſide?
And doth thy caſe thee ſo conſtraine,
That thou wouldſt worthleſſe aid retaine?
And nations ſo remote wouldſt trie,
And out of thine owne countrey die?
Is ſome Barbarian land deſign'd,
The place where thou thy graue muſt find?

The ſword the chiefe weapon of all armes.

There

There ſome baſe ſhrine thy lims ſhall haue,
Since they would not vouchſafe a graue,
To *Craſſus* that his fate complaines,
But better hap for thee remains.
For our laſt paine with death is fled,
Which manly hearts do neuer dread.
For death *Cornelia* needs not care
That wicked King her life will ſpare.
We well do know the barbarous rites
That they do vſe in loues delights,
And how like to the brutiſh beaſts,
All humane laws their luſts deteſts.
With wiues they neuer contracts hold,
The luxury & impudent venery of the Parths. But like to ſwine they do vnfold
The ſecrets of the nuptiall bed,
And that ſame Tyrants court is ſped
With thouſands for his concubines,
After his feaſts and change of wines.
One man prouoketh his delight
With ſundry women euery night,
The brothers with the ſiſters weds,
The ſonnes defile their mothers beds,
That wicked rumour that doth run
Of *Oedepus* that *Theban* ſonne,
How doth the world condemne and loth,
Although vnwitting to them both,
How often hath *Arſaces* race,
That holds in *Parth* the regall place,
By this inceſtious ſauage moode
He ſpeakes of Cornelias danger and diſhonour to liue amongſt the Parthes concubines. Commixed bene with ſlauiſh blood.
So as great *Scipios* noble child,
Shall not all onely be defilde,
But with a thouſand more be wed,
As wiues to this *Barbarians* bed.
Although his kingly luſt and flame,
Stird vp with beauty of the dame.
And glory of her husbands name
Will make him more to her incline,
Then any other Concubine.
For how much more the *Parth* delights,

In

In humane wrackes and foule despights,
He wil know her for *Crassus* mate,
As destin'd to the *Parthian* fate,
And deeme that she her selfe must owe
A captiue for that ouer-throw.
O let that miserable foyle
Of Easterne wounds, in thy breast boyle:
And bee not onely thou asham'd
That to a base King thou hast fram'd
Petitions, for to lend thee aid;
But be thou all as much dismaid,
That first thou ciuill armes displaid:
For no fault more the people loth
Acted by thee and *Cæsar* both,
Then that you two by ciuill warre
Reuenge for *Crassus* doe debarre.
Our Captaines all should then haue tryde
Their force against their *Parthian* pride,
And rather then haue Armies wanted,
The Northern climes should haue displanted
And from the *Dakes* and from the *Rhene*
The *Roman* Legions withdrawen cleane,
And so strong forces to prouide,
Haue bar'd the Empire on that side.
Vntill perfidious *Susis* towne,
And *Babylon* they had throwne downe.
To serue the *Crassi* for their tombe,
As monuments to honour *Rome*.
To fortune we our prayers send,
That with the *Parths* our peace may end.
And if *Thessalias* battell past,
Hath giuen this ciuill warre his last,
Let him that conquest doth enioy,
Against the *Parths* his force employ.
That nation of the world alone
I could be glad were ouerthrowne
By *Cæsars* armes, and that for it,
He might in triumphs charret sit,
Thinke that ere thou with sucst an host
Couldst passe *Araxes* frozen cost.

This ciuill wars did hinder the reuenge of Crassus and his army lost.

A braue speech.

Lentulus respects the honor of Rome more then his mallice to Cæsar.

Old

A ſuppoſition of that Craſſus ghoſt ſhould ſay to Cæſar.

Old *Craſſus* ſhade with heauy cheare,
Stitcht full of darts would firſt appeare
Before thy face; and thus would ſpeake
O thou that ſhouldſt due vengeance wreake,
For this huge ſlaughter on vs made,
Thou whom we did our hopes perſwade,
Wouldſt giue our naked bones a graue,
That now in mould no reſt can haue,
Camſt thou a league and peace to craue:
Then will thoſe ſlaughters memories,
Preſent themſelues before thine eyes,
When on the walls with ſtakes yborne,
Thoſe heads thou ſeeſt ſet vp in ſcorne,
And *Euphrates* that did confound
So many Lords in her ſtreames drownd,
And *Tygris* that our bodies ſlaine,
Did vnder earth a time retaine,
And then diſgorged them againe.
If with thy mind thou canſt diſpenſe,
To paſſe by theſe without offence,

A tant to Pompey.

As well maiſt thou ô *Pompey* yeeld
Thy ſelfe vnto *Pharſalias* field,
Where *Cæſar* ſitting Conquerour.
Thou mercy maiſt of him emplore.
But better weigh our *Roman* cauſe,
If thou doſt feare thoſe Tyrants paws,
That in the South haue reſidence,
And *Iubas* faithleſſe inſolence.

Lentulus allowes that ſuccours may be ſought of Ptolomey.

Let *Pharus* King of vs be prayd,
And *Lagus* Realme to yeeld vs ayd,
The *Lybicke* Syrts do ſafely bound
Vpon this ſide *Ægyptian* ground.
And *Nylus* from all forreine foes,
With his ſeuen heads doth it incloſe
On tother ſide; and tis a land
That of it ſelfe can liue and ſtand
Contentedly; and needs not craue
Her neighbors helpe; nor ſhowres to haue
Nylus doth ſo her paſtures laue.
Whoſe ſcepter *Ptolemie* a boy

And regall crowne doth now enioy.
Beſides to *Pompey* he doth reſt
Oblig'd, and by his ſires bequeſt
Thy pupill is, then who would feare
A name that doth but ſhadow beares.
His age as yet from guile is free,
Such faith you could not looke to ſee,
Such lawes or ſuch integrities,
Nor ſeruice to the Deities.
In that kings court that raigned laſt,
Long rule all right doth ouercaſt.
Vnder a king that newly raignes,
All things are milde, noe force conſtraines.
No more he ſayd, this ſwaid their mind,
What libertie laſt hopes do finde?
To *Pompeys* cenſure none enclinde.
¶ Then they *Cilician* coaſts forſake,
And ſaile for *Cyprus* Iſle doe make,
Where *Venus* mindfull of that place,
In *Paphos* for the Ilands grace
Her Altars keepes whence ſpring her race.
If we may thinke that on the earth,
The heauenly powers may take their birth.
Or that the Gods (as ſome do raue)
Like humane wights beginnings haue.
When *Pompey* from this harbour wends,
About the *Cyprian* cliffes he trends,
And Southward doth his way direct,
But with contrary tides was checkt
That do alongſt thoſe channels ſweepe,
Neither doth he a ſtraight courſe keepe
Towards mount *Caſsium*, by the light
That *Pharus* tower ſets out at night.
But fell with *Ægypts* loweſt ſhore,
Scarce ſtemming tides with ſayle and oare.
And hardly thither got withall
Where *Nylus* parted greateſt fall
With her ſeuenth ſtreame and mighty ſway,
Doth fall into *Peluſium* bay.
It was the ſeaſon and the time

Ptolomey a ward to Pompey.

He meanes that the old kingwas fuller of wiles and impieties.

Ciprus, Venus Iland.

Pharos a tower where a great lanthorne was ſet to direct ſhips by night on thoſe coſts.

When *Libra* being in her prime,
Indifferently the ballance ſwayes,
With equall lengths of nights and daies.
And *Autums* ſolſtice now requits,
By lengthning her enſuing nights,
The houres that were tane away
By ſprings ſolſtice increaſing day.
Now when that *Pompey* had deſcride
That *Egypts* king did then reſide
Neare *Caſsius* mount he tacks about,
Seeking away to find him out,
For yet did neither daylight faile,
Nor had the ſhip yet ſtroken ſaile.

The ſcouts on the coaſt diſcouer *Pompeys* ſhips.

¶ Forthwith the horſe ſcouts that did ſtand
For Centinels alongſt the land,
Alarums gaue to all the ſhores
And ſild the court with great vprores.
The ſudden comming of this man,
For Counſell ſmall time gaue them than.

The Ægyptians go to coũſell.

Yet all the vipers of that Court
To conſultation did reſort
Amongſt the reſt of all which Peeres,
One *Achoreus* full of yeeres,
A reuerent ſire, whom ſchooling age
More modeſt made, and free from rage.
He was a natiue of that ſoyle
That flowing *Nylus* doth entoyle.
In *Memphis* he receiu'd his lore,
That doth vaine Rites ſo much adore,
VVhere hee had long time exerciſ'd
(As Prieſt) the lawes they had deuiſ'd,

Apis was a Bull that the *Memphites* honored as a God, whõ they ſuffered to liue but ſome few yeares, & then tooke another in his place. Some name him *Oſyris*.

In honour of that horned beaſt
VVhich they with deity inueſt:
To whom for name they *Apis* giue,
Many of which hee did out-liue.
This *Achoreus* counſell gaue,
That faith and merite ought to haue
A great reſpect vnto it borne,
And that they ought not hold in ſcorne
The plighted league and vowes of loue
That this Kings father did approue.

And vnto *Pompey* still profest,
By whom his kingdome he possest,
For what quoth he can mortals bind
To friendship in a higher kind,
If kings and states no faith maintaine,
How shall the vulgar truth retaine?
when they by higher powers are taught
All loy all trust to set at naught.
Why do all kings their subiects sweare,
Fidelitie to them to beare,
If that the kings owne actions teach?
Of vowes and leagues to make a breach?
When due respects failes in the head,
How will the members be misled,
We see that all the world is bent
To seeke the way that Princes went.
All kings by Ceremonies stand,
By lawes they rule with powerfull hand.
But if those lawes they vioalate,
They weaken then their owne estate.
For where we setled order swayes
Who there can rule, or who obayes?
Where Iustice force doth strike no stroke,
It there dissolues subiections yoake.
When kings themselues lawlesse grow,
They hazard then to ouerthrow
Their owne estate; and reach that mind
That is ambitiously enclind,
How to aspire by fraud or might,
To reaue away their soueraignes right.
He that no good deserts obserues,
The like at others hands deserues.
Thy father did by *Pompeys* grace
Of Soueraigntie obtaine this place,
And so thy selfe enioyes this land,
VVhich he receiu'd at *Pompeys* hand.
For it he dy'd in *Pompeys* debt,
VVhich fauour thou maist not forget.
For thereby shall the *Romane* state,
Esteeme thee but a Prince ingrate.

Here it seems the Authour was defectiue by iniury of time and Achoreus speech lost, which the translator supplied, as pertinent.

Order and iustice the support of regall power.

Pompey established Ptolomeys father in the kingdome.

And *Cæſars* ſelfe condemne thy mind
As moſt diſloyall and vnkind.
And thinke how much thou wouldſt him ſcorne,
If he in like ſtate were forlorne;
And forc'd thy royall aid to craue,
Of whom a friend no helpe could haue.
In his braue mind he will thee deeme,
A Prince of worth and more eſteeme
For fauouring *Pompey* in diſtreſſe,
That at thy hands deſerues no leſſe,
Then now to vſe him with diſdaine,
In hope thereby *Cæſar* to gaine.
A foe that man will dignifie,
That helps his friend in miſerie:
Though treaſons act ſecure his ſtate,
Yet *Cæſar* will the traytor hate,
And thinke that thou to none doſt beare
Good will, but ſuch as grows by feare,
And therefore will the *Roman* ſtate
Deeme that thou didſt both parties hate.
But do not enuy'd courſes proue,
Thy greatnes rather ground on loue.
With kings the noble Lyons port,
Then Foxes wiles, doth better ſort.
Pompey againe his head may raiſe,
As *Marius* did in former dayes:
Or if not ſo, yet are we ſure,
The *Romane* Empire will endure,
For her foundation doth not ſtand,
By *Cæſars* or by *Pompeys* hand.
Her Peeres, her people, and her powre,
One battell cannot ſo deuoure;
That we ſhould thinke we may diſdaine
Her Empire that doth ſtill remaine.
The bloody field at *Cannas* fought,
More ſlaughter then *Pharſalia* wrought.
And though that the *Trebeian* fight,
And *Tracimene* did giue them flight,
Yet *Romes* eſtate ſubſiſted ſtill,
And did reuenge her ſelfe at will.

Ptolomy wold haue done as much by Cæſar if he had bene in his mercie.

Ptolomey at the firſt aided Pompey againſt Cæſar.

Mariusbaniſht recouered his honor againe in the Roman ſtate.

For

For *Hannibal* was vanquiſhed,
And *Carthage* Empire ruined.
Though thou no aide to *Pompey* giue,
Yet like a king his wants releiue,
And giue him ſafetie in thy lands,
That cuſtome with all Nations ſtands.
For *Cæſars* ſelfe hath tride like grace
When he did flie from *Syllas* face,
And for the ſafetie of his head,
Vnto king *Nichomedes* fled,
And therefore doth by practiſe know,
That kings in honour ought to ſhow
Remorſe on him that comes a gueſt:
For kings themſelues may be diſtreſt.
And *Ptolomie* thy father late,
Oppreſſed by his fathers hate,
Was aided by the *Roman* ſtate.
Though *Cæſar* for a time may raigne,
Yet *Rome* doth Monarchie diſdaine.
And her braue ſpirits that ſtill liu'd free,
To vaſſallage will not agree.
Meane while defile not thou thy youth,
Vngratefully vnto that truth
That heretofore hath ſhewde ſuch grace
To thee, and to thy kingly race.
Thy dying father did commend
The care of thee as to a frend,
To *Pompeys* truſt, which in iuſt ſort
He did diſcharge and thee ſupport.
If this may not oblige thy mind,
Who right of thee can hope to find.
Be well aduiſd and ſtand in awe,
The worlds defame on thee to draw
In thy yong yeares, for ſuch a ſtaine
Will all thy life on thee remaine.
The veſſell alwayes holdeth faſt
The ſent wherof it firſt did taſt.
But if thou wilt nor *Pompey* lend
Thy aides; that *Cæſar* may offend;
Nor in thy kingdome let him reſt

Kings inhonor ought to releeue diſtreſſed Princes for that it may be their owne eaſe.

Rome euer an enemy to Monarchy.

Ingratitude reproued.

Young yeares are apt to be diſtained with ill manners & euer to retain the taſt therof

For ſafegard of his life diſtreſt,
Nor with thy bountie him relieue
That to thy ſire this Crowne did giue.
Yet him diſmiſſe in courteous ſort,
When he ſets ſaile to leaue this port.
Harme not his life, he was thy frend,
For that would men and Gods offend
All thoſe that ſuch vile acts haue done,
Into the like miſhaps haue runne.
Buſyris that with bloody vaine
All ſtrangers ſo did entertaine:
Was vſde at laſt with like deſpight
Reueng'd by the *Herculean* might.
He that with blood vpholds his ſtate
The moſt do feare, and all do hate
And he that hated is of all
Is ſure into miſchance to fall.
That Counſellor that would thee good,
Will thee dehort from *Roman* blood.
For though the *Romans* now do iarre,
And entertaine a ciuill warre.
Long will they not be ſo beguilde,
That mallice will be reconcilde.
Meane while this warre vnto them ſhowes
Both fained friends and ſecret foes.
And miſchiefe then will ſure betide
To thoſe that plaid on either ſide,
For when this ciuill ſtrife is dated,
And forraine wrongs ſhall be debated,
O then will they reuengement haue
Of all that in their blood did raue.
Therefore it thee concernes ô king,
To looke what future change may bring.
And not alone to meditate
The preſent ordring of thy ſtate.
The skilfull Pilot will not truſt
The glaring Sun, but doubts a guſt,
And doth accordingly prepare
To haue his ſailes and tackling yare.
O *Ptolomey* then gouerne ſo,

He diſſwades the king from vſing any violence to Pompey by the example of Buſiris king of Egypt.

That it behooues Princes to loue & eye to the future as well as to the preſent.

To

To giue no vantage to the foe.
Nor yet to serue thy present ends,
Too careless bee of tried frends.
¶ To this *Photinus*, prone to ill,
(Who better knew with flattring skill
To draw a Prince to tyrannize)
In hate of *Pompey* thus replies.
Right full respects (ô Ptolomey)
Brings many Princes to decay.
Obserued faith so much commended,
Hath with repentance often ended,
When men will striue to eleuate
That Fortune meanes to ruinate.
The Fates and Gods obserue aright
Fly. *Fly wretches damn'd by their despight;*
Combine thou with the happy wight.
As farre as is this earthly scope,
Distant from high heauens vaulted cope,
And fire and waues repugnant are:
So truth and profite euer iarre.
The power of Scepters then decayes,
When truthes regards their actions swayes.
Tis truly said that fooliſh pittie
Hath oft confounded many a Cittie.
Sly pollicie with searching ends,
Envied Kingdomes states defends.
Except the sword thou often draw
Thou canst not make thy will a law:
Do that and hold them all in awe.
O iet him from a court depart,
That hath a pious tender heart.
Milde modesty and mighty power
Cannot reside in one selfe bower.
Feare still accosts Regality
That is ashamd of cruelty.
Not without ill intention borne,
Pompey thy yong yeares so doth scorne;
To thinke that thy vnconquer'd might
From these shores cannot him affright.
Such guests may not depriue thy throne,

Heires

Giue no aduantage to a foe, nor offéce to a true frend

Photinus wicked oration.

Machiauels Maister,

Truth & profit repugnant.

A perswasion to cruelty.

Heires thou haſt neerer of thine owne.
If *Ægypts* Scepter thou abhorre,
Meaning *Cleopatra*, then in diſgrace with her brother. Thy baniſht ſiſter then reſtorre.
We will defend the kingdomes right
Againſt the proud *Italian* might.
What *Pompey* heretofore had not,
Shall neuer be the victors lot.
But now that *Pompey* is forlorne
Of all the world, and *Fortunes* ſcorne;
And no where intreſt hath at all,
He ſeekes with what land he may fall,
His ſence theſe ciuill broiles doe ſtall.
Cæſar alone doth not him fright,
But he doth ſhun the Senates ſight;
Of whom the greateſt part and powre
Theſſalian vultures now deuoure.
And all thoſe Nations he doth dread
Whoſe bloods together for him ſhed,
He baſely hath abandoned.
And ſhames of thoſe Kings to be knowne,
He inuighes againſt *Pompey*. Whoſe *Fortunes* he hath ouer-throwne.
Theſſaly hath him guilty tride,
Not knowing where his head to hide.
He now accoſteth *Ægypts* ſoyle,
Which yet he hath not brought to ſpoyle.
And giues vs by this vile pretence,
Iuſt cauſe againſt him of offence.
For why ſhould he engage vs ſo
That now reſt free from warre or foe;
And ſeeke to bring our land and ſtate,
So deeply into *Cæſars* hate?
Is ours the Realme on which in ſpleene
Thou faine wouldſt lay *Pharſalias* teene,
That with thy wrackes we ruin'd beene?
Iuſt cauſe doth vs good leaue affoord
To free this perill by the ſword.
But where 'tis vrg'd at thy requeſt,
The Senate did our King inueſt
With this Crowne; we for that againe,
With aids, thy quarrell did maintaine.

But now this sword worne by my side,
Which fate now bids me to prouide,
O *Pompey* must not thee offend,
But through the bowels shall transcend
Of him that conquer'd was of late,
I wish it rather *Cæsars* fate.
We driuen are to go that way
That *Fortune* goes, who all doth sway.
Doubtst thou (O *Pompey*) if it be
A course most needfull now for me
To violate thy wretched life,
When lawfull tis to free all strife?
With what hope didst thou (haples wight)
Desire vpon our coast to light?
When we are not prepar'd for warre?
Our people scarcely able are
With spades to delue those clayie lands
That *Nylus* softens to our hands.
Tis fit to measure our owne force,
And of our selues to take remorce.
Thou *Ptolomey* maist (if thou wilt)
Mend *Pompeys* wracke that lies now spilt,
When *Rome* it selfe dures for his guilt.
Dar'st thou *Thessalias* ashes reare
And call in warres thy realme to teare?
Before these late *Pharsalian* broyles
We kept our selues from martiall toyles.
Would *Pompey* new warres vndertake
With our hands, since all him forsake?
Would he prouoke the victors might
Againe, that hath put him to flight?
And pitty tels vs (as you say)
We should helpe wretches in decay.
But wisedome sayes, we should affect
To like those *Fortune* doth respect.
What foolish trust would leagues combine
With friends, in pouerty that pine?
¶ This wicked counsell all allowd,
The boyish King was likewise proud
To haue the honour him decreed

He speakes as indiffrent, not caring if both parties were ruined.

An argument against the aiding of *Pompey*, and wisely to consider their owne estate.

The humor of true worldlings.

Euill counsell soone folowed

As

As lawfull to act ſuch a deed,
By Sycophants that ſooth his minde,
Whereto *Achillas* was deſign'd.
And to the ſeas ſide they repaire,
A wicked ſhore for this affaire.
O this was that ſame trayterous land,
That borders on the *Caſpian* ſand;
Whereas on *Ægypts* coaſts a ſhelfe
Neere to the Syrts doth ſtretch it ſelfe.
There they a little frigget mand
With armed monſters in a band.
O heauens! how could the riuer *Nyle*
And barbarous *Memphis* ſo defile
Themſelues; and that ſame tender breed,
That the *Canopian* Ile doth feed,
Haue hearts to act ſo vile a deed?
Doth ciuill fate the whole world ſtaine?
Muſt *Roman* Rulers thus be ſlaine?
Doth *Ægypt* ſlaughters new affoord?
Muſt *Pharus* on vs vſe the ſword?
O ciuill warres, to your owne Armes
Reſerue our proper Countries harmes:
And do reuenge your own blood ſpilt,
Chaſe from you odious forraine guilt.
Ifnoble *Pompey* were deſign'd
By *Cæſars* ſword his date to finde,
Durſt *Ptolomy* ſo traiterouſly
Doome one of ſo great name to dye?
And thou *Achillas* halfe a man,
Thou Eunuch whom the world doth ban,
How durſt thou ſo with hands prophane
(Whilſt heauen did thunder) work his bane?
Hee that the world by Armes hath tam'd,
Him that three Triumphes ſo had fam'd,
The Champion of the Senates ſtate,
The victors ſonne-in-law but late.
This might alone for reaſon ſtand
To ſtay the *Pharian* Tyrants hand.
He was a noble *Roman* borne,
With thy ſword muſt our breaſts be torne?

The people about *Nylus* téder and not martiall.

How diſgraceefull it was to *Rome* to haue her Peeres ſlaine by her tributary princes.

Little

Little knowst thou (vnhappy boy)
Little knowst thou thine owne annoy;
How ficklely thy fortune stands,
That by no right now holdst thy lands;
Since him thy wicked sword hath slaine
By whose grace thou didst rule and raine.
¶ Now *Pompey* strooken had his saile,
And in his ship, for more auaile,
His Marriners fell to the Ore,
So to conuey him to the shore.
Thus passing on with his small fleet,
A little Gally did him meet,
That was with wicked villaines mand,
VVith shew to bring him to the land.
Then *Ægypts* kingdome they profest
VVas to his loue and seruice prest.
And therewithall they offer make
That he the benefite would take
Of their small skiffe to come a shore
From his tall ship that could not more,
Nor on those channels safely ride
And very hardly stemme the tide;
By reason that the checking waue
Did with contrary currents raue:
And to all shipping perilous
That on those costs were venterous.
¶ But had not destiny ordain'd
And that which could not be refrain'd,
The doome of the æterne decree,
To which his fate must needs agree;
That *Pompey* to this shore must wend
There to receiue his wofull end.
He wanted not aduice of those
That were his friends, to doubt these foes.
For that if they good faith had meant,
And that the King with true intent
VVould welcome him vnto that land,
Giuen to his sire by *Pompeys* hand.
The Tyrant then with all his fleet
In state with honour would him meet.

He reproues yong *Ptolomy* for this treachery.

Pompey prepares to goe a land in Ægypt

The pretended shew of loue from the Ægyptian king to *Pompey*.

A slight vsed to draw *Pompey* into their skiffe.

Destinie ineuitable.

Pompeys frends aledged a reason of suspition.

But

But he to deſtiny giues way,
And as they wild he did obay.
Leauing his ſhip he their skiffe enters,
And ſcorning feare he death aduenters:
Wherewith *Cornelia* headlong flies
Into the hoſtile skiffe likewiſe,
Seeing her husband ſo gone out
Tranſported with the carefull doubt
That they did plot ſome villany,
And therefore kept him company.
Raſh woman ſtay behind (he ſaid)
And ſo to do his ſonne he praid;
And bids them there aloofe expect
Of this aduenture the effect:
And well obſerue with what faith led
They now will entertaine his head.
But all in vaine he charmes deafe eares,
For now *Cornelia*, mad with feares,
Her hands lifts vp with frighted brow;
Cruell, without me, whither now
Meanſt thou to goe? muſt I againe
In ſolitary ſort remaine,
And reſt the company of thee
Now from *Theſſalian* dangers free?
We wretches neuer ſundred are
But there enſues ſome heauy care.
Why didſt thou not thy ſailes diuart,
And flye into ſome other part,
And leaue me (wretch) in *Lesbos* plac't
If from all lands I muſt be chac't.
Thy company I cannot pleaſe,
But onely on the raging ſeas.
When ſhe in vaine had thus complain'd,
In doubt her owne ſhip-ſide ſhe ſtrain'd.
With dread amaz'd her eyes ſhe rold,
And did not *Pompey* then behold.
Theſe in the ſhippes did doubtfull ſtand
Of *Pompeys* fortune on the land;
Not fearing feare or treachery,
But doubting that too humbly

Cornelia diſtaſteth *Pompeys* aduenture.

Pompeys perſwaſion to his wife & ſonne.

Cornelias words of impatience to *Pompey*.

The counſaile of *Pompeys* friends for his landing.

He

He would that King for aid entreat
To whom he gaue that Regall ſeate.
But as he meant a ſhore to paſſe,
He ſuddenly ſaluted was
By one, a *Roman* ſouldier,
That in a *Pharian* boate drew neere,
Septimius hight (ô heauenly ſhame)
That he his Countrey ſhould defame
One of the guard to *Ptolomey*
As his baſe weapon did diſplay.
His *Roman* pile was ſet aſide,
Fierce, violent, enrag'd with pride:
No ſauage beaſt could him exceed
For ſlaughter, or for bloody deed.
A man would thinke that *Fortune* meant
That ſo much blood ſhould not bee ſpent,
Nor yet ſo many people wrack't,
Becauſe the warre his right hand lack't.
And that his murdrous ſword ſo farre
Was baniſh't the *Pharſalian* warre.
But *Fortune* ſuch thou ſpread'ſt abroad,
That ciuill ſlaughters might be ſtroad
In euery coaſt, to bring defame
Vnto the victors cruell name.
And that thy ſtories iuſt complaint
Should all the *Gods* with ſhame attaint.
So did this *Roman* ſword obay
The King, and *Pompey* thou mayſt ſay,
This *Palean* Princox did not dread
With thine owne ſword to reaue thy head.
And future times ſhall ſtill record
Septimius name to be abhord.
But with what teārmes to be expreſt,
If *Brutus* fact the world deteſt?
Now his laſt houre approached on,
For hee with *Pharian* barge is gone,
And of himſelfe the power had loſt,
The Tyrants monſters him accoſt
With naked ſwords vpon him bent,
And when he ſaw their vile intent,

Septimius, a *Roman* ſouldier, that ſerued *Ptolomy*, deſcribed.

Pompey couers his face with his cloke when hee ſaw the traytors preſſe vpon him.

With weapons preſt to giue the ſtroke,
Vpon his face he throwes his cloke.
Diſdaining that his bared head
To fortune ſhould be offered.
And therwithall he cloſd his eyes,
His ſpirit he ſuppreſt likewiſe,
Becauſe hee would no moanes expreſſe,
Nor teares to make his vertues leſſe.

Pompeys reſolution.

¶ But when *Achillas* (damned wretch)
With murdrous glaiue he made a breach
Into his ſide, with gaping wound:
Nor ſigh nor grone yet did he ſound.
But manfully the ſtroke did bide,
And onely turn'd his face aſide.
And from his place he neuer moues,
But dying ſo himſelfe approues.
And thus reſolues within his thought,
Who then this villany had wrought.
All after times that vs ſucceedes,
And doe record the *Romans* deedes,
This wicked act will not obſcure,
But whilſt the heauen and earth endure
To all parts of the world will flye
This ſippe and *Pharian* perfidie.
But *Pompey* now thy fame intend,
Fate long thee happy life did lend:
And didſt thou not, by dying, trye
The valour that in thee doth lye?
How ſhould men know that as thou liſt
Aduerſity thou couldſt reſiſt?
Giue then no way to others ſhame,
Nor yet this actor onely blame.
Though others hand thy life hath wrack't,
Beleeue it to be *Cæſars* fact.

Achillas and *Septimius* doe murder *Pompey*.

The Authors bitterneſſe in taxing *Cæſar*.

Let them my carkaſſe rent at will,
O Gods I ſhall be famous ſtill!
No power this happineſſe can rend,
Though *Fortune* bee no more my frend,
I am not wretched in my end.
My deere *Cornelia* and my ſonne

Doe see this slaughter on me done,
And therefore *Sorrow* I thee pray,
Shut vp my woes, and all dismay.
But if my wife and sonne see this
With griefe, their loue the greater is.
Such was the fortresse of his minde
Thus stout in death he life resign'd.
¶ But now *Cornelias* patience
Could not so easily dispence
To see this deed on *Pompey* done,
As if her selfe that hap had runne.
So as with wretched sighes and cries,
She dimmes the aire, and filles the skies.
O my deere husband I am she
That thus hath bred the wracke of thee,
When *Lesbos* Isle with fatall stay
Drew thee so farre out of the way.
Then *Cæsars* plots arriu'd before
Thy selfe, on damned *Nylus* shore.
For who else durst take liberty
On thee to shew such cruelty?
But whosoeuer that thou bee
Ordain'd thereto by heauens decree;
Or else by *Cæsars* hest design'd:
Or from thine owne corrupted minde,
Vpon his head such rage to shew;
O cruell! thou dost little know
Where noble *Pompeys* heart doth rest,
Come with thy sword and pierce this breast
That vnto him is vowd and bent
That more then death would him torment
Shew, my head ere his life be spent.
I am not guiltlesse of this warre,
As other *Roman* matrons are;
For neither I vpon the maine,
Nor in the Campe did him refraine.
I stucke to him in misery,
VVhen Kings did shunne his company.
Haue I (O husband) this deeseru'd,
In thy safe ship to be preseru'd?

Cornelias complaint for the murdering of *Pompey*.

A bitter interrogation.

Vngratefull man, thou ſpard'ſt thy wife!
Was I then worthy of my life
When death on thee his force would trye?
No, I in ſpight of Kings will dye.
O Marriners ſtay not my veaze,
Headlong to plunge into the ſeas.
Or with your hands prepare a twine,
That ſtrangle may this throate of mine:
Or ſome one that was *Pompeys* frend,
Come with thy ſword and my life end.
Thou ſhalt doe that for *Pompeys* ſake,
Which *Cæſars* fury elſe will take.
O cruell wights! why ſhould you giue
Me longer life, that loath to liue?
But husband mine, thou art not dead,
Of my ſelfe yet I am not head.
Of theſe, my death I cannot craue,
The victor muſt that honour haue.
So hauing ſaid, amidſt them all
Rapt with a trance, ſhee downe did fall,
And thence was borne in mazed plight
In her owne ſhippe, that then tooke flight.

Cornelia deſires to dye.

¶ But thogh their ſwords from ſide to ſide
Had pierc't him through with gaſhes wide;
Hee ſtill retain'd within his face
A ſweete aſpect and reuerent grace:
His browes againſt the Gods hee bent,
And when his life was gone and ſpent,
Yet in his lookes, or in his cheare,
No change at all there did appeare,
As they themſelues did make report
That ſaw him murdred in that ſort,
For cruell hee *Septimius*,
To make his act more odious,
His ſacred face laid open bare,
The couering vaile hee rent and tare,
And whilſt the head yet breathes with ſweat
Hee takes it vp, and thwart a ſeat
The lithy hanging necke hee puts,
And ſo the veines and ſinewes cuts.

Pompeys ſweet aſpect after he was ſlaine, and lay dead.

Septimius vncouers *Pompeys* face after he was ſlaine, and hackes off his head.

Then

Then long he hackes the knotty bone,
To cut it cleane he Art had none.
But with his hewing that he makes,
From off the corpes the head he takes.
The which *Achillas* from him teares,
And in his hand it proudly beares.
O *Roman* Souldier, ſlauiſh baſe,
That woulds thy ſelfe ſo much diſgrace
To be an vnderling to ſuch.
For ſince thy hand had done ſo much
Vpon that head of ſo great fame,
Thou ſhouldſt thy ſelfe haue borne the ſame.
O ſhamefull Fates! this boyiſh King,
When they to him the head did bring,
That he might know his manly looke
The ſame in his right hand he tooke,
And by the haire he did it hold,
Thoſe reuerent lockes now hoary old,
That had ſo many Kings controld,
And ſhadowed his comely brow,
This noble head he pitcheth now
Vpon a *Pharian* ſharpned ſtake,
Whilſt yet with life the cheekes did quake.
And whilſt with throbs the ſpirits beat,
And ere the eyes were throughly ſet.
So was this honored head abuſd,
That neuer peace for warre refuſd.
The Countries lawes, the armed field,
And *Roſtrum* did him reuerence yeeld.
That noble face, that braue aſpect
The *Romane* fortune did affect.
But yet this wicked Tyrants heart
Was not ſuffiſd with this vile part,
For he deſires his villany
Might goe beyond his perfidy:
And when they cleanſd his head and braines,
So as no humors ſhould remaine
To putrifie, then Art they vſe
To keepe the face, and balme enfuſe.
¶ Thou off-ſpring laſt degenerate

Achillas vſeth *Septimius* baſely, and takes the head from him.

Ptolomy viewes *Pompeys* head, holding it by the haire.

Pompeys head borne on a ſtake by the Ægyptians.

Pompeys head embalmed, & preſerued to be preſented *Ceſar*.

Meaning *Cleopatra*, Queene of Ægypt, after *Ptolomy* her brother.

Of *Lagus* line, art neere thy date:
For thy inceſtious ſiſters hand
Shall reaue thy ſcepter and thy land.
Muſt *Pompeys* corpes with ſo great ſcorne
Lye on the ſands mangled and torne;
And thence be caſt from ſide to ſide
Againſt the rockes with euery tide?
Whilſt that thy *Macedonian* race
In ſacred ſepulchers haue place:
And that their aſhes quiet reſt,
With Graues and Monuments poſſeſt;
And damned ghoſts of wicked mood
Come from the *Ptolomean* brood,
Be cloſd in Pyramids of fame,
And with *Mauſolas* worthy frame.
Was it a worke of ſo great paine
To let the corpes entire remaine,
That *Cæſar* might behold it plaine?
Hath *Fortune*, after all her ſmiles,
Thus *Pompey* foyl'd with her laſt guiles?
Are all thoſe glories him aſſignd,
Shut vp with death of ſuch a kinde?
O cruell dame! muſt all thy threapes
Fall all on him at once in heapes,
That neuer earſt did feele miſ-happe,
But alwayes dandled in thy lappe?
Pompey is hee that this can ſay
Hee neuer yet ſaw lucky day,
Mingled with any croſſe diſmay.
His happy fate without ſtoppe goes,
None of the Gods did it oppoſe.
But when his ruine was decreed,
They laid on load, and made quicke ſpeed.
Fortune ſometimes did him aduance,
And by the hand leades him in dance.
But now on ſands hee lyes ore-flowne,
And on the rockes with billowes throwne.
And as a ſcorne in ſeas is drownd,
Where waues make gutters through each wound:
No forme in him is to bee found.

He inueighs againſt *Ptolomy* for not bringing *Pompeys* body.

Pompey neuer vnfortunate, but now at his laſt, after the battaile of *Pharſalia*.

Pompey

Pompey hath no marke to be knowne,
But that his corps a head hath none.
¶ And yet before the Conqueror
Arriued on the *Pharian* ſhore,
Fortune for *Pompey* tooke ſome care
And did in haſt his tombe prepare,
Whereby he ſhould not want a graue,
Although no fitting buriall haue.
For *Codrus* that there hidden lay,
Came fearefully downe to the bay.
This man that crept ſo from his den,
Was one of *Pompeys* hapleſſe men,
And lately made his Treaſurer,
When they put from the *Cyprus* ſhore.
He durſt come out in darke of night,
And loue vnto his feare gaue might.
To ſeeke the body in the maine,
To bring it to the land againe,
And to the ſhore his *Pompey* traine.
The Moone a little glimmering lent,
Which through the duskie clouds ſhe ſent
Whereby the body he diſcouerd,
That with a differing colour houered
Vpon the waues, that ſtrugling make,
When in his armes he did him take,
And being tired with the fraight,
He hop't the waue would lift the waight.
The which it did, and with that aid
The corps he to the ſhore conuaide.
And on the land where it lay drie
Vpon the body he did lie,
And wailing there twixt griefe and feares,
He euery wound did fill with teares,
And to the Gods and ſtars in skies,
He thus poures out his wofull cries.
¶ Thy *Pompey* doth not of thee craue
O Fortune, any glorious graue,
Nor yet that gums of pleaſant ſent
Vpon his funerall be ſprent,
Nor that the fat his members yeelds,
Mixt with the drugs of Eaſterne fields

A ſtrange marke to be knowne by.

Codrus Pompeys ſeruant entends a funerall fire for his maſters body whē he had found it.

Codrus complaint againſt Fortune,

With orders ſhould perfume that aire,
Which ſmoaking to the skies repaire.
Nor that with loue the *Romans* led,
To their deare parent being dead.
Should him vpon their ſhoulders place,
His day of funeral to grace.
Nor that the pompe of his laſt date
Should all exceed in glorious ſtate.
Nor that the court with heauie notes,
Should ſinging ſtraine their wailing throtes.
Nor that the armie in a file
Should march about the flaming pile,
And throw their weapons down the while.
Giue *Pompey* but a common cheſt,
Wherein his bones may ſafely reſt,
And that his rent torne lims may burne
Together, and to aſhes turne.
And that I miſerable wight,
This to performe may want no might,
A worthleſſe man his fire to light.
It is enough ô Gods diuine,
That there is wanting at his ſhrine
Cornelia with diſheueled treſſe,
And that ſhe cannot here expreſſe
Poore ſoule, to him her lateſt vowes,
With deare embracements of her ſpouſe.
And on his face her teares deplore,
Though farre ſhee be not from this ſhore.
¶ As ſoone as he theſe words had ſpoke
Farre off he ſpide a fire and ſmoke,
VVhere ſome baſe body was a burning,
VVithout attendance, or friends mourning.
From thence ſome fire he takes away,
And brands that with the body lay.
VVho ſo thou art (quoth he) that heere
Neglected burnſt, to no man deare,
Then *Pompey* yet thou happier art
Be not diſpleaſed for thy part,
That my laſt hands do thus beguile,
Some portion of thy funerall pile.

And if that any sence remaine
In mortals that deaths dart hath slaine.
Then giue me leaue I thee desire,
To take this pittance from thy fire.
I shame to see thy Cinders burne,
Whilst fire shall want for *Pompeys* vrne.
So said the kindled brands he takes,
And for the corpes a fire he makes,
Which then the tide had well neare reacht
But some part on the strand lay streacht.
From it the sands he wipes away,
And then together he doth lay
The broken fragments of a boate,
(With fearefull hand) which there did floate
In a foule ditch somewhat remote.
No heaped stacke of oaken piles,
These noble lims did presse the whiles,
Vnder the corps no wood was laid,
But to this slender flame conuaid
A loft the body burning staid.
¶ He sitting downe hard by the flame
Thus said, O Captaine great of name,
Chiefe maiestie of *Roman* fame.
If that the tossing of the seas,
And no graue would thee better please
Then this poore obsequie of mine,
Let thy braue spright and soule diuine,
These my endeauours nought esteeme,
But iniury of Fate it deeme.
That I haue thought this lawfull done,
Thereby thy bodies spoiles to shun.
From monsters of the raging waues.
And from those beasts on flesh that raues,
And from the vultures greedy mawes,
And from the wrath of *Cæsars* pawes,
Therefore in worth accept of me
This last fire that I offer thee,
If so it with thy honor stand,
Now kindled with a *Roman* hand,
But if that Fortune do recoyle,

Codrus makes hard shift for fuell and fire to bury Pompeys body.

Codrus speech to Pompeys ghost whileſt the body was burning.

And bring thy friends to *Latium* ſoyle,
Thy ſacred *Cyndars* may find grace
To be lodg'd in a worthier place,
So as *Cornelia*, *Pompeys* ſpouſe
May yeeld to thee more glorious vowes.
And with my helpe that now thee burne,
May put thy cinders in an vrne.
Meane while to ſhew where is thy graue,
Some litte ſtone a marke ſhall haue;
Vpon this ſhore, that if ſome frend
Thy greater honor do intend,
And would thy death more eternize,
He may know where thy body lies.
And to great *Pompey* here laid dead,
He may againe reſtore the head.
Thus hauing ſaid, doth fuell adde
To this ſmall fire that burnes ſo ſad.
And then the fat that in it fries,
Doth cauſe the flame aloft to riſe,
And to the fire giue freſh ſupplies.
By this *Auroras* bluſhing face,
The glittring ſtars away did chace.
And he poore ſoule with maze afright,
Diſorderly breakes of this right,
And in a corner ſhuns the light.

Codrus hauing performed his laſt office to his maiſter, hides himſelfe again

¶ Vaine man what feare doth thee diſtract
For thy performance of this act,
Whereby vnto all future dayes,
Thy fame with honor thou doſt raiſe,
Since wicked *Caeſar* will commend
Theſe bones ſo buried by a frend?
Go ſafely and deſire to haue
The head likewiſe to lay in graue.
For pietie bids thee not ſhun,
To end this duttie well begun.
Then doth he take theſe bones halfe burnd
And members not to aſhes turnd,
Which he together doth diſpoſe,
And in a little pit incloſe.
Then leſt the wind the ſand ſhould raiſe

Vpon

Vpon the graue a stone he layes.
And that no Marriners should bind
Their Cable where this stone they find
About the same, and it displace,
Vpon the top he did inchace
The sacred name with a burnt brand,
Pompey lies buried in this sand.
Where *Cæsar* rather would he lay,
Then want his graue or funerall day.
But ô rash hand that dost suppose,
In such a sepulcher to close
Great *Pompey* and his wandring ghost,
That rangeth ouer euery coast,
As farre as any land extends,
And to the vtmost Oceans ends.
The Empire large and name of *Rome*,
The true tipe is of *Pompeys* tombe.
Remoue this stone for very shame,
Which to the Gods imputeth blame.
If *Hercules* must needs haue all,
Mount *Oete* for his funerall,
And *Bacchus* must with like accompt
Take all *Parnassus* sacred mount.
Why then should one *Egyptian* stone
Suffise for *Pompeys* tombe alone.
All *Egypt* should stand for his graue,
If no stone his inscription haue,
We *Romans* shalbe still in dread,
Lest we on *Pompeys* ashes tread,
When we do range about those lands,
And doubt to march on *Nylus* sands.
But if so reuerent a name
Thou wilt inscribe vpon the same,
His noble acts therewith consort,
His great atchieuements of import.
And there to that rebellious jarre,
That he suppreſt in th'*Alpyn* warre
VVhen as proud *Lepidus* conspirde
And how a Consull he retirde,
Cald backe when he had put to foyle,

Codrusburyes the cinders & layes a stone with an inscription on it.

Hercules and Bacchustomb

A breefe recitall of Pōpeys noble acts.

Ser-

Setorrius in his *Spaniſh* broyle.
When for it he in Triumphs pride,
Through *Rome* with great applauſe did ride.
And how he gaue the world commerce,
When he the pirats did diſperſe.
Adde thereunto the nations wonne,
And the *Barbarians* ouerrunne.
With whatſoeuer in the Eaſt,
Or in the Northerne parts did reſt,
Shew that he euer armes laid downe
His conqueſt done; and tooke the gowne,
That thrice he had in Triumphs ſate,
And gaue great ſpoyles vnto the ſtate.
What graue can this mans worth containe
His tombe lies leuell with the plaine.
His wretched hearſe thou doſt not raiſe
With titles equall to his praiſe,
Nor yet thoſe holy orders write,
That *Roman* Callenders recite.
Which on the ſtately pillars ſtand,
Of Gods the Patrons of our land.
Nor with thoſe glorious trophees grac't,
That are on temples arches plac't.
The baſenes of Pompeys Tombe. Alas our *Pompeys* ſepulcher,
Leuels the *Egypt* ſands ſo neare,
And lies ſo flat vpon the ſhore,
To reade it men muſt ſtooping pore.
Which any *Roman* that goes by,
But being told will hardly ſpy.
¶ We were not cautious as we ought
Of that *Cumana Sybill* wrote,
Sybilla Cumana her prophetes. Who warn'd vs in all ciuill broyle,
To ſhun the harmes of *Egypts* ſoyle,
And that no *Roman* chieftaine ſhould
Come neare to *Nyles Peluſian* mould,
But ſhun that ſommer ſwelling ſhore.
What diſmall fate may I implore,
Againſt that cruell land that durſt
Attempt and act this deed accurſt.
Let *Nylus* bacward bend his head

And stay whereas his spring is bred
And let this parched soile remaine
VVithout all helpe of winters raine,
And let such burning heates it rost,
As fries the *Æthiopian* coast,
Thy *Isis* *Aegypt*, for thy sake,
We did into *Romes* temple take;
And curriſh *Demigods* withall,
On whom with Cymbals you do call,
And thou *Osyris* whom with plaint,
As but a man your selues depaint.
But *Egypt* thou in scorne dost hold
Our spirits in base dustie mould,
And thy selfe *Rome* that with such state
Didst those braue Temples dedicate
Vnto the wicked Tyrants name,
Hast not yet ask't, for feare of blame,
The ashes of thy *Pompey* slaine,
VVhose ghost doth banisht still remaine.
And though at first that fearefull age
VVere ouer-awd by *Cæsars* rage,
Yet now take vnto thee at last
Thy *Pompeys* bones, since feare is past.
Except that the encroaching maine,
Do them and all that shoare detaine.
Else who needs doubt his graue to turne,
VVith sacred rites to grace his vrne.
O would that deed were made my taske,
And *Rome* at my hands would it aske!
O happy I and too much blest,
Might I remoue that sacred chest
And bring the same to rest in *Rome*,
If lawfull tis to force his tombe!
¶ But yet ô *Pompey* it may chance,
That if ill seasons dearth aduance,
Or that contagious plagues oppresse,
Or fearefull fires should *Rome* distresse,
Or earthquakes put vs in a fright,
These miseries to banish quite;
Vnto the Gods we make request,

A curse against Egypt

Isis the wife of Osiris one of the Egyptian Gods.

Meaning Cæsar, whom they accompted a tyrant for taking such power to him ouer the Empire.

The Authors loue to Pompeys merit.

And thereupon by their beheſt,
Thou maiſt againe to *Rome* returne
To expiate theſe with thy vrne.
And that the chiefe Prieſt we ſhall call
To beare thee to thy funerall,
But now what paſſenger goes by
Syenen that the heates do frie,
Of *Cancers* parched torryd zoane;
Or vnto whom is *Nylus* knowne,
That coſts her *Thæbas* burning ſands,
Which vnder ſhowring *Plyades* ſtands:
Or who the red Seas gulffe doth trade,
Or trafficks vſing to be made,
About the rich *Arabian* ports,
Or elſe for marchandiſe conſorts,
With thoſe that come from Eaſtern ſhore,
But *Pompeys* graue he will explore.
And ſeeke to ſee that reuerent ſtone
That lies his low lodg'd tombe vpon.
And turne a ſide out of the way,
To ſee thy cynders if he may,
That on the ſands perhaps do ſtray,
And therewithall will take delight
To ſacrifice vnto thy ſpright,
And will thy worthie name preferre
Before the *Caſsian Iupiter.*
So as this little paltery ſhrine,
Will more aduance that fame of thine,
Then if thou hadſt a Tombe of gold,
Such as our Temples vſe to hold,
For here interred lies with thee
The Fortune of *Romes* libertie.
So as a farre more happie ſtone,
The *Lybicke* waues ſhall beate vpon,
Then are thoſe Altars to be priſde,
Whereon the victor ſacrifiſde.
For thoſe that often are ſo bold,
Their incenſe offrings to withhold,
From the *Tarpeian* Deities
Will ſhew their loues and charities.

Pópeys graue ſtands in the high way of thoſe that trade frō many nations.

Romes liberty buried with Pompey.

Vnto

Vnto the ſhrine of thy ſweete ſoule,
Here raked vp in this duske hole.
¶ Hereof the fame of future dayes,
More glory vnto thee will raiſe,
Then if thy monument were built
With ſtately marbles caru'd and guilt.
And that the meaſure of thy graue,
A huger height and ſcope might haue.
For now a little time will chace
Thy heaped cinders from this place,
When as theſe ſands away ſhall fall,
That couer now thy buriall.
Aud ſo the knowledge will decay,
How thou camſt to thy fatall day.
Then ages happier will liue,
Which will no truſt nor credit giue
To any, that this ſtone ſhall ſhow,
Which yet the world ſo well doth know.
But *Egypt* will diſproue this reed,
Vnto her children that ſucceed,
And make the Death and Tombe likewiſe,
Of *Pompey* but ſuch tales and lies,
As were thoſe of the *Cretan* Ile,
Whence thundring *Ioue* doth take his ſtyle.

The authour meanes here that if Pompy had no tõbe at all, & the place of his ſepulcher forgotté, that then future ages wold (by conſidering his acts) thin ke he were deified.

The Ægyptiãs will obſcure this vile treachery from their ſucceſſors, & report ſo of Pompey as the Cretans did of Iupiter.

Finis libri octaui.

Lucans Pharſalia.

The ninth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

FRom Earth great Pompeys *bleſſed ſpright,*
Vnto the heauens doth take his flight.
Cato *the remnants of the hoſt*
Tranſports vnto the Lybian *coſt.*
Cornelia *wailing, grieues and mournes,*
And Pompeys *robes to aſhes burnes.*
Cnæus *his ſonne reuenge intends:*
Cato *his noble minde commends.*
The ſaylers fall to mutinie,
whom Catos *ſpeech doth qualifie.*
About the Syrtes *his nauie trades:*
And Lybia *then his hoaſt inuades.*
Thence through the wilderneſſe he trends:
And vnto Hamons *Temple wends.*
Cæſar Pharſalia *now forſakes,*
And towards Nyle *his iourney takes.*
where Pompeys *head they him preſent:*
The which with teares he doth lament.

Pompeys ſoule receiued into the lower ſpheres.

BVt yet the ſoule aloft aſpires,
And ſtaid not in the *Pharian* fires.
Such flames could not his bleſſed ſpright
Reſtraine from their high mounting flight.

But

But from the funerall it flits,
And those halfe burned members quits;
That base vnworthy tombe it leaues,
The thundring vault the same receaues.
Whereas the duskie aire confines
Next to the orbes that lowest shines;
And where the distance spacious
Is spread betweene the Moone and vs.
Where soules and demi-gods doe dwell,
Whose shining vertues did excell:
And vpright liues did them prepare,
In this low element to share.
Whereas his blessed ghost it reares
To rest in the eternall spheres.
Those come not thither that are plac't
In perfum'd tombes beguilt and chac't.
And when he was in this faire seate
With ioyous perfect light repleat;
He viewes the wandring starres in skies,
And fixed planets Markes likewise:
And sees (in value of that light)
Our brightest dayes are but as night.
And of those scornes he makes but mirth,
That they doe to his Trunke on earth.
From hence *Emathias* field hee eyes,
And *Cæsars* bloody Ensignes spies.
Then flittes hee ouer all the maine,
Where flotes the spar'ed Nauies traine:
Then sits in *Brutus* sac'ed breast,
Where for this guilt reuenge doth rest.
And thence hee flittes: place to finde,
In worthy *Catos* dreadlesse minde.

Pompeys soule contemplates the earthly passages.

¶ He (whilst the strife in doubt depended,
And that the question was not ended,
Whom this sterne ciuill warre would call
To bee the supreame Lord of all)
Did *Pompey* hate; although his part
He tooke, as fellow in this Mart;
Led thereto for his Countries cause,
And to obserue the Senates Lawes.

Cato disliked *Pompey.*

But when *Pharſalias* field was fought,
Then *Pompeys* courſe did rule his thought:
And into his protection takes
His countrey, that a guider lacks:
Cato takes on him the protection of his comely. And to their fearefull hands affords
Weapons againe, that left their ſwords.
But neither ſeeking ſoueraigntie,
Nor that he fear'd ſeruilitie,
Did he new ciuill warres erect,
It was not for his owne reſpect,
But (after *Pompey* loſt his life)
For libertie was all their ſtrife.
And (leſt that *Cæſar* might inueſt
Himſelfe, of all the troopes diſtreſt
By his ſurpriſes ſuddenly,
After his gained victorie.
They being ſo diſperſt in rout
Through all the countrey round about)
He to *Corcyra* did reſort,
And thither to a ſecret port,
He all the ſcattered fragments led,
That from *Emathias* ſlaughter fled.
A thouſand ſhips he fill'd with theſe,
And thence he put vnto the ſeas.
¶ Who would haue thought the ſcattred traines
That of *Pharſalias* wracke remaines,
Suffiſd ſo many ſhips to fill?
Or that the Seas were ſtuffed ſtill
Cato aſſembles all the ſcattred Romans of Pharſalia. With ſuch a fleet, prepar'd for Mart,
Belonging to the conquered part,
Hence he to *Malean Doris* goes,
And vnto *Tenerus*, that ſhowes
The way to hell; and therewithall,
On the *Cytherean* coſt doth fall.
And ſo alongſt he leaueth *Creete*,
Catoes Nauie and his nauigation. The Northwind driuing on his fleete.
And (vrged by the ſhrinking tides)
Dictæan ſhores he ouer ſlides.
Thence to *Phycunta* he reſorts,
That held his nauie from their ports.

But

But puts that Towne to great distresse,
And sackes it, that deseru'd no lesse.
Thence did a fitting winde procure
Him to thy shore, O *Palinure*;
For thou dost not alone retaine
Thy monuments on *Latium* maine:
But *Lybia's* quiet ports do tell,
They pleas'd the *Troian* Pilot well.
Then they aloofe a fleet descride,
Which did with doubts their minds diuide;
Whether it did consist of foes,
Or of the fellowes of their woes.
The victors great celerity
Still held them in perplexity:
And what ships on the seas they see,
They still thought *Cæsar* there to bee.
But those poore hulles alas did beare
Nothing, but wofull plaints and feare:
Yea such as mournfull sobbes might wrest
From Stoicke *Cato's* hardned breast.
¶ For after that (with vaine request)
Cornelia had her Pilots prest,
And son-in-law (that would away)
A longer time neere *Nyle* to stay;
Becausse her husbands Corpes shee thought
Might to the weltring waues bee brought
By surges of the raging maine,
That on the *Pharean* shore did straine.
For proofe whereof shee said withall,
His corpes had no right buriall.
Of Fortune then (quoth shee) was I
So worthlesse that thou shouldst deny
Mee meanes, and leaue for to attend
My husband at his funerall end?
And on the cold limbes of my spouse
To stretch my armes with lateſt vowes?
And my torne lockes with him to burne,
And place those ashes in an vrne
That now the waues doe tosse and turne.
And that I might powre floods of teares

Palinurus, Æneas Pilot.

Cornelia desires to stay on the Ægyptian coast.

Into

Into thoſe wounds his body beares?
And on my garments caſt at once
The hot burnt cinders of his bones?
And whatſoeuer lawfull were
From out his funerall to beare,
With my hands might be gathered,
In Temples of the Gods to ſpread?
But out alas his funerall
No flaming honour had at all;
Perhaps ſome hand of *Pharos* coſt
Perform'd that act, griefe to his ghoſt.
O *Craſſian* cinders yee were bleſt,
That ſtill vncouered doe reſt!
For ſeeing *Pompey* had that flame,
The Gods repute it greater blame.
Shall my hard deſtiny ſtill finde
Such diſmall woes to vex my minde?
Shall neuer I the fortune haue
To lay my husbands in a graue?
Nor preſent be when as they dye,
To fill their vrnes with flowing eye?
But what need I ſeeke them a graue,
Or inſtruments (O griefe) to craue?
Vaine woman, doth not *Pompey* reſt
Intombed in thy faithfull breaſt?
Doth not his image fixt remaine
In thy grieu'd ſoule, and euery vaine?
Let after ages then (for me)
Seeke where his cinders ſcattred be.
Yet now me ſeemes I ſee his fire
With a malignant flame aſpire.
And ſomething dazles in mine eyes,
That from the *Pharian* ſhore doth riſe,
That to thee (*Pompey*) doth pertaine,
And now that flame is oue againe;
And yeelds a ſmoake that *Pompey* beares
In vapours to the Eaſterne ſpheres.
Whilſt ſpitefull windes do me betray,
And beares our ſailes another way.
No lands by *Pompey* conquered,

To bee buried in that treacherous land was a diſhonor to *Pompey*.

The land where *Pompey* is interred, deerer to *Cornelia* then any other land.

Nor

Nor where his triumphes Carres were led
Alongst the streetes (with glorious bayes)
To the high *Capitolean* wayes,
More deere to me (since reft my breast)
Then *Pharian* sands where he doth rest.
Tis *Pompey* I would haue so faine,
Whom *Nylus* doth from me detaine.
And that makes me not loath to stay
Longer, within this wicked bay.
The heynous fact that I deplore,
Is that, that now adornes this shore.
If euer I did *Pompey* loue,
I would not from this coast remoue.
¶ Do thou (O *Sextus*) warres pursue,
And ouer all the world renew
The Ensignes of thy famous fire:
Such was his will and his desire,
That he in charge to me did giue;
Which words within my soule still liue,
Pronounced with his latest breath,
The houre that queld me with his death.
My sonnes, see that you vndergoe
This ciuill warre against our foe,
Whilst any of our name or birth
Remaines aliue vpon the earth,
Admit not *Cæsars* tyranny,
Moue states that stand for liberty,
And mighty Townes that doe the same,
And him resist with glorious fame.
These parts to you I recommend:
These Armes I would you should entend.
Which of my sonnes the seas likes best,
Shall finde a Nauy ready prest.
My heire likewise (in following Mart)
Shall Nations finde to take his part.
Onely remember that you beare
True noble mindes deuoyd of feare.
And know tis fit that you obay
Onely to *Cato*, if he sway
For liberty, and hold that way.

Cornelia perswades *Sextus* to Armes.

Cornelia deliuers *Pompeys* words and charge to his sonnes.

O *Pompey!* thus doe I diſcarge
Thy truſt, and tell thy will at large.
But thy deceits haue done me wrong,
Forſaken thus, I liue too long:
And yet will not with perfidy
Forbeare thy words to teſtifie.
But now deere ſpouſe, where ſo thou be,
I am reſolu'd to follow thee
To *Chaos* vaſt, and vnto hell
(If ſuch there bee, as old ſawes tell)
But yet to me it is vnſure
How long this life of mine ſhall dure.
And therefore anguiſh ſhall preuent
My liuing ſoule, from my ſoule ſent.
And ſince to death it could not flye,
When (*Pompey*) it thy wounds did eye,
With griefe and wailings ſhee ſhall dye.
In bitter teares ſhe ſhall be drownd,
The ſword ſhall not our dayes confound,
No ſtrangling halter will I trye,
Nor head-long breake-necke from an hye:
For me twere baſe to want the might
By ſorrowes ſtraine to leaue this light.
¶ So hauing ſaid, her noble head
With a blacke vaile ſhe ouer-ſpred:
And then retires her to the darke
In hollow cauernes of the barke.
And there vnto her ſelfe enioyes
Her reſtleſſe teares, and griefes annoyes;
And onely (in her husbands place)
Doth woes and wofull plaints embrace.
Shee ſcornes the raging ſeas and clouds,
And *Eurus* whiſtling in the ſhrowds,
And cries that Mariners doe make,
When they with dreadfull dangers quake.
To theirs ſhe makes contrary vowes:
Reſolu'd to dye, ſhe ſtormes allowes.
Her ſhip firſt ſeiz'd the *Cyprus* ſhores,
Whereas the thundring billowes rores.
And then to ſea they put anew,

Here he ſpeaks according to the opinion of *Seneca*, with whom hee was brought vp.

Cornelias ſolitary griefes.

With

With Eaſterne winde that calmer blew.
And lighted on the *Lybicke* Land,
Where that time *Cato's* Campe did ſtand.
Then wofull *Cnæus* did eſpy
His countrey fellowes, proaching nye
The *Affricke* coaſt, and as thoſe mindes
That dread afflicts, preſages findes;
When he his brother *Sextus* ſaw,
Neere to the ſeas ſtrand he doth draw,
And head-long wades into the maine.
Deere brother now to me explaine
Where is our Sire, and in what plight
Stands our affaires? are we of might
As yet, or elſe abandon'd quite?
Hath *Pompey Romes* laſt fortune tride?
So ſaid, his brother thus replide.
¶ O happy thou whom *Fortune* guided
To other coaſts, from vs diuided!
Thou onely miſeries ſhalt heare,
Whereof mine eyes the witneſſe were
When on the ſword our father dide,
Though *Cæſars* hand he hath not tride.
The Author of his funerall
Deſerues by ruines rage to fall.
With that vile King, that in his hands
Doth hold the fruitfull *Nylus* lands.
He hop't ſome due reſpects to finde
Of Hoſpitatious friendly kinde;
For many fauours of his loue
That this Kings anceſtors did proue.
But (for requitall of that Realme)
As ſacrifice his blood they ſtreame.
Whilſt I alas beheld (with paine)
Our noble Father by them ſlaine.
Whereas I thought that *Pharian* King
Durſt not attempt ſo foule a thing.
But did preſume that *Nylus* land
Would loyally vnto him ſtand.
But neither me, the old mans wounds,
Nor his ſhed bloud ſo much confounds,

Cornelias fleete arriues on *Lybia*, where *Cato* was incamped

Cnæus Pompeius words to his brother *Sextus*

Sextus anſwere to his brother.

As

As when we ſaw his head forlorne,
Throughout the traytors Citty borne,
Fixt on a lofty pole in ſcorne.
And now tis kept (by fames report)
The wicked victors eyes to ſport.
And ſo the tyrant feedes his minde
For this foule fact high grace to finde.
But whether that the *Pharian* dogges,
The rauenous foules, or filthy hogges,
Haue with the body fild their maw?
Or whether that the fire we ſaw
To cinders did the ſame conuart,
I doe not know? but for my part
I ſay, what euer fatall ſcorne
Thoſe worthy limbes away haue borne;
The blame vnto the Gods I giue,
But his kept head me moſt doth grieue.
When *Cnæus* heard this heauy newes,
He did not then his griefes infuſe
With childiſh teares, nor idle plaint,
But with iuſt piety attaint
Inrag'd, thus ſpeakes with words not faint.

Cnæus reply, & ſpeeches of reuenge for his father ſo murdred.

¶ Yee mariners, with haſte lay hands
To draw your ſhips from theſe dry ſands,
And with your oares, (without a ſaile)
Againſt the aduerſe windes preuaile:
Braue leaders now come follow me,
No ciuill warre can iuſter be;
Nor ſo great praiſe as to interre
Their naked ghoſts, that wandring erre.
This tyrant boyes blood muſt ſuffiſe
Great *Pompeys* ghoſt for ſacrifice.
Shall I his *Pelean* Towres not drowne,
And all thoſe monuments throw downe,
That ouer *Alexander* ſtands
In *Mareotis* foggy ſands?
And raze to ground the *Pyramis*,
Their monument of *Amaſis*?
And make all thoſe their buried Kings
To ſwim in midſt of *Nylus* ſprings?

They

They all shall want and naked lye,
(*Pompey*) thy Tombe to edifie.
Isis shall now bee rap't with fire,
Whose God-head Nations do admire.
And their *Osyris* (clad in vaile
Of linnen) common slaues shall traile.
And *Apis*, their Bull-god, I'le burne
A sacrifice to *Pompeys* vrne.
Vnder his head these Gods shall lye
Wherewith the funerall shall frye.
These wrackes that wretched land shall taste:
Their fruitfull fields I will lay waste,
None left to plow, to digge or plant,
For *Nylus* to relieue their want.
None shall subsist, nor her gifts take,
Depopulate I will her make.
Thou onely *Pompey*, and thy graue,
That Kingdome to thy selfe shalt haue,
When all their Gods away are chac't.
Thus said, the Nauy then in hast
Prepares it selfe vnto the seas;
But *Cato* did the wrath appease
Of this braue youth; yet in the end
His noble spirit did commend.

Cato appeaseth the wrath of yong *Cneus*.

¶ Meane while through all the coast is spred
The bruit of *Pompey* murdered.
And therewithall a grieuous shout
Of cries, did flye the aire about.
No griefe did like example show:
For neuer any age did know
The people to such plaints to fall,
For any great mans death at all.
But more, for as *Cornelia* went
Out of her ship to make discent
Her visage worne, and wast with teares,
And dangling tresse about her eares,
A doubled shout the people reares.
No sooner was she set a land,
Whereas the shore was next at hand:
But *Pompeys* robes she gets together,

The great lamentations of the people for *Pompey*.

Cornelias great piety towards *Pompey*

His Ensignes, and else whatsoeuer
Of Armes, or like abiliments,
And all such glorious ornaments
(Richly imbrodered all with gold)
As he was wont to weare of old.
Then (three times casting vp her eyes
Vnto the heauens, and starry skies)
All this together she did cast
Into a funerall fire at last.
These cinders she (poore soule) did make
The which she kept for *Pompeys* sake,
Whereby the rest example take.
For presently, throughout the shore,
Of sacred fires were made huge store:
Which they vnto those ghosts did yeeld
Late slaine in the *Pharsalian* field.
Such flames doe the *Apulians* raise
When as the frosty winter daies
Their fields of greene grasse hath depriu'd;
And with such heate is new reuiu'd.
So the *Gargarians* vse their grounds.
So *Vulturs* vales with corne abounds.
And luke-warme *Matyns* vse like slight,
With boxen bushes flaming bright.

The custome of some countries in burning their lands to make them fruitful

¶ Nothing was done in all the host
More gratefull vnto *Pompeys* ghost,
(Although for him the heauens they blame,
And to the Gods vpbraid his name)
Then were the words *Cato* expresst,
Proceeding from a spotlesse brest.
A Citizen (quoth he) is queld,
That others heretofore exceld
For skill in scanning of the lawes;
But in this age for Iustice cause
He profited the *Roman* state:
His reuerence chased dire debate.
Freedome he aw'd not with his might,
But euermore subscrib'd to right.
In priuate sort he actions swayd,
Although the people him obay'd.

Catos Oration in the praise of *Pompey.*

And

And though the Senate hee directed,
Yet to their power himselfe subiected:
By armed force hee nought effected.
What to obtaine his heart was bent,
To bee deny'd he was content.
Great wealth and honors he possest;
But did the state with more invest.
Though to his sword they gaue renowne,
Yet knew hee when to lay it downe.
Hee Armes beyond the Gowne approu'd,
Yet na'thlesse Armed peace hee lou'd.
Hee Armies willingly receaues,
And all as willingly them leaues.
A ciuill house from ryot free,
No fortunes gain'd by briberie.
With forraine Nations hee had fame,
Who reu'renced his noble name.
And in like grace at home hee stood,
For seruice to his Countries good.
The constant course of liberty
Was subiect to seruility,
When they receiu'd in Rome *againe*
The Marian *and the* Syllan *traine.*
So, seeing *Pompey* is bereft
No shew of freedome now is left.
Men doe not blush at tyranny:
No colour now of Empery:
None weigh the Senates Maiesty.
O happy *Pompey* to be dead
As soone as thou wert conquered!
And that the *Pharian* guilt thee brought
That sword, which else thou must haue sought!
If not thou mightst haue liu'd perchance
Vnder proud *Cæsars* gouernance.
To dare to dye is high grace gain'd,
And next to that, to be constrain'd.
But if that Fortune so betide,
We must be thralles to tyrants pride.
Then Fortune grant, that *Iuba* bee
Another *Ptolomey* to mee.

What need I feare my foe to ſerue,
When death can me from that preſerue?
¶ Theſe words did greater glory raiſe
In all mens eares to *Pompeys* praiſe,
Then if the Theaters had ſounded
With plaudits, ecchos that rebounded:
Whereby the honor of his end
Did to his gentle ſoule aſcend.
But now the people mutter rumors,
And fall into diſcordant humors.
For warres and Armes they doe deteſt:
Since *Pompey* in his graue did reſt,
And *Tarchon* then did vndertake
Catos new Enſignes to forſake.
He with the ſhipping ſuddenly
That vtmoſt rode, away did flye:
Whom *Cato* thus did vilefie.

Catos words to *Tarchon* a Seaman.

O greedy *Cilix* moſt vntrue,
Wilt thou the ſeas go ſcoure anew,
Now *Pompey* is by fortune ſlaine?
Muſt thou turne Pirate once againe?
Then of them all he takes a view,
That mutin'd in this rogiſh crew:
Mongſt whom one lad did courage take,
And to the chiefetaine boldly ſpake.

The oration of one of the ſeamen to *Cato*.

Cato (quoth he) diſcharge vs now,
Our faith to *Pompey* we did vow:
For his ſake we did take vp Armes,
And not for loue of ciuill harmes.
In his behalfe we did our parts;
But he is dead that held our hearts.
He whom the world lou'd more then peace,
With whom our cauſe of warre doth ceaſe.
Permit vs now to leaue to roame
To ſee our houſhold Gods at home,
That we ſo long time haue forborne,
And our ſweet children thus forlorne.
For what date ſhall this warre vs yeeld,
If that *Pharſalias* bloody field,
Nor *Pompes* death can giue it end,
Our liues in endleſſe toyle we ſpend.

Let vs goe quiet to our graue:
Let age his fitting funerall haue.
For ciuill warres can scarce affoord
A Sepulcher to any Lord.
We conquerd men are not to fight
Against the great *Barbarian* might.
Fortune doth not our state prouoke
With *Scithian* or *Armenian* yoke.
I serue a gowned Citizen,
Vnder his law free Denizen.
Who *Pompey* liuing seconded,
To me is first, now *Pompeys* dead. Meaning *Cæsar.*
To *Pompeys* sacred worthy spright
I will performe all reuerend right;
But to his soueraigne power I yeeld,
That conquerd at *Pharsalias* field.
Thou *Pompey*, my sole Captaine wert,
I followed onely thee in Mart.
Now will I follow *Destinie*:
And yet, to finde prosperity,
I neither may, nor will I hope:
Since *Cæsars* fortune swayes the scope.
His conquest quaild *Æmathian* swords,
Who to vs captiues helpe affoords.
He onely in the world subsists,
That will and may (euen as he lists.)
Rue on poore vanquisht men in griefe,
And vnto wretches yeeld reliefe.
All hope in ciuill warre is vaine,
Since *Ægypts* sword hath *Pompey* slaine.
Who liuing, carried vs with loue;
But if the publique cause do moue
Thee *Cato*, and thy Countries stay; *Cæsar* was then Consull.
Let vs these ensignes then obay,
That *Roman* Consull doth display.
So said, his ship he doth ascend,
And swarmes of youths do him attend.
Thus *Romes* affaires did seeme to end.
For all, that loued seruile bands
Did mutine there vpon the sands.

When *Cato* (from his sacred breast)
In these words his free minde expresst.

Catos answere to the mutinous mariners

¶ It seemes you then indiffrent were,
On whether side you Armes did beare.
You were at first for *Pompeys* part,
For *Rome* you did not wage your mart.
And so you doe desire it still,
To haue one *Lord* to rule at will.
You did not tyranny oppose:
You car'd not your free state to lose.
The Senate you refuse to serue;
Neither recke you well to deserue
Of any side to end this strife,
But would in Idle spend your life.

Meaning that *Pompey* beeing dead, if they were victors, there remained none to tyranize.

Now safer tis our cause to gaine,
You basely would the warres refraine.
And now (devoyd of true respect)
Your owne free neckes to yokes subiect)
And cannot liue without a King
Not now, when as a worthier thing
Calles men to hazard of the warre;
Your swords and persons you debar
For *Roman* freedome to be vsd,
Which *Pompey* mought perhaps refusd,
And for himselfe your bloods abusd.

Meaning *Crassus*, *Pompey* and *Cesar*.

Fortune almost hath tyrants reft,
Of three Lords now but one is left.
The *Parthian* bow, and *Nylus* shore
For our free lawes haue done the more.
Goe you degenerate, exceed
The *Ptolemeian* guift and deed.
Who else will thinke that euer you
In these warres did your hands embrue?
But rather prone to turne your backes,
And first that fled *Emathias* wrackes.
Go safe, for you doe well deserue
That *Cesar* should your liues preserue.
Hee needs must take of you remorse,
Subdued nor by siege nor force.
O seruile race vnworthy most!

Now

Now (that you haue one Tirant loſt)
His ſucceſſor you will accoſt.
You ſhould no greater grace aſpire,
Then life and pardon for your hire.
And *Pompeys* wofull wife conuay
Into your ſhips, beare her away.
(*Metellus* child) a noble pray.
And liuing ſonnes of *Pompey* breed.
Striue *Egypts* preſent to exceed,
Then take my head with you likewiſe,
So odious to the tyrants eyes.
He ſhall no meane reward receaue,
That *Catos* head will ſo bequeaue.
And know you all tis worth your paine,
To follow me my head to gaine.
Proceed you therefore and be bold,
To purchaſe grace let blood be ſold.
Barely to run away were baſe.
So ſaid, his words then tooke ſuch place,
That all the Pirats (in ſuch ſort)
Brought backe the ſhips into the port,
From out the Seas, as Bees do vſe,
When they the waxen hiue refuſe.
Where they haue made their honny combes,
And ranging leaue their little homes.
Not mindfull now in ſwarmes to flie:
But each one his owne way doth hie.
Not ſetled yet to ſucke and ſmell
The bitter Thyme, they loue ſo well.
When ſuddenly the tingling ſounds
Of *Phrygian* kettles them confounds
With maze, they ſtop their ſudden flight:
And backe returning, all do light
Vpon their hiues, where with their skill
Their flowring labours they diſtill,
And combes with bleſſed honny fill.
At whoſe returne the clowniſh royle
Is glad to ſee them in his ſoyle:
And on *Hyblean* graſſe to ſwarme;
The treaſure of his little farme.

A diſdainfull manner of ſpeech that Cato vſed to the reuolting Seamen.

An apt compariſon of Bees.

Euen

Euen ſo did *Catos* powerfull words,
Vnto iuſt warre draw on their ſwords.
And their looſe minds, whom pleaſure feeds,
He then recals to martiall deeds,
And patiently warres brunt to beare
With induſtrie and free from feare.
¶ And firſt of all vpon the ſands,
He traines and drawes them out in bands.
Then next to that they do inueſt
Cyrenas wals and it poſſeſt.
And though that towne had him refuſde:
Yet he on them no rigor vſd.
For *Cato* no reuenge would take,
To conquer did his anger ſlake.
Thence he his ſpeedie march deſignes
To *Iubas* kingdome, whoſe confines
Confront the *Mauritanian* lands.
But that the *Syrts* his courſe withſtands
Amidſt his way; although he thought
All difficulties might be brought
To paſſe, by vertues dantleſſe prowes.
When nature did at firſt diſpoſe
Theſe *Syrts*, and ſhapt their figure out;
She left it to the world in doubt,
Whether it ſhould be land or ſeas,
For vtterly it doth not pleaſe,
To ſinke it ſelfe beneath the maine:
Nor yet the land can ſo reſtraine
The waues, but they will haue a ſhare,
And ſuch a dangerous place prepare;
That there to trauell none ſhall dare.
For here the Sea doth channels ſtraine,
And there the lands do riſe againe.
Here is a long ſtretcht tracke of ſhore,
And there the ſwallowing whirlepooles rore.
So nature wretchedly deſignde
This portion of her proper kinde,
Vnto no vſe, or elſe of old
Thoſe *Syrts* more waues in them did hold
And with the Seas were ouer rowld.

A digreſſion from the matter to the nature of the Syrtes.

But

But that atractiue *Titans* beames
(Feeding vpon the ocean ſtreames,
That to the torrid zone were nie)
Some of the weltring waues did drie.
And yet the Ocean in deſpight
Reſiſteth *Phœbus* parching might.
But yet his beames (as they draw neare)
And wearing time thoſe ſeas will cleare,
And make the *Syrts* firme land appeare.
For ſcarcely now a little boate
Can on the ſuperficies flote,
Of thoſe drown'd ſands where water ſtayes,
And more and more that ſea decayes.
¶ As ſoone as by the helpe of oares,
The fleet was gotten from the ſhores
Into the deepes, with all their fraight,
The blacke Southwind blowing a haight
Out of his region ſtormy gales,
Farre from her courſe the nauie hales.
And with huge tempeſts that he ſends,
Thoſe ſeas attempted now defends.
Farre from the *Syrts* the waues he beates,
Againſt the cliffes the billow freates.
And all the ſhips that ſailes did beare,
The tempeſt from the yards did teare.
In vaine the tackling and the ſhrouds,
Their ſailes deny'd to thoſe fierce clouds.
But ouer boord away are borne,
Fluttering at large their ſhips they ſcorne.
And if that any ſayler ſtout
Vnto the yards do goe about
To fixe the ſailes with cordage faſt,
He's borne away with whirlwind blaſt,
And from the naked yard is caſt.
But all thoſe ſhips found better chance,
That in the lofty billows dance.
And ſtill aloofe their courſe did keepe
Amidſt the channels in the deepe.
And by the boord did cut their maſts,
Leſſe ſubiect thereby to the blaſts.

The deſcription of a cruell tempeſt on the Seas.

So

So as the tides had power on them,
And in deſpight with force did ſtemme
The puffing windes full in the mouth,
And bare thoſe veſſels to the South.
The other ſhips the water failes,
Their Keeles vpon thoſe hye ſands trayles,
That lifts it ſelfe aboue the flood,
So as in doubtfull ſtate they ſtood.
The ſhelfe the one part doth detaine,
The other part hangs in the maine.
And as the billowes comes more thicke,
The faſter in the ſholes they ſticke.
For though the forcing Southerne racke
Rowles one waue on anothers backe:
Yet all thoſe waues could not ſuffiſe
To drench the ſhelfe where it did riſe.
This hugy heape of cluttered ſand
Vncouered now lay farre from land,
And higher vnto ſight was rear'd
Then *Neptunes* rugged backe appear'd.
The wretched Saylers there are grounded:
The ſhips vpon the ſhelfe confounded
So farre, that they no ſhore can ſpye,
And in the ſeas thus beating lye.
Yet of this fleet the greater part
(With bitter ſtirrage) got the ſtart
Of theſe, and ſafely ſcap't away,
Taking their beſt courſe as it lay,
With skilfull Pilots that did know
The coaſts, and where the channels goe.
And ſo at length by chance they light
On that ſlow ſtreame thats *Tryton* hight.

A Riuer in Africke.

¶ That God (as old reports do tell)
Which with his ringing Trumpe of ſhell
Makes all the maine his ſound to heare
With windy notes ſo ſhrill and cleare,
Of riuers all loues this moſt deare.

Tryton, Neptunes Trumperer.

And *Pallas* like eſteeme did make
That of *Ioues* braine her birth did take.
For that ſame *Lybian* Region

Was

Was firſt land that ſhe trode vpon.
And is vnto the heauens moſt neare:
As by his heates it doth appeare.
In whoſe ſmooth waters chriſtall ſhine
She then did ſee her face diuine.
And there her plants ſhe did diſpoſe,
And to her ſelfe the name ſhe choſe
Of *Trytoneſſe*, where this ſtreame flowes.
Neare which (as fame reports) likewiſe,
The ſilent *Lathe* doth ariſe:
That with infernall veines is fed:
By which forgetfulneſſe is bred.
Here alſo was conioyn'd to theſe,
The garden of *Heſperides*:
Deſpoiled of her leaues ſo bright,
Kept by the waking Dragons might.
That man is ſpitefull of condition,
That will detract from old tradition.
Or call the Poets to accompt
For ought which may the truth ſurmount.
This golden groue of treaſures ſtore,
(Whoſe boughs ſuch ſhining apples bore)
A troope of virgins guarded ſtill,
Whoſe gliſtring ſtreames the aire did fill.
And that foule Serpents charge to keepe,
Whoſe eyes are aye debard of ſleepe.
And with his taile the trunks infold,
That ſtoope with ouerwaight of gold.
But great *Alcydes* tooke away
From theſe rich trees the pretious pray.
And did thoſe ſhining apples bring
To *Euriſtæus Argiues* king.
The nauie (ſo caſt on this caoſt,
And from the *Syrts* ſo clearely toſt)
Paſt not as yet beyond the ſhore
Of *Garamants*, where as they more.
But *Sextus* with his troops ſtaid there,
Where *Affricks* climes more pleaſant were.
Though *Catos* valor brooks no ſtay:
But with his cohorts takes his way,

The riuer Læthe.

The fable of Hercules that tooke away the golden Apples from the gardē Heſperides

Through

Through coaſts vnknown where dangers lay.
His confidence in armes did ſtand,
And circuits all the *Syrts* by land.
And this the winters wroth perſwades,
That then did barre thoſe ſeas of trades.
Beſides, the fires of *Phœbus* rayes
The falling ſhowres then much allayes.
So as his iourney he might hold,
Neither oppreſt with heate nor cold.
For where the flaming heate did rage,
The dewy ſeaſon doth aſſwage.
So through the barren ſands he venters,
And vſd this ſpeech before he enters.

Catos oration to his ſouldiers before hee takes his iourney into the deſarts of Lybia.

¶ O ye that with one common will,
(Dauntleſſe to hold your fre edome ſtill)
Do follow me with ſuch content,
Let now your minds be wholy bent
To vndergoe this valours taske,
That toyle and conſtancy doth aske.
We goe into the barren fields,
Of clymats ſcorcht, that nothing yeelds.
Where *Tytan* parcheth all the ground,
And fountaines rarely to be found.
Whereas the lands in plenty brings
Forth ſerpents with their poyſnous ſtings.
A iourney that with horror rings.
Let therefore thoſe (whom deare loue drawes
To freedome, and his Countries cauſe)
March on through *Lybia* with mee,
And ſearch out wayes that wayleſſe bee.
If ſo be they haue no deſire
To leaue our Enſignes, and retire;
But are reſolu'd for vertues hire.
For it is no part of my minde
Mens eyes with fallacies to blinde:
Nor yet the Souldiers hearts to cheere,
By cloking dangers that draw neere.
For I of ſuch mates muſt bee ſped,
That freely are by dangers led,
By ſuch as *Roman* worth eſteeme,

And

And hardeſt haps, the braueſt deeme,
That can indure the toyles of Mart,
Whilſt I a witneſſe ſhare my part.
But for that ſouldier that ſhall need
One to aſſure him happy ſpeed,
And holds his life at ſo deare rate,
That he will euery doubt debate;
Let him another leader ſeeke,
And finde a way he more may leeke;
Before that I do take in hand
This iourney through this parched ſand,
And march vpon this duſtie land.
And let theſe parching heates firſt light
On me, withall their fierie might.
And let the Serpents me aſſaile
With poyſned teeth, and venom'd taile.
Let all thoſe perils (that you dread)
Be tried firſt vpon my head.
Let him, that ſees that I am drie,
Refreſh himſelfe as well as I.
Or that the wooddy ſhades I ſeeke:
Let him (then panting) do the like.
Or ſees that I a horſebacke ride,
And ſo my troops of footmen guide:
Let him likewiſe for eaſe prouide.
Or if (as chiefetaine) I doe craue
Any prerogatiue to haue
Before the ſouldier vnder me,
But cheeke by cheeke his mate wilbe;
Theſe drouths, theſe thirſts, theſe ſnakes, theſe ſands
Chiefely with valors liking ſtands.
Patience takes ioy in bitter bands.
A worthy act holdes greateſt ſtate,
When it is bought at deareſt rate.
And *Lybias* clime ſuch ſtore doth yeeld
Of miſeries in euery field,
As that it may (without defame)
Become braue men to ſhun the ſame,
So he theſe ſouldiers fearefull ſprites
To valarous attempts encites.

And to the loue of Martiall broiles
In deſert paths he wandring toiles.
Through endleſſe wayes a paſſage made,
He doth the *Lybian* coaſt inuade.
So dreadleſſe *Cato* (in ſhort date)
Lights on a place to cloſe his fate.
Whereas a ſlender tombe ſhall ſhrine
(Within her wombe) his name diuine.
The third part of this maſſie round
(If we beleeue what fame doth ſound)
Is *Affrica*; but if we take
The ſame, as heauen and winds do make,
Of *Europe* then it is a ſhare.
For *Nylus* ſhores no further are
From *Gades* (as firſt it was a land)
Then *Scythian Tanais* doth ſtand.
And whereas *Europe* is deſcyded
From *Lybs*, it was by ſea deuided.
But *Aſia* did *Europa* paſſe,
And in his circuit greater was.
So whilſt theſe two do iointly ſend
South-weſterne blaſts, that Noth-eaſt tend,
Aſia alone (on lefter hand)
Coniynd to *Boreas* chilly land:
And on the right to that South ſtreame,
The confines of *Egyptian* realme;
From theſe two limits is poſſeſt
Of all the title of the Eaſt,
The parts of *Lybia* chiefe and beſt,
Enclining is vnto the Weſt.
And yet no fountains there are found,
And ſeldome ſhowres to moiſt the ground,
That from the *Artick* clime proceeds.
Yet our dry winds their moiſture breeds.
That mould in it no wealth doth hold,
Either of braſſe, or yet of gold.
No wicked mines therein haue birth:
But all the ſoyle is ſollid earth.
In *Mauritania* trees do grow,
Whoſe worth the people did not know.

Cato enters the deſerts of Lybia.

But

But to themselues contentment giue,
Vnder the *Cytrons* shade to liue.
Our axes since these woods haue feld,
That meerely were vnknowne to eld.
And from the worlds remotest side,
We brought our luxurie and pride.
¶ But all the coasts both neare and farre,
(That with the *Syrts* inuiron'd are)
With too much heate are ouer-run,
And parched with the neighbor Sun.
As that their graine it doth destroy,
And all their Vines the dust doth cloy.
No moistned roote the same doth feed,
Nor vitall temper it will breed.
The Gods that soile do not respect,
And nature (stupid with neglect)
That land of comfort doth depriue.
Those dead sands no spring can reuiue.
And yet in this dull barren ground
Rare herbs and plants are often found,
The which the *Nasamons* finde out,
And gather vp; a people stout
That naked are, and those coasts keepes,
Which frontiers all alongst the deepes;
And with the wracke themselues do nourish,
Of ships, that on the *Syrts* do perish:
For alwaies they in waite do stand
For pillage on the Ocean sand,
When as the ships cannot attaine
The port, their wealth, and spoyle they gaine.
So as these *Nasmons* hold commerce,
And trade with all the Vniuerse.
(In manner of *Barbarian* kinde)
By wracks that on their shore they finde.
This wretched way *Cato* seekes out,
There to lead on with courage stout,
And there his souldiers to inure,
More stormes then on the seas endure.
For that the *Syrts* southwinds do cause
Vpon those sands most harmefull flawes.

Mauritania & the manner of that nation.

The Nasmons that liue vpon sea wracks.

For there no *Lybian* mounts ſuffiſe
To ſtay the furie that doth riſe.
Nor yet the rocks their force aſſwage,
But in the aire thoſe whirlewinds rage.
Amongſt the woods they do not fall,
Rooting vp hugie trees withall;
But flie alongſt the parched plaine,
(Without reſiſt) with might and maine,
And on the ſands their rage beſtowes,
The which it violently blowes.
And neuer is alaid againe
With any clouds of ſhowring raine.
But ſweeps in heapes the ſands on hie,
Which hang and doe not ſcattring flie.
¶ The wretched *Naſmons* thus behold
Their kingdome ſtill with tempeſts rowld,
Their houſes to the earth downe throwne,
Their roofs (with whirlewinds fury blowne
From off their *Garamantine* frames)
Towring as high as hugeſt flames.
And as the ſmokes aſcention
Vnto the middle region,
Which darkeneſſe to the day procures,
So clouds of duſt the aire obſcures,
The *Roman* troops began to finde
The outrage of this whirling wind,
More furiouſly them to aſſaile:
So as their footing did them faile.
For euen the very ſands did fleete,
And ſlip from vnderneath their feete.
The earths foundation it had rac't,
And from his proper ſeate diſplac't.
If that theſe winds had made their birth
Within the Cauerns of the Earth,
And crept into the hollow docks,
That are ſurcharg'd with *Lybias* rocks,
But for becauſe the flitting ſand,
Doth not the forcing wind withſtand,
Nor make reſiſtance with firme ground,
The ſoyles foundation did ſtand ſound.

The furious effects of the Lybian winds.

And

And that which fled before the winde,
Were vpper ſands, looſe, vncombinde.
But there withall ſo forciblie,
The violent blaſts amongſt them flie,
As that from them it takes and teares
Their ſwords, their casks, their ſhields, and ſpeares,
And through the vacant aire them beares.
The which to other coaſts might ſeeme:
A prodigy of ſtreaming eſteeme.
As though thoſe armes from heauen did fall,
To terrifie the world withall.
And that which from mens hands was hent,
The Gods downe to the earth had ſent.
Surely thoſe armes fell in ſuch wiſe,
Whilſt *Numa* was in ſacrifiſe,
The which (in a religious feare)
The chiefe *Patrician* youths did weare.
So now their armes our ſouldiers loſt,
By South or Northerne tempeſt toſt.
¶ In this ſort all our *Romane* troopes
(Scar'd with theſe winds) down proſtrate droops:
Fearing the rapture of each blaſt,
Their garments they gird to them faſt
And thruſt their hands into the mould.
Their own weight ſeru'd not them to hould.
But they were forc't all helps to proue:
And yet the winds would them remoue.
And therewithall orewhelm'd be they,
With heapes of ſands whereas they lay.
Which duſt on them ſo heauie lies,
That they ſcarce able were to riſe,
But ſticke faſt in the heaped ſand.
And when they get vpright to ſtand,
The ſame ſo thicke about them flotes,
That they ſtand buried to the throates.
Stones from the wals are taken out,
And through the aire are borne about,
And caſt farre off (moſt ſtrange to ſee)
Whoſe fals to many harmfull bee.
And where no houſes can be found,

The perils of the Lybian ſands.

Huge ruins lie vpon the ground.
There did appeare no way nor path,
The ſoile at all no difference hath.
But as vpon the ſeas you ſaile,
So muſt the ſtars your courſe auaile,
And by them ſeeke to finde your way.
And yet ſtarres do not ſtill diſplay
In circuite of the *Lybian* skies:
For many ſhine not to their eyes,
But vnder their horizon lies.

Men trauel on land by the helpe of the ſtars as on the Seas.

¶ Now when the heates had nere appeaſd
The winds, whoſe rage the aire had ceaſd:
And that the daies more feruent grew,
And did more ſcorching beames renew;
Through ſuch a countrey then they paſſe,
As by the Gods deſigned was
Of mortall wights to be vnknowne:
Plac't vndemeath the torrid zoane.
Where noght is found but parching drouth,
All moiſture tending to the South.
Their lims and ioynts in ſweat do melt,
Their mouths and iawes with thirſt do ſwelt.
Yet heare a little vaine they ſpie,
Of putred water running by.
The which the ſouldiers ſcarce could get,
So did the ſands the current let.
But yet out of the pudled ſpring
One fils his Caske, and doth it bring
To *Cato* (Chieftaine of the hoaſt)
When all with drought were then emboſt.
Who firſt a little ſay did take,
And then in anger thus beſpake.
Thou ſouldier baſe, what doſt thou ſee,
That is of ſo ſmall worth in mee?
That I alone (of of all this troope)
For want of continence ſhould droope?
Haue I of nyceneſſe ſhewd ſuch ſigne,
That I ſhould firſt at thirſt re pine?
Nay thou that blame doſt more deſerue,
That drinkſt whilſt all for thirſt do ſterue.

A ſouldier brings Cato water in his helmet.

There-

Therewith he ouer-turn'd the Caske:
All were suffisd, none water aske.
¶ Then they vnto that Temple came,
That serues for all the *Libian* name:
And where rude *Garamants* doe dwell,
They haue no other sacred Cell.
And here (as old report doth runne)
The horned *Iupiter* doth wonne.
But thunder-bolts he none doth beare:
Nor is like *Latiums Iupiter*.
With wretched hornes his head is dight;
And *Ammon Iupiter* he hight.
The *Lybians* this Temple hold,
Endowed not with gifts nor gold;
Nor Iewels of the Easterne morne
(with glistering) did this place adorne.
And yet the *Æthiopians*,
And all the rich *Arabians*,
With those in *India* that liue,
To *Ammon* onely God-head giue.
Yet for a God he is but bare,
In no age he for wealth had care.
His Temple he from that restraines,
Vnviolate with greedy gaines.
And (as it was the ancient guise)
That God-head did the gold despise
That in the *Roman* Temples lies.
And that same place doth witnesse well,
That there some heauenly powers do dwell.
For onely there is to be seene,
That *Lybian* soyle doth bring forth greene.
For all the rest of parched sands,
Diuided from the temperate lands
Of *Berenice*, and *Leptis* ground,
Nor grasse nor leafe is to be found.
Ammon alone greene groues retaines,
And those are caus'd by springing vaines,
Which in that place the earth refines,
And with those springs the sands combines.
¶ Here nothing doth withstand the Sunne

Catos continencie. So did *Alexander*.

Berenicia and *Leptis* two Cities.

When

A relation how the ſignes and poles doe lye to thoſe parts of *Lybia.*

When he his higheſt pitch doth runne,
In equalling their nights and dayes:
For then the boughes ſcarce ſhade diſplayes
Vpon the body of the tree,
The ſunny beames ſo ſhortned bee;
By reaſon that they downe-right ſtrike,
And therefore cauſe no ſhade oblike.
And this is thought to be the place
Whereas the Sunnes high circling race
Doth cut the line that beares the Signes,
In middle where the Solſtice ſhines.
For then they go no whit a ſcance,
Nor *Taurus* righter doth aduance,
Then *Scorpio*, in his ſphericke dance:
Nor *Aries* doth preſcribe the times
To *Libra*, when his height he climes.
Nor yet *Aſtræa* doth require
Slow *Piſces* downe-ward to retire.
Chyron the *Centaure* equally
Is oppoſite to *Gemini*:
And moiſtie *Capricorne* the ſame
In diſtance, as is *Cancers* flame.
Nor *Leo* (with his fiery eyes)
Doth higher then *Aquarius* riſe.
But vnto thee, who ſo thou art
Of any Nation, that apart
Is ſequeſtred from *Lybian* beames,
The ſhadow euer South-ward ſtreames;
But contrary with Northerne Realmes.
Thy ſight the North-ſtarre vndergoes,
And *Vrſa Maior* to thee ſhowes;
As if that all his vnwet waine
Were ouer-whelmed in the maine.
And each ſtarre, that is moſt of light,
Seemes (by the ſea) hid from thy ſight:
And either Pole this Region
Makes equall with thy Horizon;
Where all the Signes (in their ſwift force)
In midſt of heauen do run their courſe.
¶ Before this Temple gate did ſtand

The

The people of the Easterne land,
Attending there to know their fates,
Which *Ammons* Oracle relates.
But yet to *Cato* all gaue way;
And his owne Captaines doe him pray,
That of this God he would explore
(Whom *Lybia* did so much adore)
His doome, what fortunes and what chance
The future Ages should aduance.
And he that *Cato* most importunes,
To search the knowledge of their fortunes;
And counsell of this God to take,
Was *Labienus*, that thus spake:
The happe and fortune of our way
Hath offered vs this lucky day,
To learne from this high power diuine,
Of our successe the fatall fine.
For by so great a guide as he,
We may a right directed be
Through *Syrts*, in wandring neare and farre:
And know the chances of this warre.
For vnto whom should I beleeue
The heauenly powers would sooner giue
True knowledge of their secret hest,
Then vnto *Cato's* holy breast?
For thy iust life God hath respected,
And beene by lawes diuine directed;
And vnto thee tis granted still
With *Ioue* himselfe to speake at will.
Enquire of wicked *Cæsars* fate,
And what shall be our Countries state.
Whether the people shall retaine
Their lawes, and liberties againe;
Or ciuill warre shall vs still straine?
Fill now thy breast with sacred voyce,
Thou that in vertue dost reioyce;
Learne what our valour may atchiue,
And how our honest course may thriue.
¶ He (alwayes fild with grace diuine,
That in his secret soule did shrine)

Labienus speech to *Cato.*

These

Theſe worthy ſpeeches from his heart
(Like Oracles) doth now impart.
O *Labienus* to me ſhow,
What thou woldſt I ſhould ſeek to know.
Where I in Armes had rather dye,
Or liue a ſlaue to tyranny.
Whether we may a life it call,
That is not dated long with hall?
Where diffring age doe oft auaile,
Where rigor can true goodneſſe quaile?
Where fortune doe her threats but looſe,
When ſhe doth vertues might oppoſe?
Whether that it may vs ſuffice
Praiſe-worthy deeds to enterpriſe?
And whether that it be ſucceſſe
Makes honeſt actions more or leſſe?
This we already know as well
As Ammon *can the ſame vs tell.*
Vpon the Gods we all depend;
And though this Temple had an end,
Yet otherwiſe nought can ſucceed,
But by Gods ordinance decreed.
His mighty power no voyce doth need.
The Author of all mortall kinde,
Hath once for all declar'd his minde,
Our knowledge is by him confin'd.
Theſe barren ſands are not his choyce,
Where he will vtter forth his voyce.
Nor in this duſt doth hee conceale
Thoſe truthes, that he meanes to reueale.
The ſacred ſeates of God are theſe,
The Heauens, the Aire, the Earth, the Seas,
And vertues ſelfe; why ſhould wee proue
To ſearch beyond the Gods aboue?
What ſo thou ſeeſt, where ſo thou art
Of Iupiter *himſelfe is part.*
Let faithleſſe minds theſe witch-crafts need,
And ſuch as dread what ſhall ſucceed.
No Oracles can me ſecure,
But death it ſelfe that is moſt ſure.

Catos diuine conceits.

The

The Coward, and the valiant Knight
Must fall at last, and leaue this light.
And now for all may vs suffice,
That Ioue *himselfe speakes in this wise.*
So hauing said, with faiths repose,
The Temples Altars he forgoes;
And *Ammons* counsell doth disdaine,
Leauing it to those people vaine.
¶ Then in his hand he takes his pile,
And march't a foot himselfe the while
Before his troopes, that panting went;
He shewes them how to be content
To suffer toyle, without constraint;
Since labour could not make him faint.
He is not on their shoulders borne,
A Charret he did hold in scorne.
Small rest and sleepe he vsd to take,
And last of all his thirst would slake.
For when by chance a spring they met,
The thirsty Souldier (dry with heat)
Constrained was to drinke, then he
The last of all the troope would be
That tooke his share, and did forbeare
Vntill the Scullions serued were.
If great renowne be deemed due
To goodnesse, that is meerely true;
Or if that naked vertues praise
(That wants successe) men rightly waighes
What euer was so much renown'd,
That in our ancestors was found
Were fortunes gifts, that did abound?
For which of them (for happy Mart)
Could challenge that as their desart?
Or who could claime (as his owne good)
The fame, they wanne with others blood?
But this mans triumph I would more
Desire to follow on this shore
Whereas the *Syrts* doe dangers threat,
And thorough *Lybias* parching heate;
Then thrice in *Pompeys* Carre to wend,

Catos temperance.

And

And to the *Capitoll* aſcend:
Or *Iugurths* warre to bring to end.
Behold him that true father is
Vnto his Countries cauſe and bliſſe.
Whom *Rome* may think fit to aſpire
Vnto her Altars ſacred fire.
To honor whom ſhe needs not ſhame
To ſweare and vow by his deere name.
And whom (if euer *Rome* ſhould ſee
Her ſtate reſtor'd from dangers free)
Hereafter him to glorifie
His name ſhe well may deifie.
Now march they through a wretched ſoyle,
That feruent heates doe parch and broyle.
A clymate neere the torrid zone,
Which heauens wold haue to men vnknown:
Here water rare was to be found,
And yet (amidſt this duſty ground)
One fountaine large the Souldiers ſpide,
Where many Serpents did reſide,
So thicke that they the waters hide.
Vpon the brinkes the *Aſpickes* ſit,
And in the midſt the *Dipſa's* flit.

Two ſortes of venemous ſerpents.

¶ When *Cato* ſaw his men oppreſt.
VVith heates, and thirſt, this fount deteſt,
He ſaid, O Souldier (whom vaine feare
Of death, makes thee this ſpring forbeare)
Thou needſt not doubt thy thirſt to ſlake,
Theſe waters ſafely thou maiſt take.
The Serpents peſt no dangers brings,
Except when as with blood it mings.
His ſting from it doth poyſon ſend,
And with his bite doth life offend.
The fountaine holſome is and pure.
So ſaid, he drinkes, them to aſſure
The water that they poyſnous thinke.
But ſtill (before) he vſd to drinke
The laſt of all, during the time
That they had ſpent in *Lybias* clime.
Our care and labour cannot finde

Cato drinkes firſt of ſuſpected water.

The

The cause, why *Lybia* is enclin'd
To aire of such contagious kinde:
Where many plagues abounding swarmes,
Fruitfull in nought but deadly harmes.
Nor yet what secret nature did,
When in that soyle such faults she hid;
Except it be that fabling lye
That ouer all the world doth flye:
The which doth euery age deceiue,
When for a truth they it receiue.

Meaning the fable that followes.

¶ In the extreames of *Lybias* soyle,
Wheras the ground with heat doth broyle;
And where the Ocean it confines,
Warm'd with the Sunne when he declines.
Those fields and Countries all abrode
With foule *Medusas* filth was strode.
No greene-leau'd woods did yeeld a shade,
Nor Coulters there had furrowes made.
But (with their Mistresse balefull eyes)
There onely stones and rockes did rise.
Hence hurtfull nature first drew seedes,
That mortall plagues in bodies breedes.
About her eares there dangling hung
The hissing snakes, with stinging tongue;
Which (like a tresse) her backe behinde
Did spred, as haire of women kinde.
And, whilst about her necke they crawle,
The fell *Medusa* ioy'd withall.
Then all their heads, vp-right in ranke,
Her brow did like a frontlet pranke;
But when she comb'd her crawling crowne,
The viprous venome trailed downe.

The fable of *Medusa*.

„ Curled *Medusa* taxlesse pries
„ On whom she list, with fatall eyes:
„ For who can feare this monsters face,
„ When to dread death they haue no space?
„ For where her ghastly looke she bends,
„ They are trans-form'd before their ends.
„ And rap't away from doubtfull fate,
„ Preuenting feare before their date.

These twelue translated verses are so ambiguous in the Latine, as that it rests to the best and most probable construction that can bee made thereof.

„ The bodies metamorphoſed
„ Retaine the ſpirits captiued,
„ And (buried ſo within the bones)
„ Turne ſtupid, like to ſenceleſſe ſtones.
The *Furies* (with their gaſtly haires)
Did onely ſtirre vp franticke feares:
And *Cerberus* (that helliſh hound)
Orpheus calm'd with muſicke ſound.
And *Hydra*, *Hercules* beheld,
When he that vgly Serpent queld;
But this vile monſter did affright
Phorcus her father with her ſight.
Phorcus that next doth rule and raigne
To *Neptune* on the raging maine.
Ceto her mother, with her looke,
She ſcarres; her ſiſters cannot brooke
Her vgly ſight: the ſeas and skies
She can make ſtone with her ſterne eyes.
She vtterly can raze from earth
The worlds whole race of humane birth.
Amidſt the aire (from lofty flight)
The winged fowles do fall downe-right.
The wilde beaſts, and the horned Harts,
She into craggie rockes conuarts.
And all the people in the ſcope
That bounds next vnto *Æthiope*,
She hath transform'd (from fleſh and bones)
Into hard rugged Marble ſtones.
No creatures can her ſight abide,
Her hairy ſnakes behinde her hide,
And will not of her eyes be ſpy'd.
The mighty *Atlas* (*Tytans* ſonne)
That by *Heſperian* ſtraights did wonne,
She turn'd into a hugie rocke.
The Gyants of *Phlegrean* flocke,
(That with their Serpents feet ſometime,
Did ſtriue into the heauens to clime)
She lofty mountaines of them fram'd;
Whereby that Gyants warre was tam'd,
When *Pallas* in her ſhield did place

They were two other *Gorgons* her ſiſters

Atlas metamorpholed by *Meduſa*.

This

This griſly *Gorgons* hideous face.
Now after that *Mercurius* wings
(The firſt concorder of thoſe ſtrings,
That on th'*Arcadian* harpe doe ſound,
And firſt likewiſe that wreſtling found)
Had *Perſeus* borne vnto this place,
(That tooke from *Danae* his race
When *Ioue*, tranſ-form'd to golden ſhowre,
Into her lap himſelfe did powre;)
He tooke vnto him ſpeedily
The trenchant glaine of *Mercurie*:
That glaine embrued with the ſtaine
Of hundred-eyed *Argus* ſlaine,
The watch-man of that haiſer white,
That did *Ioues* fancy ſo delight.
Then *Pallas* (that ſame martiall maide)
Did giue her winged brother aid,
Whereby this *Gorgons* head to gaine;
And charged him his flight to ſtraine
Toward *Lybiſſas* vtmoſt land:
But that his looke ſhould Eaſtward ſtand.
And, flying, hold a weſtward race,
When he through *Gorgons* realme did trace.
Then on his left arme ſhe did binde
Her brazen Targe, that brightly ſhin'd:
And bids him ſo the ſame direct,
That vpon it there might reflect
Meduſas ſtone-creating eyes:
Which heauy ſleepe ſhould ſo ſurpriſe,
And rap't her ſences chiefeſt ſtrength,
To bring dire death on her at length.
But yet part of her ſnakie treſſe
This ſlumber could not ſo oppreſſe;
But that ſome ſerpents ſtood an end,
And did her dulled head defend,
Whilſt ſome her face did ouer-ſpred,
And vail'd her eyes in darkneſſe bed.
Then *Pallas* lent her powerfull charme
To fearfull *Perſeus* trembling arme:
And did his fauchion *Harpe* guide,

Mercury the founder of the *Arcadian* harp, and of wraſtling.

Perſeus borne of *Danae*, and the golden ſhowre.

Pallas Target.

Perſeus with harpe, the fauchion of *Mercury*, cuts off *Meduſas* head.

That ready was to turne aſide;
Wherewith he ſtraight in ſunder ſmoat
Her ſpatious ſnake-bearing throat.
What face had *Gorgon* then I wonder,
When that her necke was cut a ſunder
With that ſame crooked wounding blade?
What poyſon did her gorge vnlade?
How many deaths from her eyes ſtreames?
Pallas could not endure thoſe gleames:
Nor *Perſeus* (though he turn'd aſide)
Had ſcap't from being ſtonifi'd,
If *Pallas* had not (with her Targe)
Her feltred lockes diſperſt at large,
And ſo be-clouded all her face
With Snakes, that ouer it did trace.
¶ The winged *Perſeus* (being ſped
With this fell *Gorgons* vgly head)
Did minde to heauen to make repaire,
And cuts the region of the aire:
But (leſt through *Europes* Clyme he might,
With dammage to thoſe coaſts, take flight)
Pallas enioyn'd him, with her heſt,
That fruitfull ſoyle not to infeſt;
Nor yet that people to moleſt.
For who would not admire the skies,
When through them ſuch a wonder flies?
From *Zephyrus* he turnes his wings,
And ouer *Lybia's* coaſts he flings:
Where was nor graine nor tillage vſd,
But all with *Phœbus* flames enfuſd.
For there the Heauens and *Tytans* ſteedes
Burnt all, ſo that no greene it breedes.
And no land in the earth doth riſe
(With mighty ſhade) more neere the skies
Nor *Cinthia's* light doth more ſurpriſe:
If that (forgetfull of her way)
From the right ſignes ſhe trend aſtray.
For that high land caſts neuer ſhade
Vnto the South, or Northerne glade;
And yet it is a barren ground,

Wherein

Wherein no goodneſſe can be found.
But now it was with poyſons fed,
That drop't downe from *Medusa's* head.
And thoſe vilde dewes corrupt the fields,
That her invenom'd ſanguine yeelds.
The which the heates more noyſome makes,
When in the putred ſands it bakes.
¶ The firſt corruption that aroſe,
And in the duſt his head out-ſhowes,
The *Aſpicke* was; that brings dead ſleepe,
And with a ſwelling necke doth creepe.
With *Gorgons* blood he was repleate,
The clottred poyſons in him fret.
No ſerpent is more poyſonous,
Nor in extreame more frigidous;
Who (wanting warmth) doth alwayes ſhun
The Clymes remoter from the Sunne.
And all alongſt the bankes of *Nyle*
Thoſe ſands he likewiſe doth defile.
But how great ſhame to vs acrues
(Whom couetiſe doth ſo abuſe)
That we from *Affricke* do not ſpare
To marchandize that noyſome ware?
Here alſo doth that hugie beaſt
(*Hæmorrhois*) raiſe vp his creſt.
And whom he ſtings, from out the vaines
All the life-feeding blood hee draines.
Then the *Cherſydros* double kinde,
That in the ſholes of *Syrts* are ſhrin'd.
And the *Chelydri* in their dennes
Amongſt the muddy ſteaming fennes.
And *Cenchris* alwayes when he ſlides,
(Not wriggling) ſtraight his paſſage guides.
Whoſe ſpeckled body (full of ſtaines)
More diuers colours ſtill retaines,
Then are the *Theban* marble vaines.
And the *Ammodites*, whoſe hue
From parched ſands men hardly knew.
And the *Ceraſte* roming wide,
Whoſe winding backe each way can glide.

The diuers kindes of ſerpẽts that were ingendred in *Lybia* by the drops of blood that fell from the necke of *Medusa*, according to fabulous antiquity.

And *Scytale*, that winter-worme,
That in cold dewes doth make his furme:
And in that ſeaſon caſts his coate.
Then *Dipſas*, that is all as hot.
Amphiſibena, harmfull fiend,
That hath a head at either end.
The *Water-ſnake*, that felly ſtings,
And *Darting Serpents*, that haue wings.
And *Pharias*, that doth not traile,
But euer goes vpon his taile.
And greedy *Præſter*, that all rapes,
Whoſe frothy Iawes ſuch wideneſſe gapes.
VVith *Seps*, that in contagion ſwelts,
And very bones with bodies melts.
Then that ſame *Baſiliske*, whoſe hiſſe
Vnto all Serpents fearfull is:
So as from him they flye or hide,
And come not where he doth reſide.
Hee lethall is before he ſting,
His hiſſing deadly harme doth bring:
Sole in the ſands he raignes as King.
And torrid *Affricke* likewiſe breedes
Thoſe plaguie *Dragons*, that exceedes
For miſchiefe, in moſt cruell kinde,
VVhich other nations neuer finde.
VVhoſe ſcalie backes doe ſhine like gold;
And when aloft their flight they hold,
(Amidſt the aire with ſtretched wings)
The heards of cattell cluſtring thrings.
For mighty Bulles become their pray,
That in their tailes they ſweepe away.
Huge Elephants ſcape not their pawes:
All things to death their fury drawes:
So as no poyſnous humor needes
To act the miſchiefe of their deeds.

¶ *Cato* (with his ſtout martiall bands)
Doth march alongſt theſe parched ſands
That do ſuch mortall poyſons yeeld;
And there with griefe he oft beheld
The vncoth deaths, that ſo abounds,

Therfore called *Baſiliſcus* of the *greek* word Βασιλευς

Amongſt

Amongst his troops of little wounds.
The Serpent *Dipsas* turnes his head
On *Aulus*, that on him did tread,
And bites this youth of *Tyrrhen* race,
That held an Ensigne-bearers place.
He scarcely any whit was paind,
Nor any signe of bite remaind.
Within his lookes no death appeard,
Nor threatning danger to be feard.
But yet the secret poyson workes:
The fire within the marrow lurkes:
And suddenly the venome heates,
Whilst burning gripes his bowels freats.
This pestilence dispersed sinks,
And all the vitall humours drinks.
His pallat and his iaws grow drie;
His tongue with scorching drought did frie:
His wearie lims (with labouring heate)
Did not as earst yeeld moistie sweate.
No teares at all fall from his eyes.
All moisture from the poyson flies.
No reu'rence of the Empires awe,
Nor Stoicke *Catos* martiall law;
Could this incensed man affray:
But he his Ensignes would display,
And all about the fields did raue,
Seeking where he might water haue,
The which his thirsty heart did craue.
Had he beene into *Tanais* cast,
Or *Rhodanus* that runs so fast,
Or into *Poe* that spreads so vast,
Or into *Nylus*, that doth range
Alongst so many countries strange;
And of all these had soakt his fill:
Yet would his lights haue burned still.
The fury of the parched ground
Did make his deadly drought abound,
And adde more deaths to *Lybias* blame,
But doth detract from *Dipsas* fame,
As not from her that all this came.

The poyson of Dipsaes.

He

He now at laſt the ſands doth trie,
Where any filthie puddles lie.
And then vnto the *Syrtes* returnes,
And bathes in floods his mouth that burnes.
The ſtoare of waues did him delight:
Yet nought aſſwag'd his thirſtie plight.
His kind of griefe he nothing knowes,
Nor that his bale from poyſon flowes.
He thinks thirſt onely his diſeaſe,
The which the better to appeaſe,
With his owne ſword he cuts his vaines,
And with the blood his mouth he baines.
¶ *Cato* forthwith commanded than
To take the enſigne from this man.
And ſo twas handled that none durſt
To ſay this ſickeneſſe came of thurſt,
But ſtraight againe another dies
More grieuouſly before their eyes.
For loe a little *Seps* their lights
On poore *Sabellus* thigh and bites:
Who with his hand away did plucke
This worme, that by the teeth then ſtucke.
And with his pyle, that he did beare,
Vnto the ground he naild it there.
A little Serpent tis God knowes,
But whence moſt cruell poyſon flowes,
And none doth bring more deadly throes.
For all about (where he had bit)
The skin and fleſh away did flit:
So as the bone all bared lay,
The carkaſſe likewiſe melts away.
One naked wound all did diſplay.
His members all with venome ſwell:
His brawnie calues then from him fell:
The ſynews of his hams were reft:
No skin or fleſh about them left:
The verie muskles of his thighs
Did rotting drop away likewiſe:
His flancks to blacke corruption turnd:
The midriffe ſhriueled vp and burnd:

The poyſon of the Seps

So

So as his bowels burſt withall,
And yet the body did not fall
Together, to the ground at once:
But by peace-meale dropt from the bones.
Thus (with a little poyſned bite)
Death ſuddenly all parts did ſmite.
The venome had ſuch ample ſcope,
That nerues and ſinews it laies ope.
The ribs it did vncouer quite:
The hollow breſt it rots outright.
The vitall veines that feed the heart,
And what elſe was of this mans part,
That Nature gaue, when he tooke breath,
Abandond lay to this ſtrange death.
His ſhoulders drop, and his ſtrong armes,
His necke and head receiue like harmes.
The thawing ſnow melts not more faſt,
That feels the warmth of Southerne blaſt:
Nor yet the waxe againſt the Sun
Doth to more liquid humors run.
But this is nothing that I ſay
That poiſons heate melts fleſh away:
The fire can ſhew the ſelfe ſame power,
But what flame ſo can bones deuoure?
For heare euen as the marrow melts,
The bones likewiſe conſuming ſwelts.
It ſuffers no ſignes to remaine.
A rapting fate ſo all doth ſtraine.
Of all the plagues (that *Affricke* tries)
Thy ſelfe alone ſhalt haue the prize.
The reſt do bring but life to end:
But thou both life and bones doſt ſpend.
And now behold another kind
Of ſwelling death, they likewiſe find.
The firie *Preſter* (with his ſting)
Naſidius to his end doth bring.
Naſidius that (with his plough ſhares)
The *Marſian* fields for graines prepares.
His face is colourd furie red:
His puft ſwolne skin at large is ſpred.

The poyſon of the Preſter.

All

All forme and ſhape his lookes hath loſt
The tumor ſo his corps imboſt.
And ſo his veins the poyſon feeds,
That human meaſure he exceeds.
One lumpe doth all his parts confound,
Within a formeleſſe body dround.
His habbergon was not of ſpace,
His ſwollen carkaſſe to embrace.
The boyling caudrons frothy ſcum,
Doth not in bubbles riſe ſo plum;
Nor yet the ſaile doth ſwell ſo vaſt,
When it is puft with windy blaſt.
The miſhapt corps could ſcarce containe
The lims, that ſo with ſwelling ſtraine.
And that ſame trunks confuſed heft,
They durſt not to the funerall weft,
But to the foules vntoucht it left,
And for a pray vnto wild beaſts,
If thereon they durſt make their feaſts.
For now the ſwelling corps they leaue,
Before the fulneſſe it receaue.
¶ But ſpectacles of more diſmay
The *Lybian* poyſons yet diſplay.
The ſharpe *Hemorrhois* hath impreſt
His venom'd teeth, that did infeſt
Tullus, that noble hopefull youth,
A follower of *Catos* truth.
And as we ſeethe Saffron ſtaine
The cloth, through which the ſame we ſtraine
So did this poyſons ruddy taint
(Like blood)) his body all depaint.
The teares (that from his eyes then fell)
Were drops of blood, wherewith they ſwell.
And all the paſſages beſides,
Through which the bodies humour ſlides,
Huge ſtreams of blood by thoſe vents flowes,
So from his mouth, and from his noſe,
He liquid blood doth likewiſe ſweate,
Wherewith his members were repleate,
That through the ſwelling veins did freate.

The poyſon of the Hemorrhois.

And

And so his bleeding did abound,
That all his body was one wound.
¶ But on thee (*Lena*) wretched wight
The *Nylus* serpents rage did light.
Whose poyson fixt remediless,
The heart root strings did so oppesse,
That of his bite no paine was felt,
Yet suddenly in death didst swelt,
And in a slumber tookst thy end,
And so to *Stygian* shades discend.
The poyson gathered vnawares,
(That fatall *Sabeas* so prepares,
When they a harmefull twig do chuse
For francumcense, which they would vse)
Doth not with that strong potion
Hast death with so swift motion.
But now behold from farre doth flee
(Out of a hollow withered tree)
A cruell serpent, like a flight,
That deeply wounds where it doth light.
And (whirling with a courage fierce)
Through *Paulus* temples it did pierce.
A *Iaculum* they do it call,
It poysons not the part withall;
But whomsoeuer that it wounds,
There present death the life confounds.
By this experience we may know,
That vnto this a sling is slow,
And (in compare how this doth pierce)
The *Scythian* shaft flies not so fierce.
¶ What helpe at all doth it aduance,
That *Murrus* hath (with his sharpe lance)
The *Basiliske* pierc't thorow quite;
When as the deadly venoms might
Alongst the lance so fast doth creepe,
That it within his hands doth steepe?
Which he lifts vp finding the harme,
And instantly cuts off his arme
With his owne sword, which fell to ground.
And he by this experience found

The nature of the Aspicks poyson.

The nature of the serpent called a Iaculum.

The nature of the Basilisks poyson.

The

(The hand cut off that he endures)
His life thereby to him aſſures.
But who would thinke the *Scorpions* ſting
Had ſuch like force in poyſoning,
And preſent death with it could bring?
He cruell is in deadly bites,
And mortally his taile he ſmites.
The which the heauens themſelues explaine,
In honor of *Orion* ſlaine.
Salpuga a kind of poyſnous Ants.
Or who would doubt that earth to treade,
Where thou *Salpuga* mak'ſt thy bed?
And yet the fatall ſiſters three
No little power haue giuen to thee,
Our vitall twiſts to ſhred in twaine,
By force of thy ſtrange poyſnous vaine.
¶ Thus neither by the dayes faire light,
Could they find reſt, nor in darke night.
Theſe wretched men were ſtill in dread,
Vpon what ground to reſt or tread.
For neither heapes of leaues they take,
Nor bundled reeds their beds to make:
But euen as men, to fates expoſd,
Vpon the bared ground repoſd:
And to the vapors, that do riſe
Where their warme bodies heaped lies,
The chilly ſerpents do repaire
(Offended with the nights cold aire.)
Amongſt their lims their skins they warme,
And all that while they do no harme.
The cold dew doth their venome charme.
Meane while the ſouldiers do not know
What wayes to ſeeke, or where to go.
But are directed by the skies,
The murmuring and repining of the ſoldiers againſt their miſerable iourney.
And in this maze powre out their cries.
O Gods (ſay they) let vs be led
Vnto the field, from which we fled.
Bring vs againe to *Theſſalie*:
Our hands to armes we deſtinie.
Why languiſh we in miſerie?
The Serpents of Lybia.
The *Dipſaes* here for *Cæſar* fight,

And

And the *Cæraſtes* plead his right.
Alongſt the torrid zoane we run,
And clymates burned with the Sun.
We are well pleaſd (in our diſpaire)
To lay the blame vpon the aire.
And then againſt the heauens to crie,
As deſtin'd in this ſoyle to die.
But, *Affricke*, we accuſe thee not,
Nor nature with this fault do blot.
Thou haſt this hatefull ſoyle deſignd
To ſerpents of a monſtrous kind.
And therefore hence it firſt did chace
All meanes to nouriſh humane race.
This earth thou barren didſt ordaine,
Vnfit for tillage or for graine.
And in this ſort thou didſt decree
That men from poyſons ſhould be free.
But we take vp the Serpents roomes,
For which we haue theſe heauy doomes.
And thou ô God who ſo thou art,
That doſt diſlike of this our mart,
(Thereby to make our errour knowne)
On this ſide ſetſt the torrid zoane:
And on the other ſide doſt place
The marine *Syrts*, with doubtfull race:
And in the midſt this noyſome coaſt,
Where we by ſundry deaths are loſt.
¶ The ciuill warre his armes diſplaies
Alongſt theſe deſart vncouth waies;
And now the ſouldiers well are taught,
What miſeries the heauens haue wrought.
The worlds deepe ſecrets they haue ſought
But now, perhaps, ſome things more ſtrange
They yet may meet where they will range.
For there the Sun fals in the Seas,
And, hiſſing, doth his flames appeaſe:
And there the nature of the Poles
(Oppreſt to ſeeming) downward rolles.
But no land further doth extend
Vnto the Weſt where this doth end.

This part of Lybia not ordained for man to liue in.

In this part of the world both the Poles do ſeeme to be as low as the horyſon.

But *Iubas* realme, whoſe fatall name
To vs is onely knowne by fame.
There we ſhall ſeeke and chance to finde
Lands, breeding ſerpents of this kinde.
This comforts yet the heauens do giue,
That in this ſoyle ſome of vs liue.
We do not wiſh nor yet deſire
To our owne countrey to retire.
Europe nor *Aſia* we affect,
Where other ſtars lend their aſpect.
But *Affricke* where haue we thee loſt!
Vnder what skie or in what coſt!
Art thou obſcured from our hoſt?
For but euen now the winters cold
We found vpon *Cyrenis* mold.
Is ſo much the yeares ſeaſon chang'd
In this ſmall way, that we haue rang'd?
We croſſe this Axle of the world,
And with the ſphere about are whorld:
And now againe we turne our backe
Once more vnto the Southerne racke.
There opiniõ then of the Antipodes. So as, perhaps, the *Roman* land
Iuſt vnderneath our feet doth doth ſtand.
This onely comfort fate vs grant,
That our foes ſeeke vs where we hant,
That *Cæſar* (ere this warre be done)
May follow on where we haue run.
Such wofull plaints remedileſſe
Their ſuffring patience did expreſſe.
But that their captaines noble heart
Made them all pains take in good part.
The bared ſands was ſtill his bowre;
He tempted Fortune euery howre.
Catos prſiſe. In all aſſayes he ſtill made one,
And runs when he is cald vpon.
His worthie carriage comfort gaue,
To ſouldiers, readie for their graue.
And more then health did them reuiue,
For they in greateſt pangs would ſtriue
To hide their plaints and death defie,

As long as he was present by.
What power on him had any griefe,
That so to others gaue relicfe?
Whilst he lookt on his men he taught
The greatest woes to set at nought.
¶ Fortune (that wearie was almost
With plaguing of this wretched hoast)
A little tast of comfort giues
And them at last (though late) releeues.
A people in the world there be,
That are from serpents poyson free.
Marmarida that land is nam'd:
Psilli the people, that haue fram'd
Their tongues all venoms rage to dead,
As well as hearbs, that earth hath bred.
No poysons force can be enfusd
Into their blood, though no charms vsd.
The place (by nature) doth prouide,
That safe mongst serpents they recide.
It profits them to leade their life
In soyles, where serpents are so rife.
With them death seldome is at strife.
Their blood so poyson houlds in scorne,
That when a childe is newly borne,
They vse this meanes wherewith to trie
If it be free from Bastardie.
By prouing of the *Aspicks* byte,
To know where it be false or right.
And as *Ioues* Eagle scans the doubt
Of those warme egs the dam brings out
By taking his vnplumed race,
And them against the Sun doth place,
And those that can (with constant eye)
Behold the beames assuredly,
And will not twinckle at the light,
When *Tytan* shewes his face most bright,
As his owne breed those he affects:
But euery wincking squall reiects.
Such triall doth the *Psilli* make
If their small babes dare touch a snake,

The nature of a people in Lybia called the Psilli that cure the bites of Serpents.

How the Psilli try their wiues chastitie.

Or if the infant do but play
With ſerpents, laied in his way.
¶ Theſe people doe not onely care
How to preſerue their own welfare:
But ſtrangers likewiſe they intend,
And from thoſe monſters them defend,
And to our ſouldiers helpe did lend.
One of the *Pſilli* did accoſt
An Enſigne, of the *Romane* hoſt,
And with our campe along he went,
And when the Chieftaine pitcht his Tent,
He all the hoſt did circuite round,
Intrenched on this ſandie ground.
That done his muttring charmes he ſpake,
And all without great fiers did make.
A medcine venoms force to ſlake.
Medicines againſt the ſerpents poyſon.
In it the *Dane-wort* hiſſing heates:
And *Galbana* there frying ſweates:
The *Thamarix*, of ſullen plight:
And *Coſtrum*, that *hearbe-Mary* hight:
With *Panacea*, moſt of might:
Then the *Theſſalian Centorie*:
And *Maid-wort*, that doth crackling frie:
Long-wort, and *Larix* therewithall,
And that, which *Southernwood* we call,
Whoſe ſmoake the ſerpents ſo diſtaſt;
And then an old *Harts-horne* at laſt,
So all the night they ſafely paſt.
For poyſons, that do dayly hant
That people magicke wonders chant.
Great ſtrugling ſtrife theſe *Pſillans* make,
When they would taken-venom ſlake.
For firſt of all the ſtinged ioint
With ſpittle they do round annoint,
Which doth the ſpreading venom draine,
And in the wound the ſame containe.
Then many charmes by them are ſung,
Still muttring with a froathie tong.
And from their mumbling if they ceaſe,
The venoms rage will then increaſe.

No

No minute may they hold their peace.
Thus often do they with theſe charmes,
Diſſolue and quench thoſe poyſnous harms,
That in the marrow feſtring lies.
But if this courſe do not ſuffiſe,
But that the lingring poyſon ſtay,
And to their charme will not obay,
Vpon the cure he flat doth fall,
And licks the pallid wound withall.
The venom with his mouth he drawes,
And ſoakes the artires with his iawes.
So from the chilly corps he ſets
The deadly dram, and out it ſpets.
And hauing ouercome the might
Of this vile ſerpents mortall bite,
The *Pſilli* by the taſt do finde
The poyſons force, and of what kinde.
And by this meanes the *Romane* troope
Are freed from that, which made them droop
And now about theſe diſmall lands
They dare diſperſe their ſcattring bands.
Belphœbe twice was in the wane,
And twice her full light ſhe had tane,
Whilſt *Cato* wandring in this coaſt
Her nightly ſheene had found and loſt.
¶ Now more and more the mouldring ſand
Grew firme, and chang'd to ſolid land,
And then a farre the ſouldier ſees
The lofty woods and greene-leau'd trees,
And litle cotes with loame vp-patcht,
The roofs whereof with reeds were thatcht.
O what a comfort this poore hoaſt
Conceiu'd, to finde a better coaſt!
When firſt they one another ſhew
Fierce Lions ranging to and fro.
Then vnto *Leptis* next they came,
Where they their winter ſtations frame.
A quiet place and fruitfull mould,
Neither oppreſt with heate nor cold,
¶ *Cæſar* now (hauing coold his ire

Leptis a good citie on the frontiers of Lybia.
He now returns to ſpeak of Cæſar.

In *Pharſale* blood) doth thence retire.
And all the waight of his affaires
Againſt his ſon-inlaw prepares,
And him purſues (although in vaine)
Whoſe troops were ſperſt on land & maine.
But *Pompeys* fame the ſeas had ſpred
Thither his army *Cæſar* led.
And goes vnto the ſtraights of *Thrace*,
Whoſe waues *Leanders* loue did grace.
Where ſtands that fatall wailing towre
Of *Hero*, his deare Paramour.
That *Helleſpontus* hath to name,
From *Helle* drowned in the ſame.
A ſhorter cut cannot be found
Twixt *Europe*, and the *Aſian* ground.
Although the maine, that doth diuide
Bizantium, from *Calcedons* ſide,
Do run but with a narrow tide.
And ſo *Propontis* (that doth take
His current from the *Euxine* lake)
Doth but a ſlender channell make.
Here he the fame doth now explore,
That runs of this *Sigæan* ſhore.
And *Simois*, that noble fount;
And that braue *Greeke* of ſuch account,
That buried lies in *Rhætus* mount.
And many other worthy ſprites,
Oblig'd vnto the Poets writes.
He circuits then that worthy name
Of *Troy*, deſtroyd by *Grecian* flame.
And thoſe old ruines he ſeeks out
Of *Phœbus* wals ſo large about.
But rotten trees and barren land
Now hides the place where they did ſtand.
And with their burthen do preſſe downe
The buildings of *Aſſarac's* towne,
And all their Temples ſo diuine
The ſpreading rootes do vndermine.
All *Troy* is thus with brambles cloyd,
Yea euen her ruins are deſtroyd.

Here was Achilles his Tombe.

Heſion,

Hesions rockes he likewise viewes,
And where *Anchises* erst did vse
(In woody shades) his sports to proue,
Coying that powerfull *Queene of Loue*:
And whereas *Paris* being iudge,
Did on him draw great *Iuno's* grudge:
And where that Boy was rapted vp,
That now for *Ioue* doth beare the cup;
And where the *Troian* youth did rest,
When he was Nymph *Oenone's* guest.
Each place is with some fame possest.
¶ Now vnawares doth *Cæsar* passe
That twining streame, that dryed was,
Which *Zanthus* he did call of yore,
And careless treades that grassie shore.
When as a Peasant of that Coast
Bids him not tread on *Hectors* ghost:
There all abrode lay scattred stones
Of that braue Tombe, that held his bones,
Whereof no forme did now remaine.
And then this Peasant said againe,
What dost thou *Hectors* Tombe disdaine?
O great and sacred Poëts toyle,
That dost preserue what death would foyle!
And to the world this boone dost giue,
That mortall men shall euer liue.
O *Cæsar!* doe not thou repine,
To see the power of fame diuine.
For if that we may promise ought
That may by *Latium* Muse be wrought;
As long as *Smyrna's* Poet lasts,
And on deserts due honours casts:
So long shall after ages fame
Record my verse, and read thy name.
And our *Pharsalia* shall subsist
In spite of darke obliuions mist.
¶ VVhen *Cæsar* feasted had his eyes
VVith ruines that there heaped lies
Of reuerent monuments of fame,
There he of turfe in haste did frame

Hesione, Laomedons daughter.

Ganimed.

Paris.

The words of a Peasant to *Cæsar.*

The praise of of Poësie.

Homer.

Cæsars sacrifice at *Troy*, and his vowes.

A ſacred Altar, where did flame
The pretious gummes, that ſmoke did raiſe,
And not in vaine in this ſort prayes.
Yee ghoſts diuine, whoſe aſhes cold
The *Troian* ruines do infold,
Whence my *Æneas* tooke his race,
That in *Lauinia* now hath place,
And in the *Alban* bower ſoiournes,
Where *Phrygian* fires ſtill ſhining burnes:
And where that famous pledge doth lye
(Concealed ſtill from mortall eye)
Cæſar doth challenge his deſcent from the *Troians*. Of *Troian Pallas* which we haue
Shrin'd in a Temples ſecret caue.
Behold before your Altars here
A glorious Off-ſpring doth appeare,
Deſcended from the *Iulian* line,
Who offers vp his vowes diuine:
And yeelds your Rites in this ſelfe place,
That whilome you were wont to grace;
Grant my deſignes a happy fate,
I will againe reſtore your ſtate:
And *Italy*, the walles of *Troy*
Shall gratefully raiſe vp with ioy.
So *Roman Pergamus* ſhall riſe
With lofty Turrets to the skies.
Thus ſaid, vnto his Fleet hee goes,
And all his ſailes a faire winde blowes.
For he deſir'd to make amends
For that time, which on *Troy* he ſpends.
Then mighty *Aſia's* coaſts he cleeres,
And paſt *Rhodes* foamy waues he ſteeres.
So as (within ſeuen nights at moſt)
He did arriue on *Ægypts* coaſt,
Cæſar ſailes towards *Affricke*. With ſuch a friendly Eaſterne gale,
That they nor tacke aboord did hale,
Nor euer did a ſheet let flye,
Till *Pharos* Lanthorne they eſpye.
And yet the day was new begunne,
And that night lampe dyn'd with the Sunne:
Before hee did approch the Port

Where

Where flocking people did reſort
With muttring dinne, and ſtrange report.
And therefore now (for his behoofe)
Forbeares to land, and keepes aloofe;
Doubting (at firſt) himſelfe to truſt
With ſuch a Nation, moſt vniuſt.
But now dire preſents from that King,
The Captaine of his guard did bring,
And comes aboord the *Roman* fleet,
And on the ſeas doth *Cæſar* greet:
With him he carries *Pompeys* head,
With *Pharian* vaile all ouer-ſpred.
And firſt of all he laud affoords
To his foule fact, in theſe vile words.

¶ Great Conqueror of all the earth,
Chiefe ornament of *Roman* birth,
That which as yet thou doſt not know
The *Ægypt* King doth here beſtow
Security vpon thy ſtate,
By cutting off great *Pompeys* date:
Whereby thy labours and thy warre
By land and ſea, now ended are.
And that which only wanting was
At *Pharſals* field, is brought to paſſe.
The ciuill warre thou didſt entend,
Is in thy abſence brought to end.
The ruines of *Pharſalias* fight,
(That *Pompey* ſought againe to right)
Is by our ſword extinguiſht quite.
Thy fauour, *Cæſar*, that we ſought,
VVith this great tryall we haue bought.
And with this blood confirmd we haue
The league, that we of thee do craue.
Receiue this kingdome as thine owne,
For which thou haſt no dangers knowne.
Receiue the right of all this Realme,
The fruitfull ſoyle of *Nylus* ſtreame.
Receiue all that which thou wouldſt giue
For *Pompeys* head, whilſt he did liue:
And in thy Campe now let vs bee

Pompeys head brought to *Cæſar*, with an Oration.

As faithfull followers to thee;
Since by the Fates it was decreed,
That we ſhould act ſo great a deeed.
And do not thinke this merit vile,
That we our hands ſhould ſo defile
With ſlaughter of ſo deere a gueſt,
By whom this kingdome we poſſeſt:
When our Kings Father was put downe,
Pompey reſtor'd him to his Crowne.
What is there more for me to ſay?
What name can ſuch a worke diſplay?
Search all the world records that are,
They all come ſhort of this by farre.
Thy debt is more, if this be blame,
That for thy ſake did act the ſame:
From thee we taken haue the ſhame.
So ſaid, the head he did diſplay,
And from it takes the vaile away:
But deaths pale hue his lookes eſtranged,
The features of his face were changed.

Cæſars behauiour at the ſight of Pompys head

¶ *Cæſar* at firſt did not deſpiſe
This gift, but turn'd aſide his eyes;
And muſing ſtaid, the truth to ſound
Of this foule fact, which when he found,
Twas fit he thought, that they all ſaw
He was a pious Father-in-law:
Wherewith he fained teares did ſhed,
And ſighes for that, his comfort bred.
Hoping this way to be the beſt
To cloke thoſe ioyes that in him reſt,
And did the Tyrants fault deteſt.
And would the Treaſon rather blame,
Then ſeeme indebted for the ſame.
He that before with ſcorne did tread
Vpon the Senators laid dead:
And that with dryed eyes beheld
The ſlaughter of *Pharſalias* field;
Now dares not, *Pompey*, thee deny
A deepe-fetcht ſigh, and weeping eye.
O curſed lot of diſmall fate!

Haſt

Hast thou pursu'd this dire debate,
(O *Cesar*) and in that preuail'd,
That now deserues to be bewail'd?
The contracts of thy son-in-law,
To no compassion doth thee draw:
Nor yet thy daughter makes this mood,
Nor little Nephewes of their blood:
But thou dost hope thy teares will moue
The people (that did *Pompey* loue)
Thy Armes the rather to approue.
Or else perchance thou dost enuy
This traytor tyrants destiny:
That any hand such power hath shownè
On *Pompeys* bowels, but thine ownè:
And grieu'st such meanes to others left,
VVhereby reuenge from thee is reft:
And that the end of *Pompeys* bane
From the proud victors sword is tanè.
But whatsoeuer humor twere
That made thee sigh, or shed a teare,
It did no pious meaning beare.
Didst thou (with such an eager vaine)
Expose thy force by land and maine?
And didst not meane withall, that hee
In any place should ruin'd be?
O well did death this act fulfill,
That left it not vnto thy will!
VVhat shame and blame hath heauy fate
Remoued from the *Roman* state?
That would not suffer *Pompey* liue,
That thou (wretch) shouldst him pardon giue?
And yet thou darst (with outward showes)
To blinde the world in that it knowes:
And fained sorrowes face dost frame,
To gaine to thee a loyall name.
¶ Souldier, that vnto me do'st bring
This direfull present from thy King,
Depart my sight, beare it away:
For thou dost *Cesar* more betray,
And worse of him it merited,

Cesars words to him that presented *Pompeys* head.

Then

Then of great *Pompey* murthered.
For this proud fact doth vs bebarre
The greateſt glory of our warre;
Which is, that mercy might be ſhowne
By vs, vnto our vanquiſh't fone.
And did not this vile tyrant hate
His ſiſter, partner of his ſtate?
I quickly could thy King requite
VVith equall ſcorne, and like deſpight.
And, *Cleopatra*, ſend thy head
Vnto thy brother for blood-ſhed.
Cæſar reproues *Ptolemey*. VVhat mou'd him thus with ſecret might
So to entrude his ſwords deſpight
In actions, longing to our right?
Haue we to this end conqueſt ſought
At the *Pharſalian* battaile fought;
That we ſhould lawleſſe power affoord
(In this kinde) vnto *Ægypts* ſword?
Muſt we our ſtate and ſafety gaine
By fauours, that your kingdomes daine?
Shall I (that would not brooke for Mate
Great *Pompey*, in the *Roman* ſtate)
Endure thee, *Ptolemey*, my Peere?
Then, what are we a whit the neere,
So many Nations to haue led
Vnder our *Roman* Enſignes ſpred,
If in this world there ſhould be knowne
Any, but *Cæſars* power alone?
Or if the earth could parted bee
Twixt any other man and mee?
VVe ſhould now turne our *Latium* Ores
Aloofe from theſe *Ægyptian* ſhores;
But that our honours are denayd;
For then perhaps it would be ſaid,
That we for feare did *Pharus* ſhunne,
And not as loathing this deed done.
But do not you perſwade your minde,
That you the victors eyes can blinde;
But that he knowes (had heauens heſt
So driuen him to be your gueſt)

He

He ſhould haue taſted the like feaſt.
And that my head is not ſo vſd,
Pharſalia's fortune hath excuſd.
I ſee that we haue waged warre
More perilous to vs by farre,
Then euer yet our minde did feare:
To banishment we ſubiect were.
Then *Pompey* vs purſu'd with hate,
And threatnings from the *Roman* ſtate:
So as if we had been diſtreſt,
Then *Ptolemey* had vs oppreſt.
But with his youth we do diſpence,
And pardon him for his offence.
But to the *Pharian* King make knowne,
A greater grace cannot be ſhowne.
See therefore you entombe the head
Of ſuch a worthy Captaine dead.
But faſhion not his funerall
As though his acts were criminall,
Deſeruing to be hid from ſight:
But Incenſe giue him flaming bright.
Of his wrong'd ghoſt appeaſe the mones,
And gather vp his burned bones,
That on your ſhores lye all defac't,
And in an vrne let them be plac't.
So let him thereby vnderſtand
His father-in-law came to this land:
And let his ſoule heare, therewithall,
My feeling ſorrow for his fall.
Although before our vowed loue
He did all other things approue:
And rather choſe his *Pharian* ward,
Then our due grace his life to guard.
Whereby the people reaued beene
That happy day, they might haue ſeene.
And that ſame concord was ſuppreſt,
That had reſtor'd the world to reſt.
But ſo the heauens did now ordaine
That my deſires ſhould be but vaine;
Who meaning heare to lay aſide

Cæſar giues cõmandement for *Pompeys* funerall.

Cæſar pretends a meaning to haue been reconciled to *Pompey*.

Thoſe conquering Armes, that I haue try'd
VVith friendly hands, and enterview,
VVe might our ancient leagues renew;
And (free from grudge and ciuill ſtrife)
In thoſe true tearmes haue wiſht thy life.
Thinking my paines at full rewarded,
To be thy equall peere regarded
Then had I (with this loyall peace)
Brought it to paſſe that thou ſhouldſt ceaſe
To blame the Gods for warres diſgrace,
And thou haue made *Rome* me embrace.
But all theſe words no paſſion bred
Amongſt his mates, nor one teare ſhed:
Neither did they at all beleeue,
That he ſpake as his minde did giue.
All ſighes and ſorrowes they ſuppreſt,
Their faces ſhewd ioy in their breaſt.
O pretious liberty, the while
That they with merry lookes durſt ſmile,
VVhen *Ceſars* ſelfe did waile and rue
That bloody ſpectacle to view!

Finis libri noni.

Lucans Pharſalia.

The tenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

CÆſar *arriues at* Pharos *Bay,*
And doth with dreadleſſe face ſuruay
Their Temples and their Monuments:
The King with him in league aſſents.
There Cleopatra *pleades her right,*
And ſauour findes in Cæſars *ſight.*
Then feaſts and banquetings enſue,
And Ægypts treaſure ſet to view.
Whilſt Achoreus *doth diſcourſe*
Of Nylus *ſprings and flowing ſourſe.*
Photinus *doth with force employ*
Achillas, Cæſar *to deſtroy.*
Againſt the Court their Armes they bend,
Which Cæſar *brauely doth defend;*
And in the ſecret of the night,
By ſhip to Pharos *takes his flight.*
Where being ſtraighted by his foes,
From thence by ſwimming ſafely goes.

AS ſoone as *Cæſar* (being led
By him that offred *Pompeys* head)
Had brought his Nauy to the land,
And trode on *Pharos* wretched ſand;

The Fortune of this conquering gueſt
Did with: falſe *Ægypts* fate conteſt:
Whether that now the *Lagian* ſtate
The *Roman* Armes ſhould captiuate;
Or that the *Memphit* murdering gleaue
Should trayterouſly the world bereaue
As well of him that conquered,
As of the other vanquiſhed.
„ Thy death (O *Pompey*) did much good
„ To *Cæſar*, and preſeru'd his blood
„ By loſſe of thine, whereby the *Nyle*
„ Should not the *Romans* truſt beguile.
Hence he to *Alexandria* Towne
Goes ſafely, and (for more renowne)
His Enſignes are before him borne,
And that dire pledge their wicked ſcorne.
But he perceiues that in their breaſts
A ſecret ſpleene, repining reſts
Amongſt that people, that did hate
And murmure ſo to ſee their ſtate
Subiected to the *Roman* guiſe
With fagots borne, which they deſpiſe,
He ſees their mindes, and thereby try'd
Twas not for his ſake *Pompey* dy'd.
Yet in his lookes no dread appeares,
But paſſeth on (deuoyd of feares)
Vnto their Temples, and furuayes
The Monuments that they did raiſe
Of old, vnto *Macedons* praiſe.
But with no pleaſure ſees thoſe ſights,
Nor in thoſe golden ſhewes delights.
Their garniſht Gods feaſt not his eyes,
Nor their huge walles that ſtately riſe.
He willingly diſcends to ſee
The vault, where their Kings tombed bee.
There he beholds the body laid
Of that ſame Fury, that diſmaid
The worlds Comerce, whereon he praid
VVith happy mart ſo ouer-run,
That *Pollean* Springold *Philips* ſonne.

The *Cómentators* do vary in opinion vpon the conſtruction of theſe 4. verſes, wherein I doe follow the expoſition of *Hortenſius*, as moſt probable.

Meaning *Pompeys* head.

Cæſar viſits the Ægyptian monuments.

Meaning *Alexander the Great*

Whose twist of life reuenging Fate
Hath shortned with vntimely date.
And now his bones interred are
Within an holy Sepulcher;
Whose ashes rather should be strode
Throughout the aire, the world abrode.
But *Fortune* so his ghost did frend,
That there a Tombe she did him lend,
Vntill this kingdomes state did end.
¶ For if the world should once retaine
Her ancient liberty againe,
His memory would be a scorne,
As fruitlesse to all Nations borne.
That possibly so many lands
Should subiect be to one mans hands.
Macedons soyle he did forsake,
The seate where he his birth did take;
And conquer'd *Athens* he despisd,
Whose state his father had surprisd:
And carried on by fatall rage,
With bloody slaughters warre did wage,
And *Asias* people did engage.
His sword each where is exercisd,
And ouer all he tyrannisd.
Strange Riuers he with blood engraines,
The *Persian Euphrates* he staines,
And *Ganges*, that doth *India* trend:
On earth he was a raging fiend;
A lightning, that such flames did cast,
As did all lands and people blast.
A starre malignant vnto Realmes;
With fleetes he cuts the Ocean streames:
And then he Nauies did prepare
To search the seas that vtmost are:
Neither the waues, nor scorching gleed,
Nor barren *Lybs*, where Serpents breed;
Nor *Ammons Syrts* could him withstand,
He pierc'd them all with powerfull hand.
Nay he was wending to the west,
Whereas the Sunne declines to rest.

He enuies bitterly against *Alexander the Great.*

To either Poles his heart was led,
And would haue drunke at *Nylus* head;
But that his lateſt day him met,
And Nature onely bounds could ſet
To the ambitious haught deſire,
That this fierce Prince had ſet on fire.
And with like enuie workes his bane,
As he vnto himſelfe had tane
The whole worlds Empire for his owne,
Leauing behinde him no heire knowne;
Whereby great Cities, and rich ſoyles
Abandon'd were to wrackes and ſpoyles.
In his owne *Babylon* he dy'd,
A terror to the *Parthian* pride.
O ſhame! theſe Eaſterne nations all
Macedon Pykes did more appall,
Then now thoſe people ſtand in feare
Of *Roman Piles*, that we doe beare.
And though the North wee ouer-awe,
And Weſterne clymes to tribute draw,
And to the South preſcribe their law;
Yet from the Eaſt we haue diſgrace
Affronted by *Arſaces* race.
Craſſus (with all his *Roman* hoſt)
Was hapleſſe on the *Parthian* coaſt:
Whilſt *Macedon*, that little ſtate,
Securely did ſuppreſſe their hate.
¶ Now was this boy (the King) come down
From that ſide of *Peluſium* Towne,
Where *Nylus* fall doth make a Bay:
Then he the mutinie did ſtay,
That this vnwarlike people make,
And he himſelfe doth vndertake
To be the hoſtage, and procure
All peace and quiet, to ſecure
Cæſar himſelfe, and all his traine,
Whilſt in his Court they did remaine.
Then *Cleopatra* giues in charge,
To fit for her a gally barge,
Wherein ſhe doth her ſelfe imbarke

Death preuẽts *Alexanders* deſignes.

The *Parths* alwayes infeſtious to the *Romans*.

Ptolemy comes to ſee *Cæſar*.

And

And findeth meanes, that in the darke
The chaine, that doth the hauen barre,
The *Pharus* keeper should vnsparre;
Whom she corrupts, and so she past
To *Cæsars* lodgings in great hast.
VVho thereof neuer thought nor knew
Before her presence he did view.
O *Egypts* impudence and shame!
Erynnis fierce to *Latium* name!
A strumpet to the *Roman* state,
Vnchast, our fuell of debate!
Looke how much woe and wretched toyle
Fell out vpon the *Grecian* soyle,
And with what wracks and ruine wrought
That *Spartan* face, the *Troians* bought;
In no lesse fury, and mishap
Did *Cleopatra Latium* wrap.
She frighted (if I so might say)
The Capitoll with *Systrons* bray.
And would our *Roman* spoiles haue bore
Vnto *Canopo's* coward shore.
And *Cæsar* then haue captiued,
And him in *Pharian* triumphs led.
For doubtfull twas, at *Actium* fight,
VVhat hand shold sway the Empires right,
And whether that our Matron *Rome*
Should rule the world with her sole doome.
These humors that night brought to passe
VVhen first this *Ptolomean* lasse,
Did with incestious armes imbrace
The chieftains of our *Roman* race.
¶ O *Anthonie* who will disproue
Thee, for thy lawlesse filthy loue.
Since *Cæsars* haughtie heart so fries,
VVith this bewitcing harlots eyes;
As that amidst the rage of armes,
Amongst these broiles and ciuill harmes,
And in this court, where *Pompeys* ghost
Did crie for vengeance on this coast,
And whilst as yet thou wert bespred

Cleopatra comes to Cæsar by stealth.

The Systron was an instrument of warre vsed by the Egyptians in stead of a Trumpet. Meaning the battell betwin Augustus and Anthonie.

Anthony loued Cleopatta and forsooke Octauia.

With

With blood,at thy *Pharſalia* ſhed,
Thou wouldſt admit vnto thy bed
This foule adulterous venerie,
And mixe thy armes with bauderie;
And ſo didſt ſeeke to raiſe thy line
Vpon a ſtrumpet concubine.
O ſhame! to *Iulia* this is ſcorne,
That though her *Pompey* be forlorne,
Thou her of brothers wouldſt prouide,
Begotten of a Baſtard ſide.
Thou doſt conſtraine thoſe *Roman* troops,
That vnder *Pharſals* ruins droops,
To roame about the *Lybian* coaſt,
Who ſtill from place to place are toſt;
Whilſt thou thy time doſt ſo miſpend,
And *Egypts* filthie luſt entend,
And rather pardon'ſt *Pharos* ſpight,
Then ſubiect her to *Roman* might.

Cæſar had iſſue by Cleopatra and a ſonne called Cæſareon.

¶ To *Cæſar*, *Cleopatra* goes,
And in her beautie truſt repoſe,
Her lookes demure and ſad withall:
But yet no teares ſhe did let fall.
A fained ſorrow in her face,
Which vnto her gaue greater grace.
Her curled lockes,in careleſſe wiſe,
Dangling about her ſhoulders fiies,
She thus her ſpeech begins to frame.

Cleopatras manner and ſpeech to Cæſar.

Moſt mightie *Cæſar*, great of fame,
If noble birth may purchaſe gace,
Behold one of the royall race
Of *Egypts* blood,king *Lagus* childe,
That am diſtreſt and liue exilde.
From my paternall lawfull right,
I am withheld by maiſtring might;
And if thou wilt vouchſafe therefore
With powrefull hand me to reſtore
Vnto my former ſtate and place,
I will a Queene thy feet imbrace
That art a plannet ſent by fate
To render iuſtice to our ſtate.

VVhy

Why ſhould not I a woman raigne
On thoſe chiefe Cities, that pertaine
To me by right in *Nylus* land?
No ſexe our cuſtome doth withſtand,
But that it hath bene often ſeene
This kingdome hath obeyd a queene.
Reade but my fathers laſt bequeaſt,
And that will ſhew he did inueſt
Me with his kingdome equally,
And me eſpouſd to *Ptolomey*.
But let him as a boy approue
Me as his ſiſter in his loue,
And in his wedlocks choiſe reſt free;
But his affects muſt ruled be
According to *Photinus* word:
For in his hand he holds the ſword,
I nothing do deſire to haue,
But what my Father to me gaue:
And that our family be freed
From any foule inceſtuous deed,
And that thou wouldſt the powre abate
Of *Photyne*, that doth wrong our ſtate
And do appoint (by thy beheſt)
The king to rule as fits him beſt.
But his baſe ſeruant is with pride
So puffed vp and magnifide,
Becauſe that he the plot did lay,
That *Pompeys* head hath reft away.
And now the like (but Gods defend)
Againſt thy ſelfe he doth entend
That haynous deed, that all doth loath
Hath wrongd the world, and *Cæſar* both:
Whilſt *Photyne* prowdly doth exact
To merit glory for the fact.
¶ And now leſt that her words might faile
With *Cæſars* hard eares to preuaile;
Her geſture doth her ſpeeches grace:
She ſupplicates with flattring face,
And with her chambring by night
She charmes her iudge to rue her plight.

The crown of Egypt as capable of a Quene as a King.

Cleopatra affects not to mary her brother as her father appointed

She inueies againſt Photinus.

So

So as when they had peace obtaind
At *Cæſars* hand, with great guifts gaind;
They feaſted then the *Roman* Lord
In ſhew of ioy for this accord.
Then *Cleopatra* ſhews her port
With luxurie and great reſort,
And there ſuch ſumptuous pride was ſhowne
As earſt in *Rome* was neuer knowne.
The place a royall fabricate
Was as a temples type in ſtate;
Whoſe match for beauty future date
Will hardly raiſe; the fretted ruffe,
Compoſed was of richeſt ſtuffe.
As for the beames and timber frames,
Were couered thicke with golden lames.
The parget of the walls did ſhine
With ſnow white marble poliſht fine.
The *Agat* ſtood inlayed there,
Commixt with purple ſtones each where.
And euery floore they troad vpon,
Was paued with the *Onyx* ſtone.
The *Mareoticke heben* wood,
No where for outward building ſtood,
But as huge poſts to a beare waight
Vnder thoſe frames, that did them fraight.
It was not vſde the houſe to grace:
That timber they accounted baſe:
The Yuory the frounts did face.
Vpon the doores enlaid with art
The ſhining ſhels of *Indias* mart,
Were fixt vpon the backer part.
The bedſteads were with gems ſet out,
Spotted with Emrald round about.
The implements were all bedight
With yeallow Iaſper gliſtring bright.
The couerlets and carpets ſpred
Colourd like *Tyrian* ſcarlet red:
Whoſe die was long to take the ſtaine,
And more then once boyld in the graine.
One part did ſhine like glittring gold,

The ſumptuous entertainment the Egyptians gaue vnto Cæſar.

Th'o-

Th'other a purple hue did hold:
As do the *Pharean* weauers vſe,
That mingled changes can enfuſe
In wouen ſilkes of ſundry hues.
Then numbers of attendant maids
And pages, that the ſeruice aides,
Diſcolourd blood diſtinct appeares
In ſome, and ſome by diffring yeares.
A part of them haue *Lybian* haire:
And other yeallow treſſes faire.
So as that *Cæſars* ſelfe could ſay,
In all thoſe ſoyles where *Rhene* doth ſtray,
He had not ſeene, amongſt the flocks
Of *German* laſſes, fairer locks.
Some of their heads were friſſled blacke,
And from their foreheads turned backe
There were withall another ſort
Of hopeleſſe youths for *Venus* ſport,
Whoſe manly parts the knife had hent:
But others, of a ſtronger bent,
Stood their in place; yet ſcarce begins
A ſigne of downe on all their chins.
¶ Then did the King and Princes all,
Vpon their beds to feaſting fall.
But *Cæſar* (as the chiefeſt gueſt)
Had highe ſt place amongſt the reſt.
There *Cleopatra* ſets to view
Immodeſtly her painted hew:
So to enchant the gazers eyes.
Her ſcepter doth not her ſuffiſe:
Nor yet to be her brothers wife.
About her necke there hangeth rife
The red ſeas ſpoiles, and in her heire
Thoſe pretious iewels gliſtring were.
Her riſing breſts, that ſnow white beene,
Through the *Sydonian* lawns are ſeene:
Whilſt it a vaile doth ouerſhade,
That with the *Nylan* needle was made,
Moſt curiouſly with threds compact:
Yet with the combe ſo nycely ſlackt,

Some of the Egyptians haue faire colourd haire.

Cleopatras attires.

As

As that ſome places being thinne,
It did bewray her lilly skinne.
Before them all round tables ſtood,
(Fram'd of the rare *Atlanticke* wood)
On treſles made of *Iuorie*,
Such as againe of *Cæſars* eye
Were neuer ſeene, though *Iubas* ſoyle
Soone afterwards fell to his ſpoyle.
The Egiptians folly ſo to diſcouer their abundant treaſures to Cæſar
O blind and mazde ambitious rage,
That ſets thy treaſures on a ſtage
To him, that ciuill warre did wage;
So to Prouoke with riches charmes
A gueſt, ſo powrefull great in armes!
For though he were not then in caſe,
With wicked warre to run the race,
That might with wracke the world conſtrain,
For riches ſake and greedy gaine;
Yet were thoſe captains, that of old
In poorer times great names did hold,
Subſiſting now in woonted mood,
Fabritians, and the *Curian* brood,
And that braue Conſull, that was tane
(In haſt for need to ſaue *Romes* bane)
From plowing the *Hetrurian* lands,
Where he was toyling with his hands;
Thoſe would haue gladly giuen their doome
To bring ſuch triumph ſpoiles to *Rome*.
The exceſſe of a feaſt.
¶ Their coſtly cates were ſeru'd in gold,
What euer might be bought or ſold,
That earth, or aire, or Ocean yeelds,
Or *Nylus* flood, and fruitfull fields,
Or whatſoeuer could be found
To make this luxurie abound,
Ambitious pride made it be ſought,
That in the world was to be bought:
Alluding to the Idolatrous Egyptians that worſhipped beaſts & birds.
Not onely hunger to ſuffiſe,
But for to feaſt their wanton eyes
With beaſts, and birds of ſundry ſtore,
Which (by their ſacred rites of yore)
Th'*Egyptians* did as Gods adore.

The

The water, for to wash their hands,
In cleerest cristall basons stands :
The bowles, wherein they drinke their wine,
Were made of pretious stones that shine:
But *Mareotis* grape pleasd not:
A nobler wine then it they got,
That had bene kept for certaine yeares,
And with the age the strength appeares.
Falermums fragrant wine it was,
That froths and spurtles in the glasse.
Then Garlands must their heads enclose
Of pleasant *Nard*, that greene still groes,
And neuer sheeds his flowring rose.
When on their balmed haire they throw
Those pretious powders that do grow
In Easterne *Inde*, that had not lost
The sent and sauour of that cost,
Mixt with *Amomum* gatherd new,
Brought from the countries where it grew.
Here *Cæsar* learnes to take the spoyles
Of all the whole worlds richest soyles,
And now the warres hee doth detest,
That his poore son-inlaw oppresst,
Wishing withall that some debate
Might turne his Mart on *Egypts* state.
¶ When now at length they all were fild
With pleasant wines, that they had swild,
And daintie meates of sundry tast,
With banquetting closd vp at last;
Cæsar begins (for more delight)
With talke to entertaine the night,
And with sweet words and pleasant grace
To *Achoreus* (of the race
Of *Egypts* breed, who in that place
Did sit vpon a bench of state)
In this sort did his mind relate.
O reuerend sire, that for thy part
To sacred rites deuoted art,
That with the Gods hast such esteeme,
As by thy aged yeares may seeme;

Mareotis a little Prouince in Egypt that yeelds the best wines.

A place where the pleasant Muscadine grapes do grow.

The Egyptian Ladies did vse to pouder their haires as now a daies is vsed.

Cæsars word to Achoreus The Egyptian priest.

To me the firſt beginning ſhew,
From whence th'*Egyptian* race did grow,
The climate of this fruitfull land,
And how the peoples cuſtomes ſtand,
And of your Gods the forms and rites,
The which your old records recites:
And what ingrauen is in ſtone,
Vpon your *Pyramides* make knowne:
Reueale your Gods, that would be ſhowne
If your fore-fathers did their art
And ſacred myſteries impart
To *Plato*, of a *Grecian* name;
Then may you well reueale the ſame,
To *Cæſars* ſelfe; for where can reſt
In all the world a worthier gueſt
To whom your skill may be expreſt?
I muſt confeſſe that *Pompeys* name
Was ſome cauſe, that did make me frame
My iourney to the *Pharian* coaſt:
And yet when all my warres were moſt,
I euermore did giue my mind,
The motions of the ſtars to find:
My thoughts were to the heauens enclind.

Cæſar reduced the yeare to a iuſter account then Eudoxus did.

So as *Eudoxus Calender*
Shall not ſurpaſſe my framed yeare.
And therefore, as within my breſt
A great and true deſire doth reſt
Of knowlegde, and of vertues lore:
So nothing do I couet more,
Then to finde out the ſecret courſe
From whence this riuer takes his ſource:
And where his fountaines head appears,
That lies vnknowne ſo many yeares.

Cæſars deſire to find out the ſprings of Nylus head.

O I will hope at laſt to ſee,
Where *Nylus* ſprings for certaine be,
And ſo from ciuill warre reſt free.
So *Cæſar* makes an end to ſpeake,
And this graue ſire did ſilence breake.
¶ *Cæſar* I thinke that well I may
Theſe myſteries to thee bewray,

That

That our great Fathers hidden kept,
And in their thoughts obscured slept,
Reserued from the vulgar waies
From age to age to these our daies.
Let others thinke it pietie
To silence any mysterie:
But I do deeme the Gods aboue
The worke as gratefull will approue,
That their great wonders should be showne,
And sacred rules to all made knowne.
When first an order was ordaind,
Whereby the world should be maintaind,
A diuers motion to the starres
Was giuen to hold concordant iarres,
That they the orbs might onely sway
And temper in their whirling way,
Contrarie to that rapide Pole,
That first of all doth mouing rolle.
The Sun doth still diuide and steare
The times and seasons of the yeare,
And so the daies to nights doth change,
And doth restraine the stars to range
About their orbs with powrefull rayes.
His station staies those wandring wayes.
The Moone her alteration breeds
Vpon the seas, and earthly seeds.
Old *Saturne* his empiring holds
On freezing zoanes and ycie colds.
And *Mars* with wrathfull looke abashes
The boisterous winds and lightning flashes.
Great *Ioue* no tempests doth procure,
But keepes all in milde temperature.
And fruitfull *Venus* of her grace
Doth cherrish seeds in euery place.
Whilst *Mercurie* with charming vaine
Doth moderate the wild vast maine.

Achoreus answer to Cæsars demands.

¶ Now when *Cyllenius* doth appeare
In that part of the wheeling spheare,
Where *Leos* sparkling torchets are
In enterchange with *Cancers* starre,

Where *Syrius* with his ſcorching ray,
Contagiouſly enflames the day,
And where the circle that doth change
The yearely ſeaſon; iuſt doth range
Betwixt the Tropicks equally,
Vnder whoſe couert *Nyle* doth lie.
Which when this powre(I ſay that keepes
An order in the raging deepes)
Doth touch with his ſtarres influence;
Nylus as hauing thereof ſence,
His channell lifts with ſwelling creſt,
Scorning within his banks to reſt.
Iuſt as *Neptunus* Empire flowes,
When *Phœbes* horned viſage growes.
Nor doth he call his ſtreames againe
In their old harbour to remaine,
Vntill the Sun by his decline
Do vnto the night thoſe houres reſigne,
(That halfe the yeare he kept away)
To make her equall with the day.
The olde conceit is but a dreame
Of this increaſe of *Nylus* ſtreame,
That *Æthiopias* molten ſnowes
Is cauſe of her great ouerflowes.
For in thoſe mounts the Northern ſtowre,
Nor *Boreas* blaſts haue any powre.
And to aſſure thee that is true,
Marke but the peoples Sun-burnt hue.
And thoſe warme vapours that they find
Perpetually from Auſters winde.
He refels their opinions that do thinke the fals of the molten ſnow to be the cauſe of Nylus increaſe
Then for more prooſe adde this likewiſe,
That euery riuer that doth riſe
By falling of the molten yſe,
Doth then begin to be emboſt
When ſummers ſpring firſt melts the froſt.
But *Nylus* neuer waxeth hire,
Before the *Dog-ſtarre* breaths his fire.
Nor euer doth her waues reſtraine,
To keepe within her banks againe:
But when as *Libra* with iuſt paiſe.

Doth

Doth equallize the nights and dayes.
Againe those rules do beare no sway
With *Nyle*, that other streames obay.
For winter giues to him no pride.
His fountaines then their forces hide.
But when the temper of the skies
Most feruently with burning fries,
Amidst those heates then out he flies.
And cooles those lands that fire would wast,
Which vnderneath the line are plast.
So *Nylus* helps the world to swage
The scorching flames of *Leos* rage.
And being cald doth giue redresse
To his *Syene* in distresse:
When *Cancers* heates do it oppresse.
And from these fields draws not his streams
Vntill the force of *Phœbus* beames
In *Autumns* season do decline,
And *Meroe* do shade the shine.
Now who can hereof tell the cause?
But so great Nature giues her lawes,
That *Nylus* thus should range his flood,
And needfull tis for humane good.
But former times haue vainely guest
This cause; of winds blowne from the west,
Who with great force the aire doth chace
With long continuance in one place.
And that this occidentall blast
Doth driue the watrie clouds so fast
A thwart the South: and their in showres
Downe right vpon the *Nylus* powres.
Or that the seas, so often tost,
And beating on the *Zeylan* coast,
The very furie of the maine
Repels the riuer backe againe.
So as (restrained of his way
By the vast Oceans powrefull sway)
Aloft beyond his bounds doth stray.
There are againe that do suppose
That his great inundation growes

Syene a cittie vpon Nylus.

Diuers opinions for the flowing of Nylus.

Of moiſture, breathing from the earth,
Whoſe ſteaming vapors haue their birth
Within the concaues of the ground,
And belcht out where great rifts are found.
And that theſe moiſtures meerely are
By ſecret courſes drawne from farre,
Out of the Northerne Region,
By the attracting middle zoane:
When *Titans* arrows (ſhot down right)
On *Meroe* do parching light;
And to the burned land it brings
The waters from farre riſing ſprings.
Ganges and *Padus* ſend their ſtreames
In ſecret thorow many realmes.
Then *Nylus* powres out by one vaine
All riuers that he doth retaine.
But many outlets makes of theſe,
When he conuaies them to the ſeas.
Another fancy many holds
That the vaſt Ocean, which enfolds
The circuit of the earth about,
Flowing from farre at laſt breakes out,
With violence, where *Nyle* doth range,
And (with long tracke) at length doth change
The ſalt ſea ſtreames to waters ſweete,
Whilſt through earths bowels they do fleet.
Some thinke againe that theſe maine waues
Rapt by the Sun when *Cancer* raues
Into the middle regions height,
VVhich cannot well retaine their weight,
The nights do them againe diſtill
On *Nylus* flood, and his banks fill.
But I (ô *Cæſar*) do beleeue
(If I may be ſo bold to giue
My cenſure in ſo great a doubt)
VVhen many ages were run out;
After the worlds firſt fabricate;
Some wattery waues but new create
VVithin the earth; by fatall ſtroake
Brake out, which God did not prouoke:

And

And some againe there being had,
When this great *All* at first was made:
Which the Creator high doth ho ld
Vnder a constant law controld.
¶ But that desire that leades thee so
(Great *Roman* Lord) the cause to know
Why *Nylus* doth thus strangely flow,
The *Pharian* Tyrants heretofore,
And *Greekes*, and *Persians* did explore,
And euery age desir'd the praise
Of leauing vnto future dayes
The knowledge of this mystery:
But *Nature* still with secresie
Conceales it from discouery.
That great *Macedon*, King of Kings,
(Whose high renowne our *Memphis* rings)
Did *Æthiopian* men select,
To search the cause of this effect.
In scorne of *Nylus* those hee sends
To suruey *Affrickes* vtmost ends.
But loe! the *Torrid Zone* with heates,
Held them from doing of those feates,
To see what springs warme *Nyle* repleates.
Then to the Westerne furthest land
Sesostris goes, and takes in hand
This busie taske, and with great pride
To draw his Charrets, Kings he tide.
But *Rhodonus* and fertile *Poe*
Your Riuers he might sooner know,
Then euer he could come to drinke
At *Nyles* concealed fountaines brinke.
Then fierce *Cambyses* Easterne throng,
Comes where the people liue so long:
But his huge traine was staru'd for meate;
So as at last themselues they eate:
And then return'd with nothing gain'd,
Nyles springs to him vnknowne remain'd.
No fables euer yet did dare
The head of thy springs to declare.
But whosoeuer thee hath seene,

How many great Kings searched to know the secretes of *Nylus* and his fountaines.

Yet

Yet are to ſeeke where thy heads beene.
No nation hath attain'd the fame
To know from whence thy riſing came.
But yet ô *Nyle* I will relate
So much of thy diſcouered ſtate,
As that great God ſhall giue me leaue,
From whom thou doſt thy courſe receaue.
Thou riſeſt from the Southerne Pole,
And with thy ſwelling ſtreames doſt role
Againſt hot *Cancers* fiery face,
And forth-right North doſt run thy race,
Amidſt *Boötes* wheeling chaſe.
Somtimes thy ſtreams doth weſtward trend:
And ſometimes to the Eaſt doth bend.
Sometimes thou ſeeſt *Arabia's* lands,
And ſometimes ſhar'ſt with *Lybias* ſands.
The *Seres* firſt of all thee ſee:
Yet whence thou art vncertaine be.
Through *Æthyopia* thou doſt ſtray;
But from what fount they cannot ſay.
No land that to the world is knowne,
Can claime thy birth to be her owne.
Nature hath not diſcouered
To any wight thy ſecret head:
Nor euer, in a ſlender ſtreame,
Wert thou ſeene run through any Realme.
For *Nature*, that thy fountaine hides
Within her boſomes, ſo prouides,
Men rather ſhould admire thy courſe,
Then know from whence thou tak'ſt thy ſource.
Thy waues permitted are to clime,
The *Solſtice* being in his prime.
A winter ſtrange makes thy increaſe:
Then thou beginſt when others ceaſe:
Onely to thee is granted grace
From Pole to Pole to run thy race.
Towards the *South* thy head doth riſe,
And in the *North* thy current dyes.
Neroë (that blacke people breedes)
Thy riuer there diuided feedes.

What theſe *Seres* are, all the Commentators are doubtfull, and doe think the word to be miſtaké. But ſuch there are towards the *North-pole*.

Neroë the greateſt Iſland that is in *Nylus*.

And

And doth that Isle inuiron round,
VVhere pleasant *Heben* doth abound;
VVhich trees, altough still full of greene,
Yet shelters not with shade the sheene:
For on it with a downe-right line
The Lyon bands his fiery eyne.
Thou shewst thy face to *Phœbus* rage:
And yet thy streames doe not asswage.
The barren sands thou meetst in length;
Sometimes collecting all thy strength,
And branches into one selfe streame:
And then againe through *Ægypts* Realme
Thou dost disperse them all abrode:
Thy bankes with ease are ouerflowd.
Then thy slow chanell calles amaine
His ranging riuelets backe againe,
Where *Phile*, that doth frontring stand
On borders of *Ægyptian* land,
Doth from *Arabia* diuide
That kingdome, through which thou dost glide.
Then through those desarts thou dost cut,
That all that great comerce doth shut
Betwixt that sea of scarlet staine,
And the earth middle cutting maine,
Running but with a gentle traine.
But who (O *Nylus*) now would wot
That thou, which here dost mildly flote
Shouldst suddenly enraged fret,
With such a violent out-set?
For when the rugged broken wayes
Thy falling water-courses stayes,
And steepy *Cataracts* from hye
A gentle passage doth deny
Thy waues, that no resistance finde,
Scorning that rocks their race should bind,
Do spit their foame into the winde,
And with the brushing that they make,
The very aire and shores doe quake.
With murmuring rut the mountains sound,
And this streames froth doth so abound,

Phile, a Citty neere *Nylus*.

The *Cataracts* of *Nylus*.

As

As that (with ſtrain'd reſiſtleſſe might)
His boiſterous billowes all turne white.
Here is that Ile of *Abatos*,
As reuerent ancients did ſuppoſe,
A mighty land, and whereas firſt
Thoſe thundring roarings out doe burſt.
And where the rockes (as they haue ſaid)
With ſpringing vaine this ſtreame doth aid.
For proofe whereof this ſigne is plaine,
That here he ſwels anew againe:
Here *Nature* doth with hilles encloſe
Theſe ſtickle ſtreames, that wandring goes,
Which doth thee *Nyle* from *Lybia* hold,
And thy huge heaped waues enfold
Within a ſpacious valley deepe,
Through which thy ſwelling chanels ſweep.
Then *Memphis* to thee freedome yeelds,
By lending thee her open fields,
And doth forbid within her land
That any bound ſhould thee withſtand.
¶ Thus they the time ſecurely ſpent,
Till mid-night vail'd the Element,
And as in peace tooke their delight;
But yet *Photinus* trayterous ſpright,
Since he that ſacred blood had ſpilt,
Prepared was for any guilt:
And thought that no fact was vn-milde
Now *Pompeys* death had him defilde:
Whoſe ghoſt did broyle within his breaſt,
And him with murdrous mood poſſeſt.
The Gods likewiſe (with vengeance due)
Stird vp in him preſumptions new:
For he his abiect hands reputed
Worthy with blood to bee poluted
Of *Cæſars* ſelfe, that was the man
By *Fortunes* heſt deſigned than
The powerfull *Roman* reuerent ſtate
To ouer-awe, and captiuate.
The ſcourge that ciuill warre ſhould haue,
And vengeance, that the Senate craue,

Abatos, an Iland by *Memphis*, not to be approched for quick-ſands, as ſome write.

Photinus conceiues a practiſe of treaſon vpon *Cæſar*.

Was

Was almoſt left vnto a ſlaue.
But O the ruling *Fates* we pray,
To turne from vs that fault away,
That *Cæſar* may not haue his meed,
If *Brutus* hand doe not the deed.
For elſe the *Roman* Tyrants blame
Shall chaſtiſd be, vnto our ſhame,
By *Ægypts* ſword, and thereby ſhall
Iuſtice example quaile withall.
But ſtill this viper *Fates* prouoke
To giue this tyrants necke the ſtroke;
And yet he doth not now prepare
With ſecret plots his life to ſnare:
But openly meanes to aſſaile
The Captaine, whom no Mart could quaile.
Such hope his wickedneſſe hath bred
To triumph ouer *Cæſars* head;
And will (O *Pompey*) do his beſt
That *Cæſars* fate with thine may reſt:
And by a ſecret ſeruant ſends
Theſe lines, to ſhew what he entends,
And to *Achillas* them commends,
That was his partner in the deed
VVhen *Pompeys* murther was decreed.
This man the boyiſh King did call
To be Lieuetenant Generall
Of all his force, and in his hand
He puts the ſword, and all command;
Exempting nothing from his might,
No not himſelfe by Kingly right.
Reſt quietly on thy ſoft bed,
And with ſweete ſleepe be thou fat fed.
Yet now (quoth he) be well aduiſd,
For *Cleopatra* hath ſurpriſd
The Palace, and is there obay'd;
The Realme not onely is betray'd,
But giuen to her, as proper right,
By *Cæſar*, and his *Roman* might.
Wilt thou forbeare, thus hard beſted,
To violate thy Miſtreſſe bed?

Achillas the Generall of *Ptolemeys* forces.

Photinus letter to *Achillas.*

The

The wicked Siſters nuptiall vowes
Eſtabliſh't her, her brothers ſpouſe:
And now this Lord of *Roman* race
Doth her his Concubine embrace.
So as betweene her husbands twaine,
On *Ægypt* ſhe will rule and raigne,
And well deſerueth *Rome* to gaine.
VVith charming poyſons ſhee knew how
To her to make the old man bow.
And if thou (wretch) do truſt the boy,
VVhom if one night ſhe doe enioy,
And once with her bewitching face
VVithin her Armes do him embrace;
So that if he once draw the fires
Of her inceſtious hot deſires:
For euery kiſſe ſhe will entice
That our two heads ſhall pay the price.
And if his ſiſter him delight,
Thoſe loues will turne to our deſpight.
Cleopatras hate to *Photinus* & *Achillas*.
The King her husband will obay,
Adulterous *Cæſar* ſhe can ſway.
So both of vs (I muſt confeſſe)
Shall ſtand condemn'd remedileſſe.
If ſhe ſhould bee our cruell iudge,
That long hath borne vs mortall grudge.
VVhom doth not *Cleopatra* hate
Of vs, as hainous to her ſtate?
From whom hath ſhe her loue reſtrain'd
And held her chaſtity vnſtaind?
And for thine owne ſake I require,
And by that deed wee did conſpire,
VVhereby our ſelues we did engage
(VVith mutuall league) to *Roman* rage,
For *Pompeys* blood, which we haue ſhed.
Plucke vp thy ſpirits, and caſt off dread:
Raiſe ſudden warre and tumults broyle:
Breake in with force, and put to ſpoyle
Their chambring ſports, and nuptiall flame,
And murder that inceſtious Dame
Euen in her bed, where ſhe doth reſt,

And whoſoeuer is her gueſt.
And let it not our courage bate,
The *Fortune* of this *Roman* mate.
For ſhe hath raiſed his renowne,
And made him tread the whole world down.
That glory we will ſhare alone,
When he by vs is ouer-throwne.
And we already are renown'd
For *Pompey*, whom we did confound.
Behold with hope the *Pharian* ſhore,
As witneſſe of that bloody gore:
Conſider by thoſe waues diſtain'd,
What liberty to vs remain'd.
See there a ſlender heape of ſands,
That for a Tombe to *Pompey* ſtands.
So as the ſame doth ſcarce ſuffiſe
To heale his body where it lies;
And yet this man ſo ſcorned heere,
To him thou fearſt was equall Peere.
What though no Royall blood we haue?
The ſubiects wealth we do not craue;
Nor after Kingdomes do we raue.
This onely fact our ſtate will raiſe:
Fortune to vs theſe men betrayes.
And ſo then in the necke of this
There is prepar'd a greater bliſſe.
The ſecond ſlaughter will vs make
Belou'd of *Rome* for freedomes ſake.
And this aduantage we ſhall gaine,
If *Cæſar* by our hands be ſlaine:
Thoſe we for *Pompey* did offend,
Will loue vs for this Tyrants end.
Why ſhould his name giue vs affright?
What need we feare his martiall might?
For if his troopes doe from him fall,
Him but a ſouldier wee may call.
This night ſhall end theſe ciuill warres,
And expiate *Pharſalias* skarres:
And ſend vnto the ſhades below
His head, which he the world doth owe.

In ſcorne hee tearms *Pompey Cæſars* equall.

Photinus hopes to gratifie the *Roman* ſtate by murdering *Cæſar*, as he hop't to pleaſe *Cæſar* by killing *Pompey*.

Then to this worke with courage fall,
And ſo cut *Cæſars* throat withall.
Let *Lagean* youths performe this thing,
As due, for ſafety of their King,
And liberty to *Rome* to bring.
In any wiſe vſe no delay:
For thou ſhalt take them at a bay,
Feaſting themſelues with dainty meate,
Quaffing ſweet wines in Bowles repleate,
And ſo prepar'd for *Venus* heate.
Doe thou but dare, and make no doubt,
The Gods will bring it ſo about,
That *Brutus* vowes, and *Catos* will
Shall reſt in thy hand to fulfill.
Achillas was not ſlowly bent
To this bold fact to yeeld conſent.
No publique Enſignes he diſplayes,
As was the vſe his force to raiſe;
Achillas prepares forces to ſurpriſe *Cæſar*.
Neither did he his troopes draw out
With Trumpets ſounds, or Souldiers ſhout;
But ſuddenly his martiall bands
Do take their weapons in their hands:
Whoſe greateſt part, that Armes did beare,
The trained *Latium* Souldiers were,
Who had their duties much forgot,
That ſuch corruption ſo ſhould blot
Their honour, and their Countries fame,
To follow one of ſeruile name.
And as their Captaine to obay
A man, in mercenary pay:
When *Ægypts* King was not of worth
Himſelfe in warres to lead them forth.
¶ *No faith nor pietie remaines*
In thoſe that follow camps for gaines,
For hired hands payes hope retaines.
And commonly they will accoſt
The leader, that doth giue them moſt.
No truſt in mercenary Souldiers.
The ſlender pay they had before
To armes prouokes them now the more.
And not that *Cæſars* head they ſought,

But

But great rewards their aid had bought.
O *Liberty* growne too too base!
Such is the wofull Empires case,
That euery where her cankred mindes,
For ciuill strife ocasion findes.
This Army (from *Pharsalia* led)
On *Nylus* shore new rage hath spred.
Like ciuill strife in *Latium* bred.
What more durst *Ægypts* force haue done
If after *Pompey* they had runne?
For all their hands they doe combine
To act what higher powers designe:
No rest remaines for *Roman* line.
So hath it pleasd the Gods of late
To rent the limbes of *Latium* state:
Nor *Pompeys*, nor yet *Cæsars* cause
These people now to fury drawes.
A *Pharian* Captaines larger payes
This ciuill strife anew doth raise.
And here his force *Achillas* bends,
Who *Roman* liberty pretends.
And had not destiny ordain'd,
That their hands should not be distaind
With *Cæsars* blood (by *Fates* protected)
Their purpose then had beene effected.
Photinus and *Achillas* both
Were prest to scoure this Court of sloth,
That so with feasting was possest:
Where all sorts did so careless rest:
Treason might choose what time was best.
The Bowles, that on the Cup-boords stood
Might haue beene fild with *Cæsars* blood.
And to the Table of the King
His head they easily might bring.
But that these Captaines then did doubt
The hazard of a nightly rout;
Lest that confusions murdrous might
Shold wrong the work that they would right:
For if this rage to chance were left,
Thy life (O King) might so be reft.

The *Romans* apt to ciuill dissention

Cæsar his careleſneſſe whilst he was in *Cleopatras* company.

It is ill truſting to the moderation of the ſword in the fury of fight.

So hard it is to rule the ſword,
When fury freedome doth affoord.
Thus they refuſd to take that time,
For to effect their bloody crime:
And do the beſt occaſion loſe
To act the worke they did propoſe.
But theſe freſh-ſouldier-ſeruile lowts,
Of fitter ſeaſons make no doubts:
And therefore did that houre delay.
By night they would not *Cæſar* ſlay;
His date was kept to ſee day light,
And by that meanes gaue him this night.

Opportunity in martiall affaires once loſt is hardly recouered.

Thus by *Photinus* onely grace,
Cæſar did run a longer race,
Whilſt *Phœbus* ſhew'd againe his face.

¶ By this the meſſenger of day
Bright *Lucifer* did then diſplay
His glittring face, from *Caſtium* hill,
And *Phœbus* firſt gan to diſtill
His warmth vpon the *Pharian* coaſt,
When from the walles they ſaw the hoaſt
A farre off marching on the ſands,
Not rang'd abrode in ſingle bands,

Their fooliſh diſcipline in ſeeking to ſurpriſe *Cæſar*.

Nor yet in ſeuerall cohorts ſpred;
But in one ſquared front were led,
As if they ſhould now charge their foes
In armed bulke with preſent blowes.
But *Cæſar* puts no truſt at all
Of ſafety in the Cities wall.
The Palace his defence he makes,
And baſe by-wayes he vndertakes.
For all the Court (in this hot Mart)
Did not to him their aid impart.

Cæſar dangerouſly engaged.

Therefore a little place he guards,
And thither all his force awards.
Then feare and fury him poſſeſt,
Doubting the place might be oppreſt.
And yet to dread he did deteſt.
So doth the noble Lyon rage,
When he is pend within his cage.

And

And with his tearing teeth hee tries
To force the prison where he lies.
And so, O *Mulciber*, like vent
Would thy flames seeke for their assent,
That in *Scycillias* cauernes blast,
If *Ætnas* top were closed fast.
He that of late by *Æmus* mount,
At *Pharsals* field, made slight acccount
Of all *Hesperias* noble traine,
And did the *Senates* force constraine,
(Though *Pompey* did their Army guide,
And small hope in his right affide)
All feare at that time did disdaine,
And hop't a wrongfull cause to gaine;
Yet this man so a captiue slaue
(With hazard of his life) did braue,
And in the Court where he did rest,
VVith darts and weapons him oppresst.
He whom the fierce *Alani's* might,
Nor *Scythians* rage could ought affright,
Nor yet the *Moore*, that killes in iest
VVith wounding darts, his friendly guest:
Yea he that could not bee content
VVhen all *Romes* Empire he had hent.
But thought all those dominions small
From *Inde*, to *Tytans* westerne fall:
Now like a boy, in warres vntrain'd,
Or woman-like, with walles restraind,
VVithin a house for succour flyes,
And so (to rescue life) relies
Vpon the hope of shut vp wayes,
And in and out vncertaine straies.
But with him doth the King retaine,
To be partaker of the paine,
And as a sacrifice be slaine,
If *Cæsar* must his life resigne.
For (*Ptolemey*) that head of thine
Shall pay the price, if sword or fire
Cannot suppresse thy seruants ire.
So did that sauage *Colchis* Queene

Apt comparisons.

Small things do oftentimes more annoy men then greater.

Cæsar holds *Ptolemey* with him for his security.

(With murdrous ſword) expreſſe her ſpleene
Vpon her brothers members ſhred,
Fearing reuenge, becauſe ſhe fled,
When as her father and the ſtate
Purſued her with deadly hate.
But *Cæſars* laſt hope that remain'd,
Was that a peace might be obtain'd;
And ſends one of the Tyrants guard
To check thoſe men that thus had dar'd,
And from the King, and in his name
To diſallow this heynous blame,
And learne the Authors of the ſame.
But lawes of Nations were reiected:
And he that was for peace directed
(As legat from the Tyrant ſent)
Thought that thoſe vipers neuer meant
The holy lawes of leagues to hold,
Nor that thoſe monſters vncontrold,
Which thy ſoyle (wicked *Ægypt*) breedes,
VVould Iuſtice keepe in their falſe deedes.
But neither the *Theſſalian* warre,
Nor *Iubas* kingdome ſtretching farre,
Nor yet the force of *Pontus* Realme,
Nor thoſe dire Enſignes, that did ſtreame
Amidſt *Pharnaces* armed hoaſt,
Nor toyles of the *Iberean* coaſt,
Inuiron'd with the circling maine,
Nor *Syrts* with their *Barbarian* traine,
Could *Cæſars* fate ſo much diſtreſſ,
As banqueting and wantonneſſe.
VVith force on all ſides he is preſt,
And ſhowres of darts the houſe moleſt,
The buildings ſhake, and yet no ſtroke
Of battring Ramme did them prouoke:
The walles they would haue ouer-throwne,
But Engines for the warre had none:
Nor fireworks, that ſhould make the way.
The giddy rout do gadding ſtray,
And round about the Palace runne:
All is without direction done.

Luxury and pleaſure dangerous to great men.

And

And no one place for all their rage
With one maine strength they do engage.
The fates forbid, and fortunes hand
Doth as a wall for *Cæsar* stand.
¶ The court likewise on all that side
Whereas the seas with swelling tide
Vp to the banke doth bring his waues,
And that lasciuious structure laues,
The armed ships assalting braues.
But *Cæsar* at defence doth stand,
In euery place with valiant hand.
Some with the sword he doth affray,
And some with fire doth chace away.
During this siege, in all affrunts, Cæsars valor.
Himselfe sustaines the chiefest brunts.
His resolution neuer quaild:
Such courage in his mind preuaild.
Then he commands his men to greet
With wild-fire bals the neighbor fleete,
And flaming darts amongst them throwes,
Which they of pitch and tarre compose,
And such like stuffe, that soone would take,
And where it lights quicke riddance make.
The sailes and ropes are all on flame,
The decks and ore-lops do the same.
Each where the pitch and tarre that melts
Amongst the timbers burning swelts.
And in a trice the fier doth flit
Vnto the Benches, where doe sit
The Gally slaues, and then likewise
Vnto the yards and masts it flies.
So as the ships, burnt past the brinke, The ships fired in the hauen.
Amidst the seas downe right do sinke.
And now the foes, and all their armes
Vpon the waues do flote in swarms.
Neither the ships alone do frie,
But all the houses (standing nie
The shore) are with these flames oppresst,
Anu with the wind the rage encreast.
Whose blasts disperse the sparks aloose,

And

And so do creepe from roofe to roofe.
Which through the aire casts blazing beams
Like to a fierie Meteors streames,
Whose substance being spent and gone,
Yet flashes in the aire alone.

The citie of Alexandria fired, at which time the famous library was burnt.

¶ This raging wracke and burning rut
Out of the Court (still being shut)
Doth peoples aide from thence desire,
To free the cittie from this fire.
And *Cæsar* now the meanes doth take,
And of this fright aduantage make,
The time he doth not sleepe away,
But safely doth himselfe conuay
Into a ship, by darke of night,
Vsing therein a happy sleight.
His wont was such in all his mart
To vse dispatch, and take the start
When as occasion was presented.
Whereby the foe he still preuented.

Cæsar for safetytakes Pharos

And *Pharos* now he doth surprise,
Which barre before the hauen lies.
Whilom an Iland, but it stood
In midst of that same *Pharian* flood,
When *Proteus* their Prophet was.
But now this Ilands heaped masse,
(With trackt of time and sands that fall)
Stands nearer to the citties wall.
Cæsar, when he the place did take,
A double vse thereof did make.
It stops the pursuit of his foes,
And can the hauens mouth dispose.

Photinus put to death. Here it seems that in the former parts some thing is wãting for no relation is euer made how Photinus came within Cæsars power.

Now when at first he had surnaide
The sea, made free to bring him aide;
He then resolu'd, without delay,
Photinus head the price should pay,
But therein *Cæsar* nought obseru'd
The rigor that the wretch deseru'd.
Vnto no torment was he put,
Nor yet amongst wilde lyons shut,
Nor liuing was with fire blasted:

He died, but neuer torture taſted,
They him to good a death afford:
His necke but ſundred with the ſword.
A wretched worke it was, God wot,
That *Pompeys* death ſhould be his lot.
Now had *Arſinoe* obtaind
Her libertie, that was reſtraind,
By ſecret ſlights along time ſought,
Which *Ganimed* her ſeruant wrought.
And then with *Cæſars* foes takes part.
Who wanting one to rule their mart;
She (as the daughter of their king)
Aſſumes thereof the managing.
And to that Tyrants murdrous ſlaue,
Achillas ſhe due iuſtice gaue:
And from his corps his head did ſhaue.
So now another ſacrifice,
To thee(ô *Pompey*) bleeding lies,
For expiation to thy ghoſt:
But fortune will beſtow more coſt.
And heauens forbid this ſhould be all
The offrings for thy funerall.
The tyrants ſelfe of worth is not,
Nor all his Realme to cleare that blot.
And till the *Senatorean* ſtate
On *Cæſars* bowels venge their hate
Pompeys reuenge will be in date.
But yet this broile and martiall rage
Theſe leaders deaths could not aſſwage
For now againe freſh ſtirs ariſe
From *Ganimed*, with more ſupplies,
Which fiercely doth on *Cæſar* preſſe,
And giue a charge with ſhrewd ſucceſſe.
This one daies danger was ſo great,
That *Cæſars* fortune it did threat
And ſo mought *Ganemedes* name
Throughout the world haue flown with fame
For whilſt that *Cæſar* doth prouide
(In emptie ſhips from tother ſide)
Some armed troop and old cohort

Arſinoe the ſiſter of Cleopatra.

Achillas ſlaine

Reuenge obſerued for Põpeys murder.

Cæſar in great danger.

Vnto

Vnto this Ile for his ſupport;
Vpon a ſodaine many foes
[illegible] do him encloſe.
[illegible] ſtill ſhips do keepe
The ſhores, and barre him from the deepe.
Behind his backe the traitors bands
(In filed ranks) with weapons ſtands.
No hope of ſafetie doth remaine:
No place for flight, all valour vaine.
And (that which did him moſt offend)
Scarce meanes to find a glorious end.
No force he had whereby he might
In martiall ſort frame any fight.
Now *Cæſars* fortune muſt be loſt:
And yet nor fight, nor ſlaughter coſt:
Coopt vp, whereas the place affords
No triall there for bloody ſwords.
Thus doubtfull muſing whether tweare
Fitter to die or baſely feare;
He ſternely caſts his eyes behind,
And ſees his foes in troops combind.
Wherewith he cals vnto his mind
Scæua his ſouldier, that with fame
Had purchaſt ſuch a glorious name.
For that braue end and dantleſſe ſpright
Which he ſhewed at *Dyrachium* fight.
Where he alone the Rampart kept,
And neuer once retiring ſtept,
When *Pompey* had the walles beat downe,
Yet from them all did win renowne.
¶ This memory of *Scæuas* Mart
Puts courage into *Cæſars* heart,
And nobly hee reſolues to dye
With fame, that through the world ſhold fly
But his deſigne the *Fates* gaine-ſay,
Fortune ſhewes him a ſafer way.
For, as he caſts his eye aſide,
Vpon his left hand he eſpide
Ships of his friends, that there did ride.
To ſwim to them he doth entend,

The force of braue examples in extremitie.

In the Lattin copie theſe verſes, to the end were ſupplied by Sulpitius and ſo tranſlated.

And

1006

LVCANS PHARSALIA:

CONTAINING

The Ciuill Warres betweene *CÆSAR* and *POMPEY.*

WRITTEN

In Latine Heroicall Verse by M. ANNÆVS LVCANVS.

TRANSLATED INTO ENG-*liſh verſe by* Sir Arthur Gorges *Knight.*

Whereunto is annexed the life of the Authour, collected out of diuers Authors.

Fides fortibus fraus formidoloſis.

London printed for Walter Burre. 1614.

(With murdrous ſword) expreſſe her ſpleene
Vpon her brothers members ſhred,
Fearing reuenge, becauſe ſhe fled,
When as her father and the ſtate
Purſued her with deadly hate.
But *Cæſars* laſt hope that remain'd,
Was that a peace might be obtain'd;
And ſends one of the Tyrants guard
To check thoſe men that thus had dar'd,
And from the King, and in his name
To diſallow this heynous blame,
And learne the Authors of the ſame.
But lawes of Nations were reiected:
And he that was for peace directed
(As legat from the Tyrant ſent)
Thought that thoſe vipers neuer meant
The holy lawes of leagues to hold,
Nor that thoſe monſters vncontrold,
Which thy ſoyle (wicked *Ægypt*) breedes,
VVould Iuſtice keepe in their falſe deedes.
But neither the *Theſſalian* warre,
Nor *Iubas* kingdome ſtretching farre,
Nor yet the force of *Pontus* Realme,
Nor thoſe dire Enſignes, that did ſtreame
Amidſt *Pharnaces* armed hoaſt,
Nor toyles of the *Iberean* coaſt,
Inuiron'd with the circling maine,
Nor *Syrts* with their *Barbarian* traine,
Could *Cæſars* fate ſo much diſtreſſ,
As banqueting and wantonneſſe.
VVith force on all ſides he is preſt,
And ſhowres of darts the houſe moleſt,
The buildings ſhake, and yet no ſtroke
Of battring Ramme did them prouoke:
The walles they would haue ouer-throwne,
But Engines for the warre had none:
Nor fireworks, that ſhould make the way.
The giddy rout do gadding ſtray,
And round about the Palace runne:
All is without direction done.

Luxury and pleaſure dangerous to great men.

And

And no one place for all their rage
With one maine ſtrength they do engage.
The fates forbid, and fortunes hand
Doth as a wall for *Cæſar* ſtand.
¶ The court likewiſe on all that ſide
Whereas the ſeas with ſwelling tide
Vp to the banke doth bring his waues,
And that laſciuious ſtructure laues,
The armed ſhips aſſalting braues.
But *Cæſar* at defence doth ſtand,
In euery place with valiant hand.
Some with the ſword he doth affray,
And ſome with fire doth chace away.
During this ſiege, in all affrunts, Cæſars valor.
Himſelfe ſuſtaines the chiefeſt brunts.
His reſolution neuer quaild:
Such courage in his mind preuaild.
Then he commands his men to greet
With wild-fire bals the neighbor fleete,
And flaming darts amongſt them throwes,
Which they of pitch and tarre compoſe,
And ſuch like ſtuffe, that ſoone would take,
And where it lights quicke riddance make.
The ſailes and ropes are all on flame,
The decks and ore-lops do the ſame.
Each where the pitch and tarre that melts
Amongſt the timbers burning ſwelts.
And in a trice the fier doth flit
Vnto the Benches, where doe ſit
The Gally ſlaues, and then likewiſe
Vnto the yards and maſts it flies.
So as the ſhips, burnt paſt the brinke, The ſhips fired in the haven.
Amidſt the ſeas downeright do ſinke.
And now the foes, and all their armes
Vpon the waues do flote in ſwarms.
Neither the ſhips alone do frie,
But all the houſes (ſtanding nie
The ſhore) are with theſe flames oppreſt,
Anu with the wind the rage encreaſt.
Whoſe blaſts diſperſe the ſparks aloofe,

And

And ſo do creepe from roofe to roofe.
Which through the aire caſts blazing beams
Like to a fierie Meteors ſtreames,
Whoſe ſubſtance being ſpent and gone,
Yet flaſhes in the aire alone.
¶ This raging wracke and burning rut
Out of the Court (ſtill being ſhut)
Doth peoples aide from thence deſire,
To free the cittie from this fire.
And *Cæſar* now the meanes doth take,
And of this fright aduantage make,
The time he doth not ſleepe away,
But ſafely doth himſelfe conuay
Into a ſhip, by darke of night,
Vſing therein a happy ſleight.
His wont was ſuch in all his mart
To vſe diſpatch, and take the ſtart
When as occaſion was preſented.
Whereby the foe he ſtill preuented.
And *Pharos* now he doth ſurpriſe,
Which barre before the hauen lies.
Whilom an Iland, but it ſtood
In midſt of that ſame *Pharian* flood,
When *Proteus* their Prophet was.
But now this Ilands heaped maſſe,
(With trackt of time and ſands that fall)
Stands nearer to the citties wall.
Cæſar, when he the place did take,
A double vſe thereof did make.
It ſtops the purſuit of his foes,
And can the hauens mouth diſpoſe.
Now when at firſt he had ſurvaide
The ſea, made free to bring him aide;
He then reſolu'd, without delay,
Photinus head the price ſhould pay,
But therein *Cæſar* nought obſeru'd
The rigor that the wretch deſeru'd.
Vnto no torment was he put,
Nor yet amongſt wilde lyons ſhut,
Nor liuing was with fire blaſted:

The cittie of Alexandria fired, at which time the famous library was burnt.

Cæſar for ſafetytakes Pharos

Photinus put to death. Here it ſeems that in the former parts ſome thing is wãting for no relation is euer made how Photinus came within Cæſars power.

He died, but neuer torture tasted,
They him to good a death afford:
His necke but sundred with the sword.
A wretched worke it was, God wot,
That *Pompeys* death should be his lot.
Now had *Arsinoe* obtaind
Her libertie, that was restraind,
By secret slights along time sought,
Which *Ganimed* her seruant wrought.
And then with *Cæsars* foes takes part.
Who wanting one to rule their mart;
She (as the daughter of their king)
Assumes thereof the managing.
And to that Tyrants murdrous slaue,
Achillas she due iustice gaue:
And from his corps his head did shaue.
So now another sacrifice
To thee (ô *Pompey*) bleeding lies,
For expiation to thy ghost:
But fortune will bestow more cost.
And heauens forbid this should be all
The offrings for thy funerall.
The tyrants selfe of worth is not,
Nor all his Realme to cleare that blot.
And till the *Senatorean* state
On *Cæsars* bowels venge their hate
Pompeys reuenge will be in date.
But yet this broile and martiall rage
These leaders deaths could not assuage
For now againe fresh stirs arise
From *Ganimed*, with more supplies,
Which fiercely doth on *Cæsar* presse,
And giue a charge with shrewd successe.
This one daies danger was so great,
That *Cæsars* fortune it did threat
And so mought *Ganemedes* name
Throughout the world haue flown with fame
For whilst that *Cæsar* doth prouide
(In emptie ships from tother side)
Some armed troop and old cohort

Arsinoe the sister of Cleopatra.

Achillas slaine

Reuenge obserued for Pópeys murder.

Cæsar in great danger.

Vnto

Vnto this Ile for his support;
Vpon a sodaine many foes
With armed force do him enclose.
On this side hostil ships do keepe
The shoares, and barre him from the deepe.
Behind his backe the traitors bands
(In filed ranks) with weapons stands.
No hope of safetie doth remaine:
No place for flight, all valour vaine.
And (that which did him most offend)
Scarce meanes to find a glorious end.
No force he had whereby he might
In martiall sort frame any fight.
Now *Cæsars* fortune must be lost:
And yet nor fight, nor slaughter cost.
Coopt vp, whereas the place affords
No triall there for bloody swords.
Thus doubtfull musing whether tweare
Fitter to die or basely feare;
He sternely casts his eyes behind,
And sees his foes in troops combind.
Wherewith he cals vnto his mind
Scæua his souldier, that with fame
Had purchast such a glorious name.
For that braue end and dantlesse spright
Which he shewed at *Dyrachium* fight.
Where he alone the Rampart kept,
And neuer once retiring stept,
When *Pompey* had the walles beat downe,
Yet from them all did win renowne.
¶ This memory of *Scæuas* Mate
Puts courage into *Cæsars* heart,
And nobly hee resolues to dye
With fame, that through the world shold fly
But his designe the *Fates* gaine-say,
Fortune shewes him a safer way.
For, as he casts his eye aside,
Vpon his left hand he espide
Ships of his friends, that there did ride.
To swim to them he doth entend,

The force of braue examples in extremitie.

In the Lattin copie these verses, to the end were supplied by Sulpitius and so translated.

And

And therewith ſaid, what ſhall we end
Our Fortunes here by villaines ſlaine?
Or rather ſinke amidſt the maine?
Then ſhall this *Eunuch Ganimede*
No conqueſt gaine on *Cæſars* head.
So hauing ſayd; he brauely leapt
Into the ſea, but ſafe he kept
His bookes within his left hand drie,
And with his right the waues doth trie.
So through the deeps he ſafely ſwamme
Vntill amongſt his frends he came:
Who him receiue with ioyfull cries,
That to the Heauens with Ecchos flies.

Cæſar ſaues himſelfe by ſwimming.

Finis libri decimi.